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SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF M. DE TALLEYRAND PERIGORD.*

No statesman has lived more in the eye of Europe, for the last fifty years, than M. de Talleyrand. The wicked, the witty, the thoroughly selfish and conscienceless minister, the renegade aristocrat, the apostate priest—in one word, the Mephistopheles of modern diplomatists—might be loathed, contemned, despised, or pitied; but he could not be forgotten. Talleyrand, though accidentally projected upon the new era by the explosion of the Revolution, belonged essentially to the *ancien régime;* and in him were combined the qualities of the most celebrated and of the worst statesmen of France for three centuries. To the duplicity of Richelieu, he united the cunning and rapacity of Mazarine; and the clear-headedness of Fleury, to the licentiousness of Dubois. His coolness and his penetration into the corrupt parts of human nature—his flexibility, pliancy, self-possession, and perfidiousness—wholly belonged to himself. In perfidy he had no rival: but then his predecessors had not been so tempted. It has been remarked, that this political Proteus, who is, at the same time, a perfectly consistent character, was never constant save to one principle—the interests of M. de Talleyrand. He died in possession of all that he had ever valued—immense wealth, the reputation of great talents, and the restorer of his family honours. He was certainly the most remarkable, as well as the most adroit waiter upon Providence that history records, though its pages blazon them of all shades and degrees of baseness. Yet even Talleyrand sometimes owed as much to chance, or what is vulgarly termed good luck, as to his foresight and finesse. As a hero of the Revolution, he necessarily had his share of hair-breadth 'scapes; and it was not until he had identified his security with the interests of his successive masters, that he was altogether safe. Long after there was no doubt left of his want of principle and perfidious character, he retained ascendency, because he had made himself necessary. Neither the Directory, the First Consul, the Emperor in the plenitude of his power, nor the restored Bourbons, against all of whom he intrigued as soon as the time came when it served himself, could afford to dispense with his friendship. He had established a supremacy akin to witchcraft, and held more through the terrors than the hopes of those subjugated. How were the cabinets of Europe to be cajoled independently of him, who, singly, was more than a match for Pitt, Grenville, Castlereagh, Metternich, and Pozzo di Borgo? Metternich he pronounced the most promising of his pupils—the one who had done him most honour; and we can believe him. While Napoleon remained master of the Continent, Talleyrand might rather be called the political arbiter of Europe than the French Foreign Minister. He was the genius of Negociation, as Bonaparte was the genius of War. It has been said that he followed Napoleon and the army as a surgeon goes to the field with duellists; and it cannot be doubted that he often gave good counsel in the circumstances. Moderation after victory, was the uniform policy of France, or what was called moderation. Had his counsels been followed, Napoleon might have died sovereign of France, and Talleyrand been spared a world of trouble, and the disgrace of triple treacheries. Little he cared what dynasty reigned in France, so that it worked well for M. de Talleyrand. There was thus an admirable simplicity in his views, and no complication in his motives of action. But with all his admitted capacity, the aims of Talleyrand's policy were as narrow as his path towards them was tortuous. He never seems to have looked beyond shifts for a few months or years. To consolidate the power of Napoleon, by a family alliance with Austria, to flatter the French People at all prices, and to preserve the balance of Europe according to his ideas of its proper adjustment, were the leading principles of his system—if a tissue of shifts deserve the name. The People, as a new, and by far the most important, element of society, never entered sufficiently into his calculations. He could deal with plenipotentiaries and outwit them, but he could not comprehend those new principles which move society in its depths. He could understand something of the turbulent and revolutionary tendencies of the populace of Paris or Lyons; but he never could comprehend, in its august grandeur and majestic bearings, that simple phrase—"The schoolmaster is abroad." The

* Life of Prince Talleyrand, from the French. 4 vols. 8vo. London: Churton.

most Conservative statesmen of England outstripped him in the race, for they had started from loftier vantage ground. He forgot that to excite and to please an excitable people, and to govern them well, are very different things; and that the latter system alone can ensure permanent tranquillity, and place the social fabric on a broad and sure basis. His policy never held large discourse; nor is it improbable that the temper of his chief seldom allowed it to come fairly into play. Since the Revolution, the government of France has been chiefly guided, either by the Sovereign, as in the instance of Napoleon and Louis Philippe, or by bigots and favourites, as during the reign of Charles X. But a man so entirely devoted to self, was not likely to hazard anything with an imperious master, for the advancement of a principle. If Napoleon remained as long master of France as suited the purposes of Talleyrand, that was sufficient. If the Emperor sank, he could swim with the Bourbons. If they were swamped in turn, he could save himself in the Orleans life-boat. This admirable master of shifts, subterfuges, finesse, and diplomatic duplicity, besides the ordinary arts of flattery, exercised with no ordinary skill, could dexterously insinuate the advice which he perceived to be agreeable, and the political necessity of attaining an object from which conscience and feeling recoiled. He counselled the divorce with Josephine, as soon as he perceived it was desired by Bonaparte, as dexterously as he had done the assumption of the Consulate for life, and, finally, the imperial crown to which his master's ambition pointed. It has been justly said, that he never did anything without a motive of policy, and seldom committed a gratuitous crime, any more than a spontaneous act of benevolence. He was never a gratuitous traitor, and really displayed a magnanimous impartiality in adjusting the contending claims of the Napoleon and Bourbon dynasties, the scales only turning to the drachma's weight, which might be thrown in, of the personal interests of Talleyrand. He would, doubtless, have remained a Republican to his dying day, had the Convention and the Directory been able to support themselves. Yet is this cold, passionless, and thoroughly selfish man one more, and a very unnecessary proof, that an aristocrat by birth can never be ultimately depended upon as the friend of popular rights. This is a rule without a single exception. The man of caste may, for a season, act, like Egalité, the part of a ferocious Jacobin, or, like Burdett, that of a vain, arrogant, swaggering demagogue; but a steady and enlightened friend of the masses of mankind he never can become. The more deficient he is in moral sensibility, he may, for a time, recede the farther from the Order, upon which he is sure, if life be spared, to fall back, with all the rancour and debasement of the conscious renegade. Talleyrand Perigord, sprung from one of the most ancient of the noble families of France, became a flaming Republican; betrayed the Directory; paved the way to the ambitious career of the First Consul, of the First Consul for Life, and, finally, the Emperor; and, by his intrigues, almost effected the restoration of the Bourbons; while the dregs of his diplomacy, the lees of his fraud and guile, were expended in aiding the machinations of the younger branch of the house of Bourbon against the liberties of France. There is no traitor to freedom to be compared with the renegade aristocrat who has at one time professed Republican or Radical sentiments. There was but one principle more powerful in the mind of Talleyrand than the instincts of aristocracy: the intense love of self was, in his case, stronger than that feeling of caste, which is as powerful among the old nobility of Europe as among any of the superstitious tribes of India. This held him, in his peculiar circumstances, in the *juste milieu*, trimming dexterously on all sides; where a more generous knave would have marched back to his original banner, glorying in his desertion from the popular standard. Notwithstanding his constitutional philosophy, and his contempt of all the ordinary prejudices of religion and morality which influence men, the ex-bishop had his weak side. It was on the score of family; and his only feeling, not unmixedly selfish, was for the aggrandisement of his own branch of the illustrious house of Perigord. Cautious as he was, he could not always suppress a sneer at the mushroom nobility of the Empire, even when placed as Grand Chamberlain, on great occasions of State, behind the Emperor's chair. It was among his first requests, at the Restoration, to which he had contributed so effectually, that his nephew, Edmond Perigord, should be made first aid-de-camp to the King, and a duke as speedily as possible; while Madame Edmond was recommended, by her "good conduct and piety," to the place of Lady of the Palace. The memorial which embodies these modest, self-denying requests, is highly characteristic. For himself, Talleyrand asked nothing. "M. de Talleyrand considers it *the highest honour to devote his whole life to the King's service. He demands nothing for himself. He thinks that his assistance is necessary to conduct the foreign affairs of the country, and requests that department.*"

Too cold for hatred, too passionless for revenge, though he could be malicious, he left it to fools to return either evil for evil, or gratitude for good, and saved himself a world of trouble by looking with a steady eye solely to his own advantage. This one predominating object could not be at all times opposed to the welfare of his country; and when self was not compromised, Talleyrand was not the enemy of France—while his interests bound him to fidelity to her successive governments as long as they were likely to exist, and, consequently, made him faithful, whether to Napoleon or the Bourbons, until altered circumstances made treachery to them fidelity to himself. No man has been more the butt of the press and the tongue, than the ex-bishop; and no one ever regarded calumnious attacks, wheresoever originating, with more philosophic indifference. He was as imperturbable in temper as deficient in moral sensibility;

and contempt of mankind inspired him with supreme indifference to the opinions of those he despised. To be moved and angry when loaded with imputations of the foulest kind, would have too much disturbed his epicurean repose, his love of ease and enjoyment;—and in his pleasures he was always a philosopher. A more hideous and revolting personification of cold-blooded selfishness, duplicity, and perfidy, cannot well be conceived; yet there were some redeeming traits in a character gracefully relieved by the charm of wit and subtilty of understanding; and, loathed as he is, pursued to the grave with the hootings and imprecations of nearly a whole nation, there is danger of not morally disapproving him enough. "In God's name, madam," said M. de Mortrond, one day to a respectable lady who reproached him with too strong an attachment to Talleyrand, "who can help liking him—he is so vicious!" He was of kin to that description of ladies of whom Pope says—

"And ne'er so sure our passion to create
As when they touch the brink of all we hate."

If friendly admirers are to be gained by preeminence in vice, Talleyrand ought to have had troops of friends.

No painter could ever seize the changeable, inexplicable features of Napoleon's flexible Grand Chamberlain, in which no form of expression was fixed or habitual, save the light sneer that constantly hovered on the lips; and it is quite as true that no writer has yet succeeded in portraying his duplex character. Exaggeration was not required in painting his vices of head, and heart, and flesh; and the egregious misrepresentations that have been sent abroad have actually lightened the obloquy which his memory deserves. A man to whom every form of duplicity was native, might almost be suspected of inventing some of the monstrous atrocities imputed to him, in order to divert attention from his real misdeeds, or to lessen them by comparison. It is of advantage to a man guilty of theft to be accused of a murder of which he is innocent.

A very short space may suffice to say all of this remarkable person which is likely to be of interest to our readers. He was, at best, an emblem of the old fraudful diplomacy of Europe, which, we trust, may not long outlive him, though we see few symptoms of its decay. Talleyrand is dead—and his countrymen say that his last act was an attempt to cheat the Devil; but his genius is not extinct in France. He has dropped his mantle where it will fit to a hair.

Charles Maurice de Talleyrand Perigord was born in Paris early in 1754. He was born with deformed feet, and, in consequence, deprived, by parental tyranny, of his rights of birth, and destined to the church. His character unfolded very early. In boyhood, at a seminary called the College of Louis le Grand, he is described as displaying great acuteness of perception, a lazy or inactive disposition, and entire indifference to what was said or thought of him. The scandalous chronicle to which he furnished so many pages, represents him, even in boyhood, as utterly depraved, and stained with the blackest vices. While he was pursuing his theological studies in the theatres, and in still worse haunts, his father died, leaving scarcely any provision for his younger children; and Talleyrand was received into the family of his uncle, Count Perigord, to be educated along with his cousins. The future diplomatist began his career by mystifying his tutor and his cousins; filching their money, it is said, to gratify his vicious appetites; borrowing small sums from the servants; and even selling his tutor's books. Before he was sixteen, it is related (in the scandalous chronicle) that he had seduced three young girls, sisters. One of the girls died; another became mad; the third, whom the future bishop had secreted in an obscure lodging in the suburbs of Paris, was discovered with difficulty, and sent to a convent. Fanciful persons see in these three unfortunate young creatures, emblems of the Republic, the Empire, and the Bourbons, which successively received the vows of the man who victimized the one after the other. A family council sat upon the conduct of the delinquent, and a *lettre de cachet* was procured, which, for one year, consigned him to solitude and reflection. He had the art to persuade the chaplain of Vincennes of his sincere repentance and complete conversion; and Charles Maurice, who went into the state prison an utter profligate, came forth, in a year, a flaming saint, and, in two more, was the smart, lively Abbé Perigord. The first step in the ladder of the young priest's ambition, was the boudoir of Madame Du Barry, the mistress of Louis XV. Through her favour, who dispensed alike law preferments, military rank, and church livings, the witty Abbé of nineteen obtained two rich benefices or abbayes. He owed his success to his wit. In the course of the ordinary licentious conversation of the favourite's retreat, the gallants present began to relate in turn their *bonnes fortunes*. The *Abbé Boiteux* alone remained silent, a smile of peculiar meaning mantling his visage. The Countess Du Barry pressed him to tell why he boasted of nothing. "Alas, madam!" he said, gravely, "I was giving way to a very sad reflection." "What is it?" "Alas, Madam! Paris is a place where it is much easier to obtain ladies' favours than church benefices." The saying of the smart, well-born, little Abbé tickled Louis XV., and the revenue of two abbayes rewarded the future underminer of the church. Among his early intrigues, we hear of a young lady, the wife of a judge, her step-daughter, and her sister-in-law, to whom he made love at the same time. His diplomacy failed here. The wife was separated from her husband, the sister-in-law was compelled to take the veil, and the daughter was married in haste to the father's secretary, while the young ecclesiastic retired for a few months to Autun. He was followed by the discarded wife, who found her place already occupied by a pretty Marquise. His innate talent for negociation was first exercised in reconciling these rivals for his affections. They finally agreed so

well that, when the fickle Abbé engaged in a love intrigue with the pretty hostess of the village inn, neglecting their patrician charms, they conspired against the new vulgar connexion, and ran off to Paris; and, in all the salons, denounced the scandal and shame attending such low intrigues. Other adventures with women, equally shameful and more malicious, led to his exile for two years to Autun; while his valet, who had been the instrument of his revenge, was sent for life to the Bicetre, and only released by the Revolution. In exile, Talleyrand was converted a second time. This, however, did not in the least interfere, after his return to Paris, with those heartless and profligate connexions of gallantry, which characterised the French aristocracy before the Revolution, when depravity of morals in the higher circles had reached the last stage. Something resembling attachment marked his long connexion with a young lady of fifteen, married upon the principle which, in France, regulated such alliances, to a husband above fifty, whom she had never seen till the day of her wedding. The Abbé Perigord performed the marriage ceremony, and seduced the bride; and the husband, after some years of dissatisfaction, sagely reflecting that, if the Countess were deprived of her first lover, she must infallibly take a second, acquiesced like a well-bred, sensible French gentleman. Politics alternated with love in subsequent years; and, at twenty-six, the able and clever Abbé was appointed agent for the clergy—a place of honour and great importance, and of considerable emolument. Among his associates were Mirabeau, who thus early saw through his hollow, ambitious, and intriguing character. The Revolution approached; and, in the National Assembly, the Abbé Perigord adopted the popular side, joined the violent party led by the Duke of Orleans, and became an organizer and a member of the Revolutionary clubs. The little, flirting, rakish Abbé, buzzing about the drawing-rooms, had gradually grown into a man of thirty-four, as remarkable for sound judgment, acute perception, and self-possession, or *sang froid*, as for fascinating manners, brilliant powers of conversation, and the most insinuating flattery. He became Bishop of Autun; and, as "spiritual persons" were eligible as members of the States-General, he was appointed the democratic deputy of his diocese to the Assembly. His influence was immediately felt in affairs. The church, with its power and property, was the first offering he was ready to lay upon the altar of the country. No one was better qualified to unfold its insatiable rapacity and manifold abuses. When the federal compact was to be solemnly ratified on the Champs de Mars, at that national fête where the king swore fidelity to the new constitution, the imposing farce was opened by the Bishop of Autun celebrating high mass, and consecrating the tricoloured national banner, now first assumed as the *Oriflamme* of France, and afterwards the tricoloured banners of all the departments. Already had he gulped several of that long catalogue of oaths to all manner of persons, laws, and constitutions, which he at last swallowed as easily as his favourite beverage, Madeira. He was the only ecclesiastic of the rank of a bishop who apostatized and took the oaths which overturned the church with the monarchy. He was suspended from his functions by the Pope, and a threat of excommunication was held out. "You know the news," he wrote to a friend. "Come and console me, come and sup with me. Everybody is going to refuse me fire and water; we shall, therefore, have nothing this evening but iced meats, and drink nothing but wine." As the Revolution proceeded, the part of Talleyrand became more difficult and delicate. Its progress had far outgone his ideas and his control. The Republican party were in the ascendant; and Talleyrand, not feeling himself quite safe, came to London on a private mission, or rather as agent for the Duke of Orleans, and to reconnoitre. The recent death of Mirabeau had devolved new honours and responsibilities upon the other aristocratic democrat and the apostate priest. He was ill received at the court of St James, and strongly suspected by the Convention, where he was at last impeached. Under the provisions of the alien act, he was compelled to quit his refuge in Great Britain; and he went to the United States of America, where he remained until his friends in Paris, and especially the ladies, smoothed the way for his return. Madame de Stäel was among the most active in these good offices. A formal decree of the Convention authorized his return. His arrival made a sensation, and he speedily insinuated himself into the good graces of all the Members of the Directory, save the stern, honest Republican, Carnot, who said of him—"That man brings all the vices of the old régime, without being able to acquire a single virtue of the new one. He possesses no fixed principles, but changes them as he does his linen—adopting them according to the fashion of the day. He was a philosopher when philosophy was in vogue; a Republican, now, because it is necessary to be so in order to become anything; to-morrow he would proclaim and uphold tyranny, if he could thereby serve his interest. *I will not have him at any price;* and, as long as I am at the helm of the State, he shall be nothing." Carnot kept his word, so far as depended on himself. In the meanwhile, the ex-bishop was not idle; and, a vacancy in the government occurring, he was proposed as Minister for Foreign Affairs, and carried, in defiance of the opinion of the indignant Carnot. His official situation brought him into frequent contact with General Bonaparte. He read the man; and the fall of the Directory paved the way for his farther elevation. He became the second man in France, with almost the power of saying who should be the first. When Louis XVIII., at the Restoration, complimented him on his talents and influence, while modestly disclaiming the compliment, Talleyrand replied—"Yes, there is some inexplicable thing about me which prevents any government from prospering that attempts

to do without me." This was at once a hint and a threat. It is said that he never in his life committed any imprudence, save marrying Madame Grandt; but even that step was a part of his policy; for the First Consul having resolved that his court should be a model of propriety and decorum, left him no option. After all, Madame Talleyrand, with Madame Tallien and other ladies, was forbidden the Consular Court. The intimate friend of Madame Beauharnois was not worthy a reception from Madame Bonaparte. Her reputation was doubtful, and she had also taken bribes from some Genoese merchants, who hoped to obtain commercial advantages through her husband's influence. The pride of Talleyrand was moved by this exclusion, though he took constant pleasure himself in ridiculing and quizzing his wife, a very beautiful, but a very silly woman. When once asked what attraction he found in the conversation of so silly a woman as Madame Grandt, he replied—"What would you have me say? It is a recreation for me." It was a relief from the overpowering brilliance of De Stäel, and the other superlatively clever ladies. One day, in sailing about on the Seine in a small boat with these ladies, Madame de Stäel asked him which of the two he would save, if she and Madame Grandt fell into the river. Sincere for once, and ever flattering, he replied —"Ah, Madame, you can swim." Madame Grandt was one day to preside at a dinner which Talleyrand, whose luxurious table gained the approbation of Careme himself, was to give to Denon, after the return of that savan from Egypt. He previously told the lady that the expected guest was a very amiable man and an author, and that authors being fond of hearing their works quoted, he would send her the adventures of M. Denon. He sent her those of Robinson Crusoe. After the guests were seated at table, the lady began—"Ah, sir, I cannot express to you the pleasure I have had in reading your adventures."—"Madam, you are too good." "Not at all, I assure you. Dear me, how horridly dull it must have been for you, all alone on a desert island! I was exceedingly interested in it; but what a droll figure you must have cut in your sugar-loaf cap!"—"Really, madam, I do not understand."—"Ah, yes; I felt for all your troubles after your shipwreck. How happy you must have been the day you found Friday!"

These were the sort of mystifying monkey-tricks which formed the delight of the Grand Chamberlain, upon whose lips a gentle sneer sat habitually. Talleyrand was, through life, addicted to gaming, and is thought to have spent more hours at whist than any man of his time. The stories of his gaming, as of his intrigues, are probably exaggerated; but he certainly gambled largely in the funds, and in different countries, and incurred the displeasure of Napoleon by the proceedings to which he owed a considerable part of his fortune. One day, a banker, with whom he was well acquainted, waited upon him to ascertain the truth of a rumour of the death of George III., which was expected to affect the funds. The banker, of course, anxiously apologized to the minister for the intrusion, and for the extraordinary nature of his request. "How?" exclaimed Talleyrand, with the imperturbable gravity peculiar to him. "There is no harm—no indiscretion whatever. I shall be delighted if the information I have to give is of any use to you." The banker was profuse of acknowledgments. "Well, now, I must tell you," continued Talleyrand, with an air of mysterious confidence. "Some say the King of England is dead, others that he is not dead; for my own part, I believe neither the one nor the other. I tell you this in confidence; but, for heaven's sake, do not commit me." When the First Consul one day inquired how he was so rich, he replied, by a dexterous compliment—"I bought stock the day before the 18th Brumaire, and sold it again next day." This was the date of Napoleon's first usurpation. Some of his compliments were still more delicately turned. Some one asked him the address of the Princess of Vaudemont. "Rue St Lazare," he replied. "But I have really forgotten the number. You have only to ask the first poor person you meet; they all know her house." *His* house was as well known to all under the Consulate, who affected refined manners, and society more polished than that of the rude era of citizenship. It became the boast of the rising young men of Napoleon's armies to have been at the balls of Talleyrand Perigord. Duroc and Eugene Beauharnois were among his constant evening guests; and he always seems to have enjoyed the society of intelligent young persons. In the return of the Court to the manners of the *ancien régime*, he led the way; and of the men of talents whom the Revolution had brought into notice, but who had not been able to cast off their early plebeian slough, his observation was—"It is easy to perceive that they have not long trod on carpets."

Talleyrand was often heard to say, "that more game might be shot from behind a tree, than on the chance of a rapid chase across a field." On this principle, he squared his conduct. In writing to Madame de Genlis from America, he says—"I bestow but little thought on my enemies. I occupy myself in re-establishing my fortune." This was the only duty from which he never swerved; and he employed the aptest means. He never gave himself the trouble to cherish or express resentment. A cousin of Talleyrand's—a Marquis of the old regime, and a genuine type of the royalist noble, who was quite *own brother* to the cavalier of Cromwell's time, or the Scotch Jacobite gentleman of the reigns of the first Georges—received a pension of a hundred louis a-year from his degenerate relative. The Marquis was a libertine, a gamester, and a *bon vivant*; but he would suffer nothing to be said in his presence against the king or the church. Every day, at his *café*, after the Restoration, he enlarged upon the course which the king ought to take in *driving away all scoundrels*. But he was most admirable when speaking of his cousin and his pension. "Yes,"

he would say, "I do receive it, and, in allowing it to me, Talleyrand does nothing but his duty; *but to go to see the scoundrel!* . . . . . By heavens! I will never go. . . . . He is a Jacobin, and a married priest; he has deserved to be hanged twenty times over." Talleyrand could afford to laugh at this bluster; and the pension was never the less punctually paid. His respectable mother had been deeply grieved by his apostasy; but, after his marriage, she would never even see him, and refused the pension he allowed her. That portion of society which assumed to be religious, could forgive his succession of mistresses, whether married women or single; but a married priest was beyond the pale. He laughed at his mother as at his cousin; but probably respected her scruples; and her pension also was punctually but secretly conveyed to her through the medium of a relative. His admirable good sense preserved him from the petty foibles of little minds. It was not worth his while to be angered with the pious old lady, or with the vapouring cousin, whose piety was on a par with that of Goldsmith's supporter of "our holy religion" against Papists and those who wore wooden shoes.

After the 18th Brumaire, when Talleyrand had made his fortune by the sudden rise of the funds, he suited his manners to the change of times. He wore padded boots, to conceal his cloven hoofs; took lessons in riding, and cut a good figure on horseback at the military spectacles. Another trait of his adroit flattery of Napoleon, is equal to the alleged cause of the rise of his fortune. The General returned one night from Egypt, to a small house in some street, the name of which we forget, which his wife had purchased from Talma, and awoke next morning in the *Rue de la Victoire;* the street having been re-christened in the night, it is said, by the good offices of the ex-bishop. It has been told, among the thousand and one fictions with which John Bull was baited during the war, that Talleyrand had a private bureau, in which all the clerks were foundlings, having no worldly connexions, who lived together, were liberally paid, but strictly watched; provided with mistresses, and everything judged necessary to their comfort; but not allowed to marry without the consent of their chief, who chose them wives among orphans and foundlings. It was among their principal duties to imitate the handwriting of sovereigns and ministers, for which purpose facsimiles were kept in the office, with a collection of the seals used at the different courts. From this manufactory in the Rue du Bac, expresses from all parts of Europe were said to be issued, directed to the Tuileries or St Cloud. Much of this is no doubt absurd exaggeration; but despatches, if not framed, were sometimes opened; and one day the Spanish ambassador complained to Talleyrand, that one of his had been unsealed. "Sir," returned the minister, who had listened with an air of profound gravity, "I will wager I can guess how the thing has happened. I am convinced that your despatch has been opened by some one who wished to know about what was inside." This was very satisfactory. M. Seguin, a very wealthy neighbour, near one of those country houses where the minister went to live for the season, was ambitious of entertaining him at dinner, that he might exhibit his enchanting gardens and luxurious residence. An officious gossiping physician was employed in the negociation; and, after many delays, the invitation was at last accepted, on condition that there were to be only twelve guests, whom Talleyrand was to select. He gave his list to the doctor, who looked quite chopfallen. "What is the matter, doctor?—Oh, I see how it is—perhaps it is because I have not asked you to dinner at Seguin's. No, I thought we saw each other often enough here; and consequently"—— Upon another occasion, having gained a wager of a feed of oysters for twelve persons from the Duke de Laval, he caused careful inquiries to be made for ten of the greatest oyster-eaters in Paris, where this dainty is very high-priced. To his great satisfaction he found one who finished his fifty-fourth dozen. Such were the pastimes of the Minister.

Early in the Consulate, he obtained from the Pope a withdrawal of the excommunication under which he had lain for years, upon the easy penance of distributing alms for the relief of the poor of Autun. This was accompanied with liberty to assume the secular dress, and engage in secular affairs. It was then he married, as the decencies of the Consular Court required that he should either leave off *publicly* living with Madame Grandt, or marry her. Upon one occasion, Bonaparte nominated a person whom Talleyrand considered incompetent, on a mission to Berlin, and sent him to the Foreign Office for instructions. Talleyrand began one of his long mystifying speeches, signifying nothing. "You cannot set out too soon; you are aware of the importance of your mission. The affair must be kept a profound secret. I am delighted that the First Consul has made choice of you. As soon as you arrive at Berlin you will communicate with me. Go up to M. Campy, who will give you a key to the ciphers—you must use these in your correspondence with me. I have nothing more in particular to say to you—you know your ground. I am certain you will perfectly fulfil the First Consul's intentions."—"But what am I to say to Chancellor Hardenberg when I see him?"—"What are you to say to him? Well, but there is no difficulty in that—you will tell him——have you a good memory?"—"Yes, tolerably good."—"Oh, very well, that is enough. You will tell him. Do not then forget what I have told you. There is no reason why you should repeat it to him word for word." As the envoy charged with these lucid instructions moved off, Talleyrand called him back. "At the court of Berlin, do you see, you must keep up your dignity. Yes, yes, you understand me—you must hold up your head." This was the man who said—speech had been given to men to enable them to conceal their thoughts.

His hereditary vanity made him treat his new dignities, gained under the Empire, with affected, or probably real indifference. "Go to Madame de Talleyrand, and address your compliments to her. Women are always delighted at becoming Princesses." He had just been created Prince, or, his Most Serene Highness, Prince of Benevento. He prized more the ancient titles of his birth-right than those he enjoyed in common with Napoleon's Generals. He had a clever way of dealing with the numerous authors who sent him their works. They were thanked on the instant, the formula being, that M. de Talleyrand anticipated as much pleasure in the perusal as he had done in receiving the book. Thus he escaped, he said, telling a lie of politeness, for he never meant to read the books.

The part which Talleyrand really acted in several important affairs, still remains doubtful. He has been charged with advising the murder of the Duke D'Enghein, and the invasion of Spain; while, on the other hand, he is stated to have said to Napoleon, at a public council, "that Spain was like a farm, which it was better to let out than cultivate it yourself." A close alliance with England became his favourite policy; which is enough to make the friends of liberty in France and Great Britain look with suspicion upon what he lived to accomplish under Louis Philippe. He wished to re-establish the kingdom of Poland, and at one time under the elder branch of the Bourbons. His opposition to the war in Spain was a probable cause of his disgrace; but one more important was the jealousy of Napoleon, who could not endure that any one should share his glory, and found that the merit of his treaties was imputed by Europe to his subtle Foreign Minister. The disasters of the Spanish war reacted favourably on the prospects of its opposer. When his office of Grand Chamberlain was taken from him, to be conferred upon another, he quietly observed—"What will be the consequence? That in future the coachmen will oftener take the way to the Faubourg St Germain than to the Faubourg St Honore." When the fatal bulletin announcing the dreadful disasters of the Russian campaign was received in Paris, all the dignitaries of the empire attended the Empress Maria Louisa at the Tuileries, where the consternation was extreme. The whole army was said to be annihilated—men, horses, and baggage. The Duke of Bassano arrived during the conference, and was announced to the Empress. "Only see how they exaggerate," said Talleyrand. "Here is Maret returned, and they said all the baggage was lost." Of the same individual he said, one day, to the Emperor—"I know of but one person in the world more stupid than M. Maret."—"Eh!—and who is that, my Lord?"—"It is the Duke of Bassano."

The hopes of the Bourbon faction were at once raised to a high pitch by this disastrous intelligence from Russia; and Talleyrand, it is said, immediately began to correspond with his uncle, the Archbishop of Rheims, who had always lived with Louis XVIII. in England. When Talleyrand's letter—informing his uncle of his devoted attachment, and cautiously insinuating that his services might be obtained on certain conditions—was read, the King exclaimed, "God be praised!—Bonaparte must be near his fall; for I am convinced that, when the Directory was near its dissolution, your nephew wrote to the conqueror of Italy in exactly the same terms. If you answer him, say that I accept as an omen his amicable intentions."

When Louis Philippe swindled himself into the throne of France, the Russian Emperor could not resolve how to receive the envoy of the new potentate, who waited in uncertainty until the English newspapers announced that Talleyrand had gone to London as the ambassador of France. "Oh, then, there is good hope of the stability of the new government," said the Emperor; and Louis Philippe was recognised by Russia as King of France.

Napoleon had begun to slight his counsels while his fidelity was unimpeached, and he afterwards suffered for it; for Talleyrand knew the temper of France, and of the times, better than the falling Emperor. In St Helena, Bonaparte complained indeed, that Talleyrand was never either eloquent or persuasive with him, but continually harped on the same string. Besides, he was so dexterously evasive and discursive, that, after conversations of hours, he would take leave without communicating the information required from him. This is not likely. Napoleon was not a man to be so fooled; nor is it probable that Talleyrand would have deserted him had he listened to the only advice that would have saved him. The ex-bishop went over to the other side only when he saw no safety on that of the Emperor. He never committed a gratuitous treachery. When his perfidy became suspected, Napoleon loaded him with reproaches; and his arrest was only prevented by the entreaties and good offices of the Duke of Rovigo and Cambacérès. He sustained the passionate attacks of his baited old chief with wonderful fortitude. The defeat at Leipsic again encouraged the hopes of the Royalists. When his pale, ominous visage appeared at the first levee after the return of the Emperor, the latter exclaimed—"What come ye here for?—to exhibit your ingratitude? I have covered you with honours, that people might not see you were the most despicable wretch in my empire. You affect to be of the opposition. You think, if I fail, you will be at the head of the Regency! If I were dangerously ill, I solemnly declare to you that you should die before me." With all the grace and gentleness of a courtier receiving new favours, the Prince of Benevento replied—"Sir, I did not need this warning to address my most ardent prayers for the prolonging of your Majesty's days." It was Talleyrand of whom Lannes, Duke of Montebello, said, that, if he received a kick behind, those who looked him in the face could not discover it from any movement of his countenance. Office was afterwards offered him,

but on conditions which he could not accept; and he had probably another game in view. One of the coolest things he ever said was, when conducting the Duchess of Montebello, the lady in waiting of the Empress, to her carriage, when she came to inquire if he, as a member of the Council of Regency, was not to accompany Maria Louisa and her son to Blois exactly as the Allies entered Paris. The retreat of the Empress to Blois had been planned by himself, aware that the presence of the Empress and the King of Rome in the capital would prove a strong obstacle to the return of the Bourbons; but in Paris he wished to be, as anxiously as to have the Empress off. When the Duchess went to find him, he cried "Good heavens, I have settled nothing! Certainly it is my duty to join her Majesty. I will do so. But the roads are so much crowded to-day, and we shall be delayed for horses. Of one thing, my dear Duchess, you may be certain, the Emperor and Empress are the victims to the most odious machinations." With this he placed the lady in her carriage, and returned to see that everything was ready in the apartment which he had ordered to be prepared, in his own residence, for the Emperor Alexander. When he afterwards made a feint of following the Empress, his passports were demanded at a barrier of the now blockaded city. "It is the Prince Vice-Grand-Elector," cried his servants. "Oh, he may pass," said the officers on duty. "No," cried the intriguer, "I have no passport. The higher rank a man holds, the more respect ought he to shew to the law;" and he turned his horses' heads, and speedily rejoined the other traitors—Berthier, Bourienne, and the rest—assembled at his house, and became the principal person in the conferences immediately held with the chiefs and ministers of the Allies. What followed is well known. As President of the Provisional Government, he became, for a time, the actual sovereign of France. The Count d'Artois arrived, and the ex-bishop, who had so long before celebrated high mass at the grand national fête in the Champ de Mars, assured him, in name of the provisional government, that "Our happiness would be complete if your Royal Highness would graciously receive, with the divine goodness which characterises your family, the homage of our religious affection." He had his reward. The Bourbon princes could not give him their confidence, but they gave him an ample pension, which Louis Philippe continued.

Great Britain, after the Three Days, had the honour of receiving him as ambassador from the new government of the Tuileries. Of her many millions, revolutionized France had not one honest man to send to England. He continued to the last the confidential adviser of Louis Philippe. The pupil is worthy of the master. The King visited him several times on his deathbed, and almost his last breath was expended in expressing gratitude for the honour. It crowned the felicity of his life! To consummate his destiny, he died in the odour of hypocrisy, having gone through the farce of penitence and reconciliation to the Catholic Church, with what sincerity we leave the reader to judge. He is said to have left voluminous memoirs of himself and his times, which are not to be published for thirty years. If they exist at all, every one is aware how this prohibition is likely to be treated. Hollow in everything, it is believed that his great wealth is deceptive, and the large estates he had purchased, deeply mortgaged; for his luxury and profusion were equal to the rapacity which he was long, before his death, deprived of the means of gratifying. It must be allowed that he was, what Napoleon in anger called him, "the most despicable wretch in France;" but doubted whether, after all, if playing his part on the same grand stage, his countryman Vidocq might not have displayed greater talent and accomplishment.

To those who wish to know more of the history of this prince of intriguers, we would, in the meantime, recommend the translated memoirs published in London. They are written with good means of information, and in a calm and impartial spirit.

THE HONEST HATER.

A BERANGERISM.

I LOVE an honest hater—he
  Has no cream-visage smooth and seeming;
He cannot curb his eye to glee,
  While there the light of wrath is gleaming;
No feigning smile or low salaam,
He brooks to 'bate his fervent "damn."

All creaminess of soul and look,
  All envy's charitable sighs,
The crouch in slander's filthy nook,
  The worming hypocrite's disguise—
Will curl his lip with scorn and sneer,
That smite a soulless thing with fear.

He flings his gauntlet to the foe
  With bitter word and burning eye—
No bam—his heart is in the blow,
  And in his heart sincerity.

But, for the foeman fallen in strife,
He'd risk his honour and his life.

Faith to the honest hater please
  To give, and he will treasure 't up,
He'll greet you with a hearty squeeze,
  And pledge you in a hearty cup;
In love and war, at word and blow,
Stanch to his faith, his friend, and foe.

But shun Iscariot—all may know
  The fawning dastard's stealthy pace,
The Judas stamp is on his brow,
  The lurking dagger in his face;
Strange meanings in Iscariot's eye,
His fulsome flattering lip belie.

G. P.

ABEL O'HARA'S (OF THE O'HARA FAMILY) OWN TRIP TO DONNYBROOK.

IN A LETTER TO MR BARNES O'HARA, GRAY'S INN, LONDON.

Continued from our last Number.

But, urging my way with the progressing throng, or rather urged on by it, I crossed what should be called the Fair Green, if all appearance of verdure had not been trodden away from its surface, and, through a narrow passage, at the end of it farthest from the village, gained difficult ingress into the principal encampment of pleasure booths; for here was a long street of them—perhaps two hundred, at either hand, headed at their extremity verging on the country, by two of surpassing magnitude and display, draped with scarlet, prodigal in flags, and unrivalled in sign-boards. To one side of the entrances to all was, generally speaking, a kind of trellis-work, pointing out and wisely defining "the bar;" and behind this stood or sat a landlord or a landlady, surrounded by drinking glasses and tumblers, porter pots and pints, bottles and decanters, ranges of barrels, skewered fowls of all kinds, ready for broach or boiler, beef and mutton that might tempt Dr Kitchener, hams, sides of bacon, cheeses, and so forth; and before you, as you glanced down the booth, tables were laid out, always ready for customers, if not always occupied by them. And "Walk in and rest yourselves, ladies and gentlemen," cried a landlord to the passers by, drowning, in the loudness of his voice, the music at the remote end of his hotel, though it, too, was relied upon as an attraction; or, "Dhry or hungry, you needn't want here," said another; or, "The hot weather wants the dhrop," syllogized a third; or, "Wash the dust o' Donnybrook out o' your throttles, genteels," elegantly exhorted a fourth; while the perambulators were similarly played upon from the batteries of coaxing Bonifaces at the other side of the crowded street. And, the truth to say, scarce any person, man, woman, or child, passed by the ranges of these refectories without entering and consuming something, little or much, meat or drink, in one or other of them. Some seemed seduced by a showy establishment; some espied a friend or two already seated within, and joined them, with a hearty recognition on both sides; others chose the tent fullest of company, or most uproarious in fun and frolic; but the sound of the music and the echo of the dancing-board was quite sufficient for the greater number; and, as I before noted down among the galaxy of attractions, "the signs" at the other side of the Green, let me add a few here, which either pleased me or puzzled me, as I studiously observed them. A sailor was pointing, off one, to the booth beneath him, and asserting —"Within the ark, safe for ever." Upon another was the very unwarrantable *double entendre* of "Let no man pay twice, at his peril." Next appeared a board, with the simple inscription—"The Widow Byrne, from High Street;" and, taking a glance at the widow, who was of course busy within her bar, I was astray to ascertain whether her recommendation of herself lay in her unprotected state, announced on the board, or, in our anticipations that those who had previously been in the habit of visiting her establishment in High Street, might follow up their practices at Donnybrook; at all events, she was truly a winsome dame, with little of the sickly grief of widowhood in her black eye or plump and rosy cheek. "Observe!" mutely exclaimed a sign opposite to hers; and below this challenging word was announced—

"This is Pat Murphy's spa inn;
I am come here from Peter's Hill—
Gentle and simple, now walk in."

Near at hand appeared a kind of joint-stock concern, not of the first class either—two very mediocre purses, I reckoned, shaken together; and the hopes of the proprietors seemed to rest upon the patronage of such of the passers by as might have a veneration for old times and real Irish descent—for they made themselves known as "Patt Higgins and Jerry Lynch, of the real old stock."

The next sign-board I shall notice, I could not directly understand, as regarded its present position, unless that its designer deemed it clever and *recherché* in its subject, and, on those grounds alone, attractive. It represented, first, a kind of stage, of five steps or gradations. On the upper step, was a crowned king, with outstretched sceptre, and, above his head, the motto—"I rule all;" and he occupied the middle of the picture. A grade below him, and to his right, was a bold soldier, whirling his sword round his head, and his assertion was—"I fight all." Beneath him, again, in gown and lappets, appeared a parson, saying—"I pray for all." On the step below his Majesty, along with the soldier, but to the left, stood an honest-looking farmer, who averred—"I pay all;" and under his feet, Death, in his full grisly terrors, grinning forth—"I take all!" I stepped back from this piece of art, to note its effects on the passing crowd, and became assured that its author had, in imagining it, studied human nature; for many spectators agreed that so much intelligence and taste, on the outside of the establishment it adorned, must denote a corresponding superiority of some kind or other, within; and, accordingly, the booth was full of company.

But the poetical predominated at Donnybrook. Among the rest—

"James Farull is supplied
With good old spirits, Erin's pride;
All so porter, ale, and beer,
With cordials swat, the ladies' cheer.
If you should doubt, when passing by,
You're welcome to step in and try."

Again—

"May the thistle flourish, and be ever in cheer,
Round the sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green."

The popular Lord Lieutenant exhibited as the guardian deity of more than one tent. In one instance, he was mounted on a curvetting steed, having said for him, or saying for himself—"See the conquering hero comes!" In another, he stood in a dazzling uniform, with a drawn sword, the following distich eking out his appearance—

"Arragh, Paddy! come
Now, my sweet boy,
And drink a health
To our noble viceroy
MULLOWRY."

So that, but for the style of the figure above them, these musical lines might seem to refer to the bustling fellow inside the booth—Mr Mullowry.

Next door to him, Daniel O'Connell nd (it was averred) Lord Stanley were shaking hands together—a benevolent, though somewhat Utopian anticipation of the artist, in his wishes for general unanimity, and good to Ireland. I cannot say how his Lordship generally dresses, having never yet had the honour of seeing him; but, with Dan's person I am pretty well acquainted; and certainly nothing could be less in character than the present paraphrase of the style of his toilet. To prevent jealousy on any account, however, both gentlemen were habited exactly alike—namely, in grass-green frock coats, which could never have fitted them so well without stays, and flowing white trousers; and, on the heads of each, was a profusion of light-brown hair. Still, as I have said, they shook hands joyously together, and had printed beneath their feet—"O'Connell, Stanley, and Erin-go-bragh!" I *must* find room for one or two other illustrated sign-boards. Two rustics leaned on their spades, and each had "a speech" coming out of his mouth. "Paddy," questioned one, "what is the meaning of M.P.?" "Don't you know, you fool," answered the other, "that it manes 'Man of the People?'" But how this explanation was supposed to be of virtue to sell beer and spirits, I cannot venture to say. And some establishments were of but questionable character, if the bold assertions, or bold insinuations at least, over their entrances, might be credited. For instance, one dubbed itself the joint property of "Bryan Murphy and Tom the Devil." And, to enable readers in general duly to estimate Bryan's announcement of a partnership with, certainly, one of the imps of darkness, I will here give an idea of an Irish "Tom the Devil." I know, indeed, of no black deity of the heathen mythology exactly similar to him. Perhaps Bacchus most nearly resembled him. He is the instigator to all mad and untoward pranks; the director of all Hibernian "Tom-and-Jerry" adventures; endowing his votaries with a blind recklessness to consequences, no matter what wild vagary is to be gone through. His laugh is to be heard in the midst of rows and *scrimmages*; he glories in the crash of lamps, and in the pummelling of watchmen; in short, he is the prince of all humoursome mischief, and is supposed never to be so busy as during the carnival of Donnybrook.

Great numbers having accepted the invitation to "drink a health to our noble Viceroy," I also stepped in to Mr Mullowry's booth.

Towards the entrance, I found all the company respectable; and, though they quaffed a little, like everybody else, contributing but scantily—except by their enjoyment of the scene—to the loud talking, loud laughing, loud singing, fiddling, and dancing going on at the other end of the tent. I advanced about midway down, and with some difficulty obtained a seat—the place was so crowded.

Around me was a mixed throng of male and female, and of every age, from eighty years to two months, all seemingly of a decent class in life. Generally, they conversed in parties; but now and then some piece of humour, a song, or an odd prank, incorporated them all in the common communion of mirth. In one far corner, I discerned a more doubtful kind of persons; deep topers they appeared to be, having their noisy enjoyments peculiar to themselves; and there was a party of tall mustached horse soldiers, pledging the Lord Lieutenant's health, as I judged, pursuant to the request on the sign-board; and among them, many Irish were to be discovered, by their accent, and by the exuberance of their glee; though, indeed, their English companions seemed also inclined to get rid of their own national gravity.

Immediately near to me, I glanced at a group of seemingly young mechanics, who appeared bent upon exploring the bottom of their purses, but of whom a detailed description would lead me too far; but still, another Englishman attached to them, agreeably challenged my curiosity: a little thick-set fellow he was, clothed with all the comfortable snugness which characterises a certain class of his countrymen—one portion of his attire being a waistcoat of scarlet cloth; and this little Johnny's nationality had, indeed, completely flown; his eye sparkled; he was saying and doing odd things, and bandying his joke as briskly and as unguardedly as ever a Paddy around him; and a general feeling of good-will seemed to be awakened towards him, in gratitude, as it were, for his having learned to doff what his companions regarded as the surly gruffness of his climate. Almost at my elbow was the fiddler, and opposite to me was the dancing-board, and upon it, at this moment, two young lads, and their partners, engaged in the reel of four, were displaying their very best steps for the approval of all lookers-on. Barnes, do you remember the day you took me to an English country fair, to solace me with the amusements thereof? Upon that occasion, I saw ten men in smock frocks, and great hob-nail buskins, having only two of the fair sex amongst them, lazily lifting up their limbs, as if employed in breaking clods in a ploughed field, and going through the dull routine of some prescribed figure, with visages as sober and as solemn as if they had been at task-work, rather than at amusement; but here, Barnes, in Mr Mullowry's tent, at Donnybrook, it was evident that the surprising

agility of the dancers was only a mode of expressing the joyousness of their hearts. Shortly after taking my seat, I recognised, close in my neighbourhood, my merry old companion on the car from Stephen's Green. To his soul's content was he enjoying himself. He had an arm round Margaret's burly waist; a tumbler of punch was in his disengaged hand, one instant resting on his knee, and the next carried to his lips—(Margaret, too, sipped from a smaller tumbler;) one of his little boys stood between his legs, blowing a halfpenny trumpet; another leaned on his mother's lap, munching sugar-stick; and the elder boy and his sister sat below the good dame, he also holding his tiny measure, and pressing his coy companion to partake of it. Back and forward went the old fellow's head, timing the music, and loud was his plaudit when any of the performers on the dancing-board cut a caper extraordinary. The set engaged in the pastime had been a long time at work before I came in; with looks praying for pity upon their fatigue, the girls now curtseyed to their partners; their partners bowed to them, and the dance ceased for a moment.

"Come, Margaret, you're in for id now, by my conscience!" cried my old friend.

"Ah, then, Luke, are you taking lave of your senses?" demurred the modest matron.

"Taking lave of my senses?—nonsense, woman; don't think to get off that way; you know very well 'twas your dancing that won me for you." And rather unceremoniously he clutched his wife by the shoulders; the little fellow stopped blowing his trumpet, but, instead of it, squeaked out in terror.

"Hould your tongue, you monkey!" cried his father, "and sit down there, and no noise wid you!" And, whisking off Margaret's shawl, that she might go lightly to work, he led her, with the *vif* and vigour of five-and-twenty, to the dancing board. Loud applauses rewarded his display of spirit, and he smiled in high excitement. At command, the fiddler supplied his merriest tune, and the old wondered at, and the young envied, the excellence of his performance. Nor did Margaret belie her husband's assertion, that it was by her dancing she had won him; and they smiled and smirked to each other, as if the days of courtship were returned. But, at length, Margaret prayed a truce, and her old beau conducted her back to her seat in great triumph.

"Take a dhrop afther that, my darlin," he said to her; "and you'll be the better of id till the humours of Donnybrook comes round again. —I'll take a dance wid *you*, Miss, if you plase" —he now addressed his daughter.

"Ah, father!" gaped and drawled the girl.

"And, ah, daughter!" he replied.—"Come on, and let me see that you're your father and mother's child."

He led her forward, and the plaudits were redoubled as they advanced.

"Hould that, neighbour," he continued, giving his hat to a looker on; and, as he stood uncovered, such, I thought, might have been the hoary head, and yet merry face, of the poet's friend, as he addressed him—

"My blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my Jo."

Luke had now to contend with youth; but he seemed to gain fresh vigour for the task; and it was a long contest; but the daughter at length curtseyed for cessation; and, as he gave his final caper,

"Every soul cried out, Well done!
As loud as he could bawl"—

and there was a general rapping against the tables, to which the sympathising glasses also danced merrily; and, with a crest of conscious merit, did my friend receive the honours paid to his masculine prowess.

The sensation produced by this piece of merriment had not subsided, when my attention was arrested by a new character. A young fellow, rather well dressed, entered the booth, singing out, with a compass of voice that drew all eyes towards him—

"Ho, ho! Paudheen O'Raferty!
Ho, ho! Paudheen O'Raferty!"

He stopped short at the entrance.

"How goes all here?" he cried. "Ha! by the piper, tell me, aint I glad to see you all at Donnybrook?" He was addressing those just at the opening.

"Why, then," answering his own question, "it's I that am; an', do ye hear? make much o' yourselves—and you have my lave and blessin, and that 'll do you no harm—nor much good either, I b'lieve; but, no matther—such as it is, it's at your sarvice. How are you, misthress?" —turning to the landlady, who was bustling at her bar—"Misthress—what's your name, ma'am?"—and he popped out his head to look at the name on the sign-post—"oh, ay; Misthress Mullowry, how are you, every inch of you, as you stand? Whisper, ma'am"—and he gave her a ringing Petruchio salute. She looked ruffled, yet took the matter in good part. Mr Mullowry stopped his hand, as he brewed some punch, pouring it from one jug into another. The incident visibly touched him sorely, and he seemed doubtful whether he should resent such an intrusion on his lawful privileges.

"Is it a greedy-gut you are, man?" questioned the other. "What's the reason he went to get a handsome wife, Mrs Mullowry"—(she held down her head to smile at the flattery)—"if he wanted to have her cherry-red lips all to himself?—isn't that thrue, ma'am? Here, man alive —I'll give you lave to kiss her yourself, now, and so you'll have my kiss and hers together. Make much of yourselves, ladies and gentlemen" —he readdressed the company at large; "make much of yourselves, as I tould you afore"—and, again singing out—

"Ho! ho!—Paudheen O'Raferty,
Ho! ho!—Paudheen O'Raferty!"

he gave his hat a touch with the back of his hand, placing it rakishly to one side of his head, and then moved, in an affected amble, towards the bottom of the booth; and—"Hollo!"—he now cried—"is there any spree down here?—

is it making a thryal at courting you are, Ned, my deary?"

He addressed a young man, about his own age and appearance, who was employed whispering into the ear of a remarkably pretty girl; and she appeared to relish his confidence, for she smiled, sipped her cordial, and smiled again. The address to her admirer drew all eyes upon her, and she grew much confused.

"And a mighty bad hand at a courting-match you are, Ned Driscol—isn't he, my darlin? Wouldn't you rather have myself sitting beside you? Stand up, Ned, and let me spake to my sweetheart." And he seized Ned by the arm, to force him from his place.

In her flurry, half-ashamed and half-pleased as she was at the ardour of her new admirer, the little dress-maker unintentionally emptied nearly the whole contents of her glass upon her old one's knees.

"Go mind your own affairs," said Ned Driscol, sulkily, as he brushed the hot fluid from his white Russia-duck trowsers.

"My own affairs!—Isn't this my own affair? Aint I in love with you, over the crown of my hat, my darlin?"—turning again to the fair cause of contention. "Ay am I, this whole month back, and more than that, if I'd say it."

I could not hear the lady's answer.

"Yes, indeed," he continued; "by this lily-white hand—and whiter than the lily it is, sure enough—by this lily-white hand, you know well I am! Now, tell the thruth: didn't you promise, in the Park, last Sunday, that you'd meet me here, in Donnybrook, to-day, in Mullowry's tent?—and that you'd be down near the end of it, sitting on a furm, at the right-hand side of the fiddler, just as you are this blessed moment?"

"I never saw you before in my life," truly asserted the girl.

"Oh, murder! D'ye hear that, neighbours? Well, ye girls has the most treacherous memories!—and the handsomer ye are the worse ye are for calling things to mind, as I find to be your case, my duck. But come out of that, Ned Driscol, I tell you, and I'll engage I'll make her remember the whole of it, in one moment of time."

"Go off, and play your thricks somewhere else, Tom Hannagan; or, if you won't, I'm the fellow that will make you," replied Ned Driscol, giving the interloper a push backward.

"Ha!—is that what you're for, my Donnybrook lad? Make me! Up here with you, and you'll get your face as nicely curried with a bunch of knuckles, as if Dan Danally was doing it for you."

While delivering this threat, Tom Hannagan doffed coat, waistcoat, hat, and cravat, and stood as fine a young fellow as the pretty cause of quarrel need have wished to contemplate. Up bounced his antagonist, and he too was ready for action in a twinkling. A rush took place on all sides, and a tumult of loud voices rose around the rivals—some endeavouring to reconcile them; others vociferating, with Sempronius, "My voice is still for war;" others, still, officiously engaged themselves in forming a ring for the combat; and great were the general symptoms of commotion. Those who could not get near the centre of interest mounted on forms and tables; many of the females present, alarmed to the utmost, darted under the canvass partitions of their place of entertainment into neighbouring booths; while a number of persons, hitherto sitting quietly in those booths, but who now caught the sounds of the coming row, as vultures are said to scent an approaching battle, unceremoniously invaded Mr Mullowry's tent through the sally-ports by which the women had abandoned it. Mr Mullowry himself, his wife, and his waiters hastened down to the scene of alarm; she and her servitors snatching, in every direction, at the drinking vessels, to bear them out of the reach of the threatened destruction—a *tactique* which caused loud demur among many guests, in the fear of losing their liquor. The musician, shuddering in consternation for the fate of his fiddle, hurriedly endeavoured to encase the precious instrument; while Mr Mullowry made way towards, and seized by the arms, the man who, a few moments previously, had kissed his wife before his face, and who now was certainly the promoter of the confusion that involved the best interests of his establishment. But Tom Hannagan quickly shook off his grasp, and took his ground, now faced by his opponent, on the desecrated dancing-board. Every eye fixed on the pair, and each had his adherents; but betting ran ten to one on Tom Hannagan.

"Come, by the Saint of Clindinning!" he roared, squaring, and springing about, and smiting his thighs, and striking the palms of his hands together. "Here goes!—clear the way here! Are you ready, Ned Driscol?"

A quick, but, as it seemed, a cogent, though mysterious, whisper passed between them.

"I am!—to be sure I am!" answered Ned. "What are you waitin' for?"

"Here's your man, then! But stop a bit.—Dick the fiddler! sthrike up the 'Humours o' Donnybrook,' man!—Throw me your hand, here, Ned. They thought we were goin to fight for their diversion, but we'll shew 'em the differ! Come, Dick the fiddler, scrape away!" And, as the Orpheus obeyed this command, the pitted rivals joined hands, and, with very absurd faces, began to prance and caper round each other.

A general shout of laughter attested the heartfelt satisfaction produced by this successful "Donnybrook trick;" and, as all hurried back to their places, each wished and strove to be the first seated, in order to escape the imputation of having been made a fool of. Order was soon restored; glasses, tumblers, jugs, pints, and quarts, were brought back, and replenished; and, while the two fellows, bareheaded, and stripped to their shirts, continued to dance away, roars of laughter still applauded their waggery.

At last—"Stop again, Ned!" said Tom Hannagan, himself suddenly standing still—"now that

I think of id, 't isn't nathral; men cratures were never mowlded out for dancin together. I must have a dance in the coorse o' nature."

"Fall to, my boy, with a heart and a half," assented Ned; and, as he took his seat beside his sweetheart, he remarked to those around him—"Never did I know Tom Hannagan bit out in a spree at Donnybrook or anywhere else."

Tom went peering round among the fair ones, and, as his merry eyes made their scrutiny, many a smiling invitation did they meet. "Ha, Miss Biddy!" he cried, at length, "I was lookin' for you. Will you be plased to take a dance with me, Miss Biddy Murphy?"

Highly flattered by his choice, Miss Biddy bounced up with as much blandness as nature had enabled her to display, and stood quite prepared, smiling and curtseying.

Miss Biddy Murphy was not a very girlish maiden. Her face, moreover, was pitted with the smallpox; she had two great knitting brows, above whitish, jackdaw eyes; a large, lumpy nose; and a mouth which all her efforts could not assuage into a natural expression of good humour, though she now did her best in such a view for the sake of the gay and comely Tom Hannagan.

For a moment, as Tom stood beside her on the dancing-board, she smoothed down the drapery round her stout, equally-shaped person; during which ceremony, he would, unseen by her, though well observed by the rest of the company, glance at her over his shoulder, throw up his eyes, and curve his mouth, to express the unpleasant effect produced by his critical survey.

"Hide your punch from her, Ned," he whispered to his comrade in the late *ruse*, "or she'll make vinegar of it, with her grin;" then aloud to her—"And what will you plase to dance, Miss Biddy?"

Her head went bashfully to one side, as she answered, in a hideous simper—

"Anything plasing to you, sir."

"Strike up the 'Ace of Hearts,' my boy! Won't that do between us, Miss Biddy?"

The performance commenced. Tom twisted his agile limbs into steps innumerable, and flourished through it, at a rate that drew admiration at every hand. He would sound a tantarara against the spring-board, in such perfect time to the rapid music that the most nimble-elbowed drummer could not have rolled it better—and this was the science of the thing; and he would then caper, and curvet, and swing his person, and smile graciously on his partner, till she hung her head for bashfulness—and this was the humour of his performance. Although Miss Biddy's knees were none of the most elastic, she made some efforts to follow the example given by her airy companion; but, in truth, she had never been formed to exhibit as a *danseuse*; for she stumped against the board out of all time; and twice had she been down, but that Tom restored her to her balance; and thrice did she extend her fat hands, in token that she wished the exercise at an end. Here, however, her cruel mate would not understand her; round he whisked, to face her again, renewing his steps and capers with incredible vigour and velocity. Again and again she held forth her hands, but in vain; Tom danced away like a possessed creature; and for a full half hour did this scene continue, until Miss Biddy could scarcely raise her limbs, and perspiration streamed down her distorted visage: she was paying dearly for the enviable peference she had received and accepted. Finally, the fiddler came to the rescue. Adown his brow, also, the moisture poured in little torrents; he had been obliged long ago to give his shoulder to the bow, in order to assist his elbow; his fiddle-strings began to scream most discordantly, as the drop, drop fell upon them; and—

"Ah, fire and fury!" he now cried out—"fair play is bonny play, boys and girls—have ye a design on my life? Hands round, hands round, I say!" "Hands round" meant the finale of the dance. "Anything that mortial fiddler can do, I'll do it for ye; but there isn't that man from this to Dingledycooch could hould out, this way. Oh! hands round, hands round, and don't murther me!"

He shook his head, as would a restive horse, and, having great heavy lips to a very wide mouth, they shook also with the motion; and then again shook his pursy jaws; and, as he continued to exclaim against the labour he endured, a curious quavering sound, none of the most harmonious, sympathetically escaped his fiddle. Nor did Tom Hannagan prove inexorable to his touching appeal. "Hands round" was gone through, and the Donnybrook wag led his half-slain Miss Biddy to a seat; declaring himself not at all satisfied with the fiddler for having parted them so soon.

"And sure you'll have a red dandy now, Miss Biddy?" he asked; Miss Biddy consented, and he went, dancing and singing to the bar at the entrance of the tent, where I could see Mrs Mullowry smiling upon him, notwithstanding all the alarm he had caused her.

"What does he call a red dandy?" I inquired of a person at my side.

"And you don't know yet what a red dandy is, sir?" And my neighbour eyed my person from top to toe, somewhat disparagingly. I persisted in my ignorance.

"I'll tell you then. You know them dandies that goes along Dame Street?" I assented. "Well, there isn't more than half a man about e'er a one of them; and so, them mimicking tumblers that houlds only the half a nathral tumbler, we call them dandies, too; and the red dandy punch is made from raspberry whisky. And maybe you know what you wanted to know now, sir!"

"I do, thank you."

"And I could tell you how the little tumblers is like dandies, over again."

"Do so, then, if you please."

"See—if you look about you—the women purtends to like a dandy; but that's only before

people's faces, you know, because it don't look to have much harm in it; but I tell you what it is: they take a whole tumbler when nobody is looking, just as they'd rather have an honest fellow that wouldn't be a dandy, after all—I mane any of them that has any sense about her."

Expressing acknowledgments for this continued information, I left Tom Hannagan singing a song at the top of his lungs, and issued from Mr Mullowry's tent, to pursue my "rounds of the Fair." I have before spoken of certain buildings, indifferently imitative—upon a small scale, I now add—of castellated structures. Those at present lay to my right hand, bounding the Fair ground in that direction. They seemed fixtures for the annual festivities of Donybrook, having "The Harp of Ireland," "Erin's Green Immortal Shamrock," and similar appropriate devices, emblazoned in the mason-work of their walls. But I concluded that, almost through the year round, excepting at the return of the time of merrymaking, they remained unused and untenanted; for, though they boasted sashed window frames, those frames enclosed no glass; and their roofs were out of repair, and their floors, inside, damaged. To-day, however, bedizened with their showy flags and streamers, these tenements failed not to attract crowds of temporary occupiers; through their open windows and doors came music, the sound of beating feet, singing, laughing, and all the other indications of universal carousal and hilarity.

The public road to Bray, running onward from the village, was somewhat raised above the adjacent ground; and, concealed by its boundary wall, at the left hand side, I discovered a colony of booths, widely differing from those already noticed. They were, in truth, of a homely description, calculated to meet the circumstances of persons who "needs must" fare indifferently; measuring but a few paces in length, being scarce high enough to permit a man to stand erect on their sod floors, and having their frame-work contrived with bended wattles, over which was strained a patchwork of sooty canvass. The articles of invitation exhibited at their entrances consisted generally of a few bottles, a few mugs and broken glasses, and one beer barrel, together with a dark-coloured piece of beef or of bacon—both viands seldom seen together—some loaves, and a hillock of potatoes. Before each, a hole was scooped in the earth; and this was the fireplace, and here ceaselessly boiled the pot of all work; and from the congregated smoke emitted by all these pots, arose a hot fog which enveloped the whole encampment.

The women presiding over such humble caravansaries, were begrimed from head to foot, and negligently attired; and, dimly seen now and then, through their own peculiar atmosphere, as they stooped over their caldrons, or brewed punch at the openings of their tents, looked like witches engaged in an incantation; while the ill-defined forms behind them, or in the recesses of the booths—the guests, namely, who awaited or enjoyed their services—might well enough represent the unamiable spirits conjured up by the spells of an enchantress. For, indeed, these smoke-disguised taverns, notwithstanding their uninviting general appearance, and their scanty promise of eating and drinking, were, in common with the most fashionable tenements in the Fair, chokeful of eaters and drinkers; nay, (and it was matter of wonder to me whence came such a great number of pipers and fiddlers,) the merry notes of jigs and reels laughed out from every one of them; and you might catch, through the dull medium which, as has been said, veiled their mysteries, figures of men and women capering away as heartily as the richest patron of the carnival of Donnybrook; or as if they inhaled, not the thick vapour of Whitehaven coals or of Irish peat, but the perfumed atmosphere of a ball-room.

Nor did all venders of the excitements to good humour on the fair-ground, offer, to their expected customers, the temptation of even such lowly roofs as I have here described. At different points, pots boiled on, with nothing but a contiguous table and form, a ham, and a jar of whisky, to compose the list of comforts attainable to a visiter. And, midway between the termination of the row of shows, and the thronged passage to the principal booths, a settlement of these sky-covered refectories was established. As just mentioned, a deal table and forms, very little space left around them, marked the boundaries of each proprietor, and upon one, now and then, might, indeed, be found wherewithal to satisfy hunger and thirst together, though by far the greater number exhibited edibles alone, or drinkables alone. And here again was an awful canopy of smoke, overhead and all around; and the fires flickered out of the earth, at every side, like the furnaces of Wolverhampton; and hampers, emptied of their contents, and capsized, with straw, beer barrels, cabbages, carrots, parsnips, turnips, and heaps of potatoes, littered the trampled sod. I must add that the potatoes and other vegetables were out of all proportion to the economical supplies of animal food submitted to the expectant eye. The eaters, engaged at the different tables, seemed, however, to assent patiently to such an arrangement; if the cut of bad beef or ham—given and taken merely as a "relish," or as "kitchen," with the mess of less expensive food—was thin and scanty, why, their own purses were light, and their palates not of an epicurean order; and so, with contented and joyous faces, they dispatched their poor dinners, enjoying "the humours of Donnybrook" as keenly as the best-served of its visiters.

Before all these stalls of refreshment, women screamed, and men bellowed forth to the passers by, praises of the excellence of the entertainment awaiting them; and, if oratory had no effect upon the ear, there were ingenious signals of promise to cajole the eye. An inverted quart bottle was typical of the seductive fact, that the liquor it had contained was found to have been so surpassing as to cause it to be drained in a twinkling; and a large potato, inserted into the

bellow of its upturned bottom, proclaimed that plentiful eating might at will accompany or precede a carouse. One very large bottle, the commander-in-chief of all I beheld, had a hole bored through its cork at the top, and into this hole was inserted a long osier wand, slit at its upright end; and the slit held a label, asserting the contents of the flagon to be, "Best royal whisky, 1d. a-naggin." The proclamation of,

"Whisky in store,
And porter galore.
Sold by
Bridget Casey,"

was the temptation to another table. It is needless to say that the humble frequenters of those establishments should needs regale themselves under the garish eyes of all spectators, as well as under that of the open day; and yet I could detect a few clumsily-curtained tables, at which persons of some respectability of appearance might avoid public observation, while they fared cheaply. I changed my ground of study. Have you in England, Barnes, at fairs and other merry-makings, all the kinds of "merry-go-rounds" I enjoyed at Donnybrook?—not merely those which whirl horizontally, composed of a succession of little wooden horses, *vis-à-vis*, mounted by boys—nay, even by men of mature age—girls, and women—but such as afford seats to the ambitious, in buckets, and giddily turn round with the motion of a water-wheel; or to which fun-lovers, of each sex and of all ages, are attached in sacks, tied securely round their necks, so that, when the machine is in full play, you can catch a sight of nothing human but a blind circle of laughing or of contorted faces? The expressions of the countenances I strove to contemplate among these happy or would-be-happy people, were, indeed, various: in those of thoughtless females, who found themselves hoisted up and hurled downward again with a velocity not to have been anticipated, terror was visible, and undisguisedly so; then, on the features of many of the men and boys, appeared the struggle between deadly fear, too, and the ambition to appear brave; others wore the squeamishness of sickness, caused by the motion; while eager enjoyment of the sport was evinced by a few to whom nature had been prodigal in the gifts of strong nerves and stout stomachs. "In human life," asked I of myself, "among its crowded competitors for exhibition, in every way—in rank, in place, in talent, in money-making, nay, even in the ball-room—are there no 'merry-go-rounds,' with as various results as I here observe produced upon the adventurous who mount them—ay, and merry-go-rounds just as ridiculous as these are—hobby-horses, buckets, sacks and all?" And my comparison was further assisted by the sounds which escaped the vain-glorious performers before me: a petition for stopping the machine being emitted by some, a command to send it on by others; and again, among the rest, the subdued squall of consternation, the groan of conscious failure, or the hearty, though heartless shout of successful self-enjoyment.

"Which do you call the real merry-go-round?" inquired one bystander of another.

"The one that mounts 'em up and rouls 'em down again—that's the real merry-go-round," he was answered.

"Don't b'lieve him," interrupted a voice which I thought I should recollect to be Tom Hannagan's, "he's as wrong as e'er a fellow at the Fair; the one beyond there," pointing to the machine which revolved vertically, "is the merry-go-over, as you'll see by looking—and the other is the merry-go-round, all the world over; and, more betoken, I'll bet a shilling with either o' you that you don't tell me which of them chaps fornent us is the first on the wheel." He alluded to the persons mounted on the wooden horses.

"No, nor yourself, neither, that pretends to know all about it," replied the man he had interrupted.

"Don't I, in troth? It's the very fellow, then—now, look at him well, and see if it isn't—the very fellow that's before the second fellow."

Before a reply could be given to this piece of Donnybrook smartness, the merry-go-round in question stopped short; and the travellers descended from it, staggering for some time before their heads became steady.

"Welcome back, boys and girls!" cried Tom. "You're riding this half hour widthout gaining an inch of ground. Come, Miss, Biddy, we'll have our journey round the Fair, too."

I found he was accompanied by his late ill-assorted partner in the dance. They mounted the whirligig thing, and took their seats *vis-à-vis*. At the first round, Miss Biddy's maiden timidity became invaded; she was terrified from her propriety; she threw herself forward, in fact, into the protecting arms of her beau; and Tom leaned backward, merely that she might have the full benefit of his sustaining person; and he would stretch his arms wide open, and clasp them gently and protectingly round the fearful fair one, and repeat the action, as, wagging his head from side to side, he exclaimed—

"Poor soul! poor crature! The marcies pity id, poor crature!" And the sun, shedding the full glare of his scorching rays upon Tom's upturned visage, could scarce look upon a face of more unique humour. Turning my back to these sports, I glanced in succession upon the different contrivances of the numerous gamblers dispersed throughout the fair. Thimble-shufflers, knack-board spinners, dice-players, wheel-of-fortune and royal-lottery men—each and all aroused my spirit of remark, though not, indeed, of adventure. None of them, male or female, failed, of course, in eloquence, upon the subject of their own honesty, and of the absolute fairness of the chances they offered to all comers; and 'twas impossible not to admire the deep knowledge of human nature displayed by them, as individuals of different characters and dispositions staked their money. From the very timid they

would patiently and contentedly draw only small sums; the cautious, yet enterprising, they allowed to win trifling prizes from time to time, until the stake became awfully augmented, and was lost by the adventurer "at one fell swoop;" and they would appeal to the courage and spirit of others, who, they cunningly and truly surmised, would prefer laying down their last halfpenny, rather than evince a mean cowardice before the lookers on; while the most daring were skilfully led into that maniac state of desperation which prompts the gambler in a more fashionable establishment to venture his last acre upon the turn of a card or a die. Why should a man be white-beaned into a St James' Street Club, in order to enable himself to become a student of human nature? I looked at one among the humble groups near me, who had been brought up to this pitch of daring. Having alternately lost and won during some minutes, he boldly accepted the sudden challenge of thimble-shuffler, to stake the whole contents of his pocket—and I watched the blanched cheek, the staring eye, and the eager quivering of his hand, as he stretched to raise the thimble, under which, to his own perfect satisfaction, his lynx-eye had certainly seen deposited the little red ball of sealing wax; and then I noted the shiver of disappointment, miserably attempted to be disguised by a poor effort at bravado: and his forced smile gave a ghastly expression to his countenance, which oozed at every pore with the cold moisture—and, strange to say, every looker on but the person most interested, could point to the true thimble, really covering the magic pellet. Before leaving these gambling gentlemen, I had the satisfaction of witnessing, in more than one instance, the overthrow, by an enraged loser, of the whole paraphernalia of cheatry.

I had now spent the greater part of the day in my "rounds" and my observations; and yet variety still surrounded me and excited me. The beaming and twinkling, without cessation, of young and bright eyes, formed no inconsiderable portion of my unexhausted stock of provocations to study; for, truly, the pretty girls of Dublin, dress-makers and those of that class, I concluded, did not seem to think that their beauty might be regarded as the least attractive matter in the Fair—nor, as certain little events proved, were they much mistaken in their calculations. Encountering, on their perambulating progress, the sprucely-attired youths of their city, expected compliments met their ears, as tempted glances reciprocated theirs; and then arose the little gleeish laughs, that denote innocent pleasure, and that penetrate even such serious ears as mine, like merry music.

Strings of dandies I encountered, exuberantly mustached, and otherwise professionally badged; and they, of course, bravadoed through the crowds, talking loudly, and ostentatiously displaying the swagger of their tribe; and, in one instance, a chain of them was attended by an equal number of, seemingly, young mechanics, who grotesquely imitated their motions, accents, and grimaces, for their own amusement, and that of a good many others. And I might notice shoals of lads let loose from the leashes of business, and predetermined on sport; and sober family groups, fully, though quietly enjoying everything—the delight of the father or the mother increased by the scream of rapture of the little fellow who clasped his or her neck, or who, trotting by his or her side, sounded his penny-trumpet, or blew his tiny horn, or rolled his toy drum, or flourished his shillelah of sugar-stick. And, alas for human nature! ever and anon I thought I detected among the joyous and unsuspecting multitude, characters of a less pleasing description. The fox-like glance of the pickpocket, for instance, made up of equal portions of caution, cunning, and daring, caught my remark, often encountering the cool, prying, business-like eye of the police-officer—and well, I thought, they knew each other; and the vacant stare of the drunkard, half conscious that he was at Donnybrook and in a crowd, but of distinct forms, events, or clear ideas, nothing certain; and the hacknied leer of the——but, no; I will not continue an enumeration of the *taches* which, in common with a holiday hurly-burly of human creatures in every quarter of the globe, intruded on my gay Donnybrook picture; I was and am looking at it for gratification of my pleasurable feelings, not for indulgence of my hypercritical ones;—and, even in such a view, let us like sensible people, continue our survey.

A little fatigued in my limbs, but not in my spirits, I sat down on a form belonging to an establishment of which the very curiously-bonnetted old proprietress sold "Plasing whisky, at 2d. a glass." All the principal features of the Fair were again under my view: the moving masses of people, intersecting each other in oppositely flowing streams; the flaring shows; the visiters of their wonders still hurrying, huddling, and tumbling up and down the gangways leading to them, with, if possible, increased ardour; the line of gigs and cars before them, and that of the aristocratic carriages on the Bray-road; the booths, the merry-go-rounds, the gamblers, everything. I was within a short distance of the tent of Laurence Whelan, whose invitation "To the Thirsty" I have before noticed; and from its mouth came the music, the singing, and the shouts of glee, mingling with the music, the singing, and the shouts of glee, on every hand; and thence, as well as from the entrances of other booths, also issued, occasionally, bands of youngsters, who, going beyond Lawrence's exhortation, had quenched their discretion as well as their thirst, and now kicked up their heels, and ran straight a-head, in quest, or rather in the creation of adventures. And a party of some half-dozen of such young scamps, came close to my temporary resting-place. I saw a confused and noisy consultation held among them. It concluded, and its result was rapturously cheered. One of them placed himself in the van of the others. "All eyes on your leader!—*folly* (follow) your leader!"

was the cry. "Folly on, boys! folly on!" he shouted. And straight forward did he dart, doing whatever came first into his head, and, one by one, his liege merry men pursued him, and repeated his actions. Over forms, over tables, over caldrons, over gaming-boards, over men, over women, over everything, inert and breathing, which lay in their undeviating course, did the possessed rout leap, jump, vault, somerset, scramble, tumble, sprawl, or fall prostrate. Yet their failures were astonishingly few; their intrepidity and agility astounding. And their game seemed to be well understood at Donnybrook. Even at a distance, they were seen coming; and the prudent, the peaceable, or the money-making, ran sideways out of the line of their self-fated career.

After some time, however, the extreme labour of the nothing-hunt had its natural effect on the leader. He failed to clear, at a bound, one of the eating and drinking tables; crash it fell under him, with all its glasses, tumblers, porter-pots, bottles, jugs, plates, and dishes. Upon the dinner-pot it came, overturning that utensil, and thereby causing to flow in a common stream, and mix in a common mass, beef, broth, and whisky and beer, meat, potatoes, cabbage, and all the shattered drinking vessels; and, head-foremost into the chaos he had made, was precipitated "the leader." A second, a third, a fourth, his whole string of followers, in fact, loyally imitated his example, and, of course, shared his fate; and there the full party lay, huddled and kicking together. The excited crowd rushed towards the scene from all quarters. As the fallen jumpers regained their legs, the man and woman whose property they had demolished, screamed out for remuneration. A vociferous, yet good-humoured argument, ensued as to the value of the matters destroyed; the lookers-on took different sides of the question, all laughingly urging it on; but the mischief-doers finally met, by joint contribution, a fair adjustment of the demand made against them; and then, only pausing to appoint a new leader, again started off, seemingly in the height of their glory, and, raising loud shouts, which every one around them echoed, to work out, in another direction, one of the "humours of Donnybrook."

The sensation created in my present neighbourhood by this occurrence, had not subsided, when another uproar, but of a very different character, attracted my attention, and that of all near me. We heard the shrill clamour of female voices, loud in dispute. I looked towards them, to discern the cause thereof, and discovered it to be an individual of the other sex. He was a stout-built fellow, of about forty—his attire of a character hanging half-way between tatters and contrivance; and he might be, as I judged, one of those providentially-watched creatures, who, like the poor sparrow, get up in the morning without exactly knowing where or how to provide for the necessities of the day; and yet, who placidly depend upon the keenness of their wits for taking advantage of any chance which offers for overreaching the rest of the human race. Both his hands were thrust into the bosom of his vest; he poked forward his chin, resting it upon his wrists; a smile of self-complacency played about his mouth, which was half-hidden by a beard of a fortnight's growth; his eyes seemed drowsily closing, yet the glance sent from beneath the masked battery of their lids, was sharp and penetrating: altogether, he had much the expression of a pet raven at roost, whose feathers are ruffled to keep him warm, and whose knavish propensities are not at rest even during his slumbers, but rather supply subjects for his dreams.

This hero seemed much amused with the contention going on about him. One of the argumentators was a brisk, and rather a well-looking female, of that complexion vulgarly called sandy, and which is said to betoken a choleric temperament. Her drapery, being fancifully short, permitted to be seen almost to the knees a pair of well-chiselled and nimble limbs. She held, tightly wrapped up in her mantle, an infant, whose curly, carroty head alone was visible; and, even in the yet unformed features of the little being, I caught an early character of keenness, and an inherited intellectual activity, of a peculiar kind. The other was a swarthy-looking girl, much younger than her rival, although wanting her comeliness of aspect and figure; yet, with the advantage of youth upon her side, I conjectured that the love of novelty, so prevalent among all classes and conditions of society, had tempted the object of dispute to honour her with some passing gallantries.

"What call have you to Nick, the husband o' me, at all?" questioned the woman with the infant.

"I'd be goin' to ax you if it's knowledge you want, ma'am?" was the question put in return, eked out by a pinching tartness of visage and accent.

"Lave us alone, then, Missy, or maybe I'd loosen the eye in your head." And she hastily swung from her cloak her only disengaged arm.

"Only crooken a finger at me, an' *I'll* send that peeper of yours to the back of your carroty nob." And she, in her turn, wriggled her neck with the fine fury of a vixen.

"Nick! hould the child!" cried the insulted matron, turning quite confidentially to the cause of the argument.

But Nick, whose lips, by the previous turn of his mind, seemed to have been preparing for such an expression, gently puffed out his cheeks, laughed pithily, turned away, and walked quietly and in much good humour far from the scene of contest.

"Oh, Nick, you're a thraithre!" screamed after him his outraged better half; "but I'll make *you* sup sorrow for id all!" she continued, facing her enemy, and darting upon her with all the nimbleness previously promised by her tidy lower extremities.

"An' is this a taste of the sup you'll thrate to, ma'am?" retorted the vixen, dealing her a ring-

ing blow on the jaw, with the awkward downward motion in which a woman's clenched fist will inflict such an injury. This was bravely returned; and spiteful, chopping thumps, or else open-handed, smacking slaps, followed upon either side, in quick succession. But the owner of the cunning-faced infant fought at woful odds, as she could, of course, use but one hand; and her antagonist, not being cautious or precise in her science, the poor urchin came in for a random hit or two, and consequently shouted out with might and main. As the gentle belligerents changed ground here and there, the motley crowd, who had gathered round them at the first onset, wavered also from side to side, much amused and edified; but the infant's cries now awoke general sympathy, and the fair ones were separated.

"Is there no good Christian crathur here, that'll hould the babby for me?" appealed the burdened woman to the spectators.

"By the saint o' Clindinning, an' it would be a sin if there wasn't! Give it here to me, my game-hen o' the roost!" And Tom Hannagan snatched the infant from its mother's arm. "By the hookies! if it's a he, 'twill be a warrior," he farther remarked, as he awkwardly clutched the squalling creature. "Oh! on my sweet conscience, if it was only ould enough to shut the fists this moment, it's a nate black eye 'twould give me. Whisht, Johnny, whisht!—sure I'm on your mother's side, my chap—so don't be grinning at me, so wicked."

With the young one upon one arm, and the other extended to keep away the crowd, and leave a clear stage for the renewed combat, Tom Hannagan seemed in his element. "You must have fair play, Missis Ginger," he promised, tapping his friend on the shoulder.

The fight, however, was not renewed; several of the bystanders, myself amongst the number, interfering to prevent it. Even Tom Hannagan, his perceptions once directed to the point, assisted our good endeavours for the honour of Donnybrook, leading his *protegée* in one direction, while Ned Driscol did the same charitable office for her antagonist, and peace soon overspread the battle-field. But I could not find it in my heart, Barnes, even after all I have said in praise of the good manners of Donnybrook, to allow you to leave its celebrated ground, in my company, without witnessing one little *scrimmage* at least; nor shall I close the subject, without expressing a wish, for the sake of general morality, even in higher quarters, that, had the ladies further discussed the difference between them, the matron might have had the advantage.

It was now nearly six o'clock in the evening, when, with the intention of returning to Dublin, I endeavoured to force my way along the main street of booths. But this was no easy task. The metropolis had poured out additional crowds, to pay an after-dinner visit to the Fair; and the press became almost inconvenient. I turned into one of the principal booths, to avoid an extraordinary bustle at a particular point. No dancing nor pranks were going on here; it was rather a place of more serious occupation. Narrow tables, of sufficient length to hold three at a side, ran, to my right and left, along the extent of the canvass tavern, just leaving a passage in its centre; and these tables were all nicely covered and laid out for dinnering, and full of company of the better class: the purse should be well furnished, indeed, that could afford refection to its possessor in "The White Hart Hotel."

The cries of "Waiter, waiter, waiter!" resounded from a score of voices at the same moment, as I stepped in; and, while the corps of toiling servitors answered without sensation, "Here, sir! here, sir!" some half a dozen of them galloped backward and forward, to and from the place of cooking, which was gained through a slit in the side of the awning; and, as they bore to the guests the mouth-stopping provender, it would be hard to say whether it or they smoked most profusely. But, with all their efforts, they failed, in many instances, to appear time enough before their invokers with the precious fardel; and, upon these impatient occasions, I saw one or two hungry parties start up from their seats, dive through the aperture before-mentioned, gain the cook's premises, and, with flesh fork to his throat, compel him, half in jest and half in earnest, to surrender up the viands destined for other people; and, as two of these freebooters reappeared, the one carried a sirloin of roast beef, and the other a great ham.

"Hunger breaks through stone walls," cried the ringleader to his cheering friends, "and surely canvass never yet kept him out."

In the speaker I recognised an acquaintance; his eye caught mine at the same moment; I was pressed to join his party; and, feeling my appetite sharp, and judging favourably of the plunder in which I was invited to share, I gave up my previous intention of dining in a sober, commonplace way, in my Dublin hotel, and modestly accepted the proposal.

The great din in this place of feasting—occupied, I had forgotten to say, exclusively by male guests—sufficed, as effectually as stone walls could have done, to limit to each set his own confidential conversation. Awful was the clatter of knives and forks, plates and dishes, the uncorking of bottles went on like continued discharges of distant musketry, and the loud laughing and talking mingled in one sublime chorus. We did full justice to our beef, and to the gigantic ham, which was now eked out, at the hands of a legitimate waiter, with about a dozen of capons and chickens, boiled and roasted; and we hobnobbed in good "sherris sack;" interrupting ourselves, during the two processes, only by a joke or a laugh.

I found myself among an odd enough group. One was a young medical student from Edinburgh, who, had he been state physician under the government of the worthy Sancho Panza, would never have starved such of his patients as loved good cheer; among his present Donnybrook companions, at least, he certainly neither

preached nor practised extreme temperance. The second was "a family man," half crazed with the humours of the fair; the third might also be called "a man of charge," but he too had cast care and common sense to the winds, as attributes very unbecoming the region of Donnybrook; and the fourth was a youthful barrister, whom it was difficult to keep, upon all occasions, within legal and peaceable bounds; while the fifth was a tutor and Dr of T. C. D., upon whose visage now appeared no marks of the stern dogmatising of his tribe, and whose eye, instead of the sagacious thoughtfulness which, I am bound to suppose, had erst characterised it amid the "dust of the schools," twinkled with all the merry diablerie of boyhood. I will say nothing of the sixth guest at our table; but I suppose I was as merry as I could be; though, indeed, I do not set up for the character of a leading spirit upon convivial occasions.

Our wine went briskly round; it was succeeded most necessarily by the native beverage; and, after a reasonable sitting, a ramble was proposed, and we six sallied forth.

We were all in high humour to enjoy the freaks and oddities of the place: so once more behold me in the throng of the fair! Lavish compliments we paid to the young female perambulators who passed us by; and we got smiles in return, or else repartees that left nothing due. And jests we passed, both practical and theoretical—that is, in deed as well as in word; and we were paid in kind, cleverly and good humouredly. In fact, through all the whirligig variety of the fair, did we zigzag, until at last, the tutor of college solemnly proclaimed his intention of purchasing a horse. All his companions, except myself, declared that they too should have a horse each; and so, away we set to the horse mart.

Leaving the great hurly-burly behind us, we encountered, in a comparatively retired situation, three elderly and orderly-looking women, seated on a little elevation, their heads bent towards each other, in close and sober chat. I suppose that, having seen all the novelties of the fair-ground, they were now comparing, in conclave, their opinions on the subject; and one held in her hand a suspicious-coloured bottle, from which she occasionally filled a diminutive teacup, and the little vessel then went round, from lip to lip. Suddenly, to my great astonishment, as well as to that of his other companions, the college-tutor sprang forward, and, taking the three gossipers in line, as they sat, cleared their heads at a bound. The good dames ducked their persons, clasped their hands, and squeaked in a panic; and—

"Well done, Dick!" cried the barrister; "but that was not the pace at which you crossed the College squares, before setting out for Donnybrook, this morning."

We reached the mart for horses. It lay contiguous to a muddy pool, formed by the waters of the dirty Dodder brook; altogether giving but a poor idea of the true purpose for which the Fair of Donnybrook had originally been held. Our horse-purchasers, none of whom, I need tell you, in reality wanted a steed, set the owners of different animals to trot, and canter, and leap them about, here and there; and then arose a prearranged disagreement about the price. In the midst of this scene, one of the married gentlemen of our party, having his ambition roused by the feat of the college-tutor, determined to exhibit his own activity. Some loose stones had been piled up for the purpose of shewing off the horses at a leap.

"Clear the way here!" he cried, squaring his arms, bending his back, and running mincingly to the heap; and, lo! he did, indeed, clear an obstruction of about two feet in height; which, recollecting his preparations, and also now taking into account his pride at the achievement, must have appeared, to his own eyes, six feet, at the very lowest calculation.

"A great lep, by gor!—that's the boy for id! Clear the way again for the gentleman!" cried the humbler-dressed wags in the crowd; and, thus cheered on, our short and stout little friend jumped over the few stones again and again, to the infinite merriment of the *canaille* of Donnybrook, who thus shewed that they could relish the ridiculous in those above them.

The Edinburgh medical student now, also, resolved that he should have his share in the honours of the evening.

> "Wilt thou, Cassius,
> Leap in with me into this angry flood,
> And swim to yonder point?"

he spouted, addressing himself to the successful hero of the stone barrier.

"Not I, indeed, Cæsar," answered this gentleman, doubtless considering that any addition to his present fame was unnecessary.

"A pound that I do it!" cried the young Galen.

"All accoutred as you are?" stipulated the other.

The challenged man hesitated.

"Blood-alive!—down with the money, sir—take him at his word—he'll never do it!"—urged two of our attendant crowd, while all the rest pressed forward, fearful that the wager would not be accepted.

"Well, then, yes—all accoutred as I am," now assented the medical student.

"Done!" cried the leaper of the stones.

The money was staked in the hands of the college doctor. Two of his companions endeavoured to restrain the zeal of the aspirant for aquatic fame; but, bursting from all control, and sending forth a Donnybrook shout that would have done credit to any Pat in the fair, over head and ears plunged he into the puddly liquid. He could not swim, and he was beyond his depth; so that, after floundering about in it some time, it was with difficulty we drew him safely to land. And now, proud and upright he stood; dripping wet, indeed, but his lofty mettle nothing cooled. The applauding spectators rent the air with their acclamations; he had gained immortal honour

amongst them; they respectfully petitioned to take his worthy hand; they declared him, notwithstanding his accent, a true son of Ireland and of Donnybrook; and, a hundred times over, swore that the thistle was full as brave a plant as the shamrock.

It was in vain that his more immediate friends advised a quick return to Dublin, that he might change his apparel, as well for the sake of appearances, as to prevent danger from taking cold. No! the evening he would see out in the trappings of his glory; and there was a second adjournment, thereupon, to a booth; and, as a very humble *attaché* indeed of this distinguished band, I still accompanied their movements. As we proceeded along, the achievement of our Scotch friend spread from mouth to mouth; and fame, making use of the lungs of the multitude that followed us, proclaimed it aloud—aloud, without speaking hyperbolically, I may truly say.

It was into the tent of Bryan Murphy, before honourably mentioned, that we happened to enter; and under its roof, his partner "Tom the Devil," seemed indeed to rule the evening. Nor had he among the whole concourse assembled in the booth, more promising subjects than my companions: they drank punch, they danced, they played pranks, they jested, they sang songs; the Edinburgh Esculapius giving us "Auld Langsyne," and the LL.D. of Trinity College, adding the "Sprig of Shillelah;" and both were joined, in their separate choruses, by not less than three hundred human voices.

And witching was the hour of the night, Barnes, when your brother, still faithful to his Donnybrook associates, at length really started for the road homeward to Dublin, and lingering was our look behind us. The Fair seemed more tempting than ever. The lights before the booths and the "standings," and particularly the great flare kept up at the shows, illuminated its whole area, banishing the idea of night altogether. Then, if the thronging company were not now as select as in the morning they had been, to our eyes, along with being quite as numerous, they seemed more attractive. But, alas! we forced our way from them, making our way with difficulty (and for more reasons than one) to the village. And here, too, the street was perfectly illuminated; candles burned in the windows of every house: and dancing, singing, and merriment—seemingly but in their spring—went on under the roof of each.

Arrived at the barrier, where the cars took up their loads for Dublin, I found its state of uproar to exceed even that which I have endeavoured to describe as characterising it in the morning. Our party fully freighted one car, and away we started for home, catching up the shouts which reached us from the Fair, and which were responded all around us; nay, along the road, each machine that accompanied us, or passed us, contained its band of shouters, or singers, or huzzaers—the choristers only heard indeed, not seen; and onward we all whirled, guided solely by the cat-eyes of the drivers through the clouds of choking dust, now rendered, by the additional gloom of night, still more obscure, if possible, than when at an earlier hour I had the hardihood to plunge into their womb. So, *vale*, Donnybrook!

A NORWEGIAN LYRIC.

BY DAVID VEDDER.

In dalliance with my mountain-harp
I spend the live-long day;—
Come, beauteous boys and rosy girls,
List to an old man's lay:
Song to his spirit solace brings—
His riches are the golden strings.

Young Harold, a poor warrior's son,
But honest, brave, and fair,
Loved Thoralille,* the loveliest maid
That breathed Norwegian air;—
He met her daily, vainly strove,
But never dared to tell his love.

One summer eve, with listless step,
He trod the daisied sward;
And, from the pine-fringed slope above,
An angel-voice he heard,
Singing a lay of loveliness,
Which breathed affection and distress.

Attracted by the magic sound,
He upward gazing stood;
Anon he saw a bright-haired maid
Encircled by the wood,
Who, like a bird upon a spray,
Poured forth her mountain-melody.

He listened to her song of love,
The verdant pines among:—
"Oh! dearest, best of Norway's sons,
And theme of many a song,
Couldst thou but know the agony
Of that which fondly throbs for thee?"

And yet more near, and nearer still,
The anxious Harold crept,
And listened, till his straining eyes
Involuntary wept.
"My thought by night, my joy by day,
Ah! couldst thou hear my plaintive lay!"

Now, turned she to the mountain's base,
Where Harold stood amazed;
And in each other's glistening eyes
With love transcendent gazed:
"And didst thou, Thora, sing of me?"
"I own it, love—I sang of thee!"

She sank into his manly arms—
He pressed her to his breast;—
An age of happiness, of bliss,
Was in that hour compress:
Their life was one continued spring,
Like dew on flowerets glistening.

Then dance away, sweet innocents,
Ye rosy girls and boys;
And dream of bliss and ecstasy,
And future loves and joys:
I'm Harold! once the young, the brave—
Ye're dancing now on Thora's grave!

In dalliance with my mountain harp,
I sit the live-long day:—
Then, gallant boys and lovely girls
List to my minstrel lay:
Song to my spirit solace brings—
My riches are the golden strings.

* Literally, "Little Thora."

MINISTERIAL PATRONAGE IN SCOTLAND.

Scotland, before the passing of the Reform Act, had long been remarkable for political servility, and the Macsycophants had furnished on the stage—and justly—objects of ridicule and contempt to the other parts of the Empire. The first elections under the new system led to the general belief that political subserviency was part of the national character of the higher classes alone, who had before 1832 held the whole political power of the kingdom in their hands; but the more recent elections shew that the present county constituencies are hardly more worthy of political confidence than their predecessors. At the first election under the Reform act, only eight of the Scotch counties returned Tory representatives. At the last election, there were eighteen, after deducting Stirlingshire. And of those which are represented by Whigs, the counties of Argyle, Ayr, Banff, Dumbarton, Mid-Lothian, and Roxburgh were carried by the narrowest majorities. The burghs, on the other hand, shew precisely the same proportion at both elections—twenty-two Liberals and one Tory; the burghs which returned a Tory at the first election being the Inverness district, and, at the last, the Kilmarnock district.

The causes of the political servility of Scotsmen, appear to be chiefly two. First, the habit of looking up with a sort of reverence and awe to all who, either by landed possessions, wealth, or office, are placed in a higher rank; and, secondly, the desire of obtaining employments under the Government, arising from the poverty of the country, and the consequent difficulty of providing for sons and dependents. The feudal system, which still remains in greater vigour in Scotland than in any country in the western part of Europe, and the respect that it inculcates for the fortunate descendants of the banditti who originally seized and partitioned the kingdom among them, is a fertile source of servility. In the Scotch counties, the land is everything—the People are nothing. The Lord Lieutenant, always one of the most extensive of the land-owners, is the potentate of the district, the head of the military force; and, with his deputy-lieutenants, the justices of the peace, and other land-owners, the administrator of the whole revenues of the county, and the dispenser, in a great measure, of the law—that is to say, if that sort of thing dealt out in a justice-of-peace court, can be called law. The Sheriff of the county—being appointed to his office, not for knowledge, firmness, impartiality, legal skill, or any one quality necessary in a judge, but for his thick-and-thin support of the faction in power at the time of his appointment, or from his connection with the aristocracy, and being, in every instance, where not approaching his dotage, non-resident—affords no check to the landed interest; while the Sheriff-substitute—very generally a person of inferior rank in society, and almost always under-paid for his labour—has neither power nor inclination to set limits to the dominant influence. The law of patronage, at the same time, enables the land-owner to keep the priesthood in willing subordination; and the schoolmasters cannot avoid being their servants. The shopkeepers and professional men in the small towns depend upon them for the best part of their business; and, as to the farmers—the only other class, except the labourers—it is enough to say that, in all countries and in all ages, the cultivator of another man's land has practically been his slave. It is in vain to suppose that a farmer—whether he be a tenant-at-will or hold under a lease—will, for any length of time, oppose the political opinions of his landlord. It is, in truth, exceedingly doubtful whether a lease has not an opposite effect on the independence of the tenant, from what is generally supposed. A tenant for a year, if he be able to pay that year's rent, may be independent; but who can be sure—more especially considering the fluctuations which have taken place in the value of agricultural produce, during the last quarter of a century—that he will be able to pay nineteen years' rents? During that long period, how many favours may a landlord not confer on his tenant, and how many annoyances may he expose him to? At all events, since the passing of the Reform Act, the Scottish land-owners have shewn their determination not to allow their estates to be cultivated by men who venture to hold political opinions of their own. In East Lothian, for example, a decided preference has been shewn for men of inferior education and habits, to the present race of tenantry; and Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, whether their opinions are or are not in accordance with those of their landlords, are fast making way for men who do not trouble themselves with reading newspapers, or anything but the Bible, or of thinking for themselves; but who will unscrupulously do the bidding of their landlords.

If things, therefore, proceed in their present train for a very few years, the Scottish counties will be as remarkable for political subserviency, as they ever were in former times. We doubt even if the burghs will resist, for any great length of time, the powerful artillery of patronage and corruption constantly in operation against their political independence. The enthusiasm of the people when roused, as in May 1832, can at all times carry everything before it; and we believe that, had the aristocracy held out for a single week longer on that memorable occasion, the people of Scotland would have buckled on their claymores, as willingly as their ancestors ever did when an appeal to the sword was required. This appeared to be the feeling and expectation of the People of England, who do

not forget how ready, during the last two centuries, the Scots have always been to resort to physical force, to attain the objects they had in view. But the enthusiasm of the People, and their abstraction from the ordinary pursuits by which they must earn their daily maintenance, is necessarily occasional and short-lived; while the power and influence of Government—the annual distribution of hundreds of thousands of public money, and the patronage of thousands of offices, suited for every class of society, high and low, educated and uneducated, rich and poor—is perpetual, and constantly operating, not only by giving present enjoyment, but by the expectation of future benefit which these sources of influence and corruption hold out, whereby thousands who never receive, during their whole lives, a single farthing from the Government, are kept, by mere hope, resting on the most dim, vague, and illusory grounds, in a convenient state of subserviency to the ruling powers.

It would be in vain for any single individual, whatever time and labour he might be willing to devote to the task, to expect to be able to give anything like an accurate and complete account of the sources and amount of the Government patronage in Scotland. It could not in truth be done without full access to, and a laborious investigation of documents which have never either been printed or published, and which are in possession of the numerous public officers of the Government alone. But, as a first attempt to lay open the great source of bad government, we shall give a rude sketch—and this is all our limits admit—of the corrupting influences. One of these, and perhaps the worst of them, is the connexion of Church and State, whereby the Clergy, instead of fulfilling their proper office of teaching truth and righteousness, and holding tyranny and corruption up to public detestation, are made the apologists of the ruling powers, and the preachers of submission to every exercise of authority, however wanton. Their stipends being paid in grain, give them a common interest with the landed interest, in the upholding of the murderous system of the Corn Laws; for it is nothing else than downright murder—disease and mortality, as we shewed in a late Number, increasing always with the price of grain, and decreasing as it falls.

We shall now proceed to enumerate some of the various sources of Government patronage.

I. Ministerial Church Patronage.

284	Church Patronages, at £260 each,	£73,840	0	0
13	Three Deans and Ten Chaplains of the Chapel Royal,	800	0	0
	Aid from Exchequer to about 200 ministers, to make up their stipends to £158 : 6 : 8 each,	11,000	0	0
297	Total of Church Patronage,	£85,640	0	0

II. Universities.

32	Professorships, at £500 each,	£16,000	0	0

III. Law.

Court of Session.

1	Lord President,	£ 4,300	0	0
12	Lord Justice Clerk, and 11 Ordinary Judges,	24,000	0	0
4	Principal Clerks, at £1000	4,000	0	0
4	Deputes, at £400,	1,600	0	0
4	Extractors, (Salaries)	1,000	0	0
20	Fees levied by Clerks and Officers of Court,	12,042	0	0
16	Judges' Clerks, Collector of Fee Fund, &c.,	7,559	0	0
16	Clerks and Officers of Court, paid from the Revenue of Scotland,	4,826	0	0
10	Retired Allowances and Compensations,	2,232	0	0
3	Commissioners of Jury Court,	5,200	0	0
5	Teind Clerks, Solicitors, &c.,	3,000	0	0
20	Keepers of Records, Signet Clerks, &c.	12,000	0	0
115	Total Expense of Court of Session,	£81,759	0	0

Of which the sum of £70,000 is expended in paying judges and officials, for deciding about 1000 litigated cases in a year, or £70 for each! It may be well doubted whether the whole value annually in dispute amounts to this enormous expense.

The authorities from which the above list of the salaries and fees of the judges and officers of the Court of Session is made up, are mostly either acts of Parliament, or returns by the officers themselves, either to Parliament or to the law commissions which have sat in Scotland, with little intermission, since the commencement of this century. We are aware that many of the officials in the above list, as well as in the subsequent lists, are not appointed directly by Government, but indirectly by functionaries named by the Ministry; but we do not think the Government patronage is materially lessened on this account; and it has been the policy of the Ministry—both Whig and Tory—for many years past, to obtain the direct appointment to all offices, however subordinate.

Court of Justiciary.

1	Lord Justice Clerk,	£2,000
5	Judges,	3,000
17	Functionaries of various kinds,	12,000
—	Money expended on crown prosecutions,	13,000
23		£30,000

Court of Exchequer.

25	Functionaries of various kinds,	£15,000

Commissary Court.

4	Retired allowances and salaries,	3000

Admiralty Court.

3	Retired Allowances,	2000

Sheriff Courts.

83	Thirty Sheriffs, and fifty-three Sheriff-substitutes,	31,200
53	Procurators-Fiscal, paid by fees, say at £300 each,	15,900
53	Sheriff Clerks at £500,	26,500
500	Clerks in employment of Procurators Fiscal, and Sheriff Clerks at £50 each,	25,000
150	Sheriff Officers at £50,	7,500
	Sheriffs for trying and apprehending criminals, and making up lists of jurors,	33,500
839	Total expense of Sheriff courts,	£139,600

ANNUAL EXPENSE OF LEGAL FUNCTIONARIES IN SCOTLAND.

115	Court of Session,	£81,759
23	Justiciary,	30,000
25	Exchequer,	15,000
4	Commissaries,	3,000
3	Admiralty,	2,000
839	Sheriff Courts,	139,690
1009	Offices.	£271,449

To this, at least £12,000 may be added, for the courts of the royal and other burghs, and justice-of-peace courts; so that, exclusive of counsel, agents, solicitors, jails, &c. &c., Scotland pays a quarter of a million per annum, for mere functionaries, for the administration of justice.

EXCISE AND CUSTOMS.*

2000	Functionaries of all sorts,	£300,000

POST-OFFICE.

600	Functionaries of all sorts,	40,000

STAMPS AND TAXES.

350	Functionaries of all sorts,	25,000

MISCELLANEOUS.

50	Parliamentary Commissioners, their secretaries and clerks,	10,000
	Her Majesty's charities and bounties to such persons as the officers of Exchequer may approve,	300
4	Her Majesty's limner, £276; clock-maker, £16; historiographer, £184, (*held by the President of the late Edinburgh Political Union;*) Deputy Keeper of Regalia, £300,	776
		£11,076

* Some of the leading patriots among the working classes in Edinburgh, in 1832, have been gagged by appointments in the Customs and Excise.

ABSTRACT OF GOVERNMENT PATRONAGE.

297	Clergymen,	£85,640
32	Professors,	16,000
1009	Judges and legal functionaries,	271,449
2000	Excise and custom-house officers,	300,000
600	Persons connected with post-office,	40,000
350	Officers connected with stamps and taxes,	25,000
54	Miscellaneous,	11,076
4342	Individuals. Total annual emoluments,	£749,165

To these have to be added a proportion of the army, navy, and ordnance—at least 12,000 men; and an annual expenditure of one million.

The total constituency of Scotland is 85,000, from which number at least 25,000 must be deducted for persons having votes in more than one electoral district, and for voters dead, or denuded of their qualifications, but not struck off the roll, leaving 60,000 to be operated upon by ministerial patronage. Supposing the military and naval force equal to 15 regiments of foot, of 700 men each, this gives about 700 commissioned officers; so that we have constantly operating upon the majority of the voters—say 35,000—5000 offices in the gift of the Ministry, and upwards of a million and a-half of annual salaries, fees, and emoluments of one sort or other. This immense patronage, and means of corruption, account for the little independence to be found in the Scottish constituencies generally, and the evident retrograde movement to the old system of political servility, which has taken place within the last two or three years.

THE WINDING UP OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY'S COMMERCIAL AFFAIRS.

"WHAT a glorious place to plunder!" exclaimed the Cossack who first visited London, as he viewed the almost boundless wealth and extent of that metropolis; and, however strange and revolting the expression may appear to us, it was most natural from one of his vocation, and it may be considered even complimentary when uttered by a Cossack. But, though the expression be unusual, the sentiment is participated in by thousands, who reduce it to practice, and make London, in reality, what the Cossack only wished it to become, a place to plunder. The professed thieves, who gain a precarious subsistence by robbery, are, perhaps, the least numerous, as they undoubtedly are the least criminal and dangerous of these systematic plunderers: they at least, act openly, and stake their lives against the chances of the game; the public is forewarned and forearmed against their depredations; and the losses sustained through them are seldom to a ruinous amount. The worst description of plunderers are they who assume the port of honourable men, and insinuate themselves into your confidence, that they may the more easily deceive and entrap their victims; and such are to be found in all ranks of life, from the noble lord who cheats with dignity at the fashionable club-house, to the costermonger ring-dropper who defrauds the humblest classes of their few shillings or pence. Between these two extremes, are the numerous sets of schemers and jobbers, who plunder wholesale—the commercial cheats, the money-lenders, and not a few of the joint-stock concerns, whose frauds are on so extensive a scale that they would engulf a world of wealth. Some of these schemes of plunder are so partially disguised that any one, possessing common observation and experience, can penetrate through the flimsy veil, and discover the cheat; others are more artfully concealed; and there are some yet more dangerous, which, having been commenced for legitimate purposes, have been afterwards perverted to the worst purposes; and the character, originally established, being made the foundation for some new fraud, gives currency to the scheme of plunder, and serves to spread the ruin wider. In illustration of this, we may refer to the infamous South-Sea bubble, and to Law's Mississippi scheme, both of which were commenced on sound principles, and for objects

which were then deemed laudable and beneficial, but were afterwards perverted to the most nefarious purposes; and the chief actors in these plans of shameless robbery were not unknown adventurers, or needy villains, but men who stood high in rank and in the world's estimation. We have thought it necessary to premise thus much, not to prejudice the reader against the parties of whom we are about to speak, but to remove a prejudice—we mean the credulity which attaches undue weight to appearances and to outward circumstances, and which is so frequently extended to screen the guilty from the consequences of delinquencies clearly proved against them, especially when the delinquents happen to be persons of high rank, or possessing great wealth and influence.

The object of our present inquiry is to ascertain the result, in a pecuniary point of view, of the late arrangement with the East India Company, and to shew which of the two parties, the Company or the Indian Territory, has been benefited by the change which took place in April 1834. In performing this task, we take our facts entirely from the Company's accounts presented to Parliament; so far, then, the accuracy of the various sums cannot be disputed. It remains for us only to separate those items attaching to commerce, from the general mass; and, as we are perfectly aware that these statements will have to undergo a strict examination, not only in this country but also in India, (where those articles on India affairs, which occasionally appear in our pages, are republished and freely canvassed,) we shall explain the grounds of our proceedings as we go on, and be careful to advance nothing which will not pass the ordeal. We leave out of the account all transactions prior to April 1834, and will not stop to inquire whether, at that period, the Indian Territory was indebted to the Company, or the Company indebted to the Territory; right or wrong, it was then agreed, that all the property and effects, held or claimed by the Company, should, from that date, be assigned over to Territory, and that Territory should be liable for all the Company's debts and engagements, besides paying the proprietors' dividends and other demands. Commencing at this time, then, we proceed to inquire which of the two parties, the Company or the Indian Territory, has gained by this arrangement; and, in doing this, we enter upon the following questions:—

First, What is the amount received, or to be received, from the East India Company's effects?

Secondly, What payments have been made therefrom which belong to the commercial branch, and for which Territory was not chargeable prior to April 1834?

Thirdly, What is the net amount realized from the Company's effects, how has it been invested, and what is the annual revenue derived from it?

Fourthly, What additional payments and charges is the Indian Territory now liable for, under the new arrangement?

First, As to the amount received, or to be received, from the East India Company's effects. During the investigation of the Company's affairs, 1830 to 1832, the commercial capital was stated to be above twenty-two millions sterling; but, deducting debts, and a questionable claim on the Indian Territory, there remained about seventeen millions of available assets. This was the value *on paper;* but it must have been foreseen that much time and expense would be required to turn these assets into cash; and that the amount actually realized, would fall very far short of the estimated value. So it has accordingly turned out; for the whole amount, realized in the period of three years, to April 1837, is under fourteen millions; while the assets unrealized, are valued at about one million more; making, in the whole, received and to be received, about fifteen millions sterling.

Secondly, The payments for the Commercial Branch, in the three years, 1834 to 1837, are as follows:—

Guarantee fund paid into the Bank of England, there to accumulate for the benefit of the proprietors of East India stock, . . .	£2,000,000
Dividends paid to proprietors for three years, ...	1,890,000
Compensations to commercial servants and others, ...	450,000
Pensions and annuities to ditto for three years, ...	460,000
	£4,800,000
Deduct interest realized on balances, &c., &c., ...	500,000
	£4,300,000

All these items are so decidedly of a commercial nature, that there cannot be the least room to dispute the propriety of deducting them from the assets, except as to the amount of each—and this is proved by the Company's accounts with regard to the first three items. As to the commercial pensions, it does not clearly appear what is their precise amount; but in 1830 they amounted to, ... £43,000 per annum,
And the new pensions granted,
1834 to 1837, amount to, 149,000 do.

Which would make the amount
at present to be, . £192,000 do.
Exclusive of the pensions granted between 1830 and 1834.

There are several other charges incurred, for which Territory was not liable previous to April 1834, and which properly come under this head; for example, the whole expenses of the India House, the colleges, and directors' salaries, are now charged to Territory, instead of a proportion, as was formerly the case; and the China establishment is entirely a new charge on Territory. We estimate these and similar charges at £20,000 to £30,000 a-year, and the commercial pensions at £180,000 to £190,000 a-year.

Thirdly, Deducting the above payments, £4,300,000, from the amount of assets realized to April 1837, the net amount realized is about

£9,700,000; and there remaining about one million more to be realized, the whole will amount to about £10,700,000.

Of this amount, about eight millions have been invested in discharging India debt, which bore interest at from 3 to 6 per cent. per annum, and the remainder is either a cash balance, or it has been employed in some other way for the benefit of Indian Territory. In estimating the annual revenue derived from the investment of the commercial assets, we must not be bound by the rate of interest on any former loan, for the payment of which these assets have been applied; but, considering it as a new agreement between two independent parties, fix that rate of interest which, under the circumstances, it may be presumed the one would be willing to give, and the other to receive, for the loan of funds. The India loans were formerly raised at 10 and 12 per cent., and there is still a small part of the India debt which bears 10 per cent. interest; but, for many years past, the new loans were raised at greatly reduced rates; and, for some years previous to 1834, they were in the course of being reduced to 4 per cent., a considerable part of the 5 per cents. having been converted into 4 per cents. Those who invested their property in the India loans, might either purchase 4 per cent. paper at par, or 5 per cent. at a small premium, or 6 per cent. at a premium of 25 to 30 per cent. The 6 per cent. loan could not be paid off before April 1834; but, as it was generally understood that it would be paid off or reduced immediately after that time, its market price was kept down by the prospect of this event, otherwise the premium would have been much higher. It is very certain that the Indian Government, which had already converted a great part of the 5 per cents. into 4 per cents., would not have continued to pay 6 per cent. when at liberty to pay off that loan; nor is it likely that they would borrow fresh capital at 6 per cent., while they were able to raise loans at 4 per cent.; and, if fresh capital had been taken into the market, it could not be invested at more than 4 per cent. Thus the Indian Government would not have paid more, nor could the East India Company have obtained more than 4 per cent., if they had been left to act freely and independently in the investment of their commercial assets. At this rate, the annual revenue on £10,700,000 would be £428,000; but, as all the assets are not yet realized, the revenue, for the present, cannot be calculated at more than £388,000 per annum.

Fourthly, The additional payments and charges for which the Indian Territory is now rendered liable, in consequence of the commercial debts and engagements being transferred to it, are as follows:—

Dividend to proprietors of East India stock, .	£630,000	per annum,
Commercial pensions, &c., about . . .	190,000	do.
Sundry charges, . .	20,000	do.
	£840,000	

We thus find that the Indian territory is chargeable with, at the lowest computation, £840,000 per annum, for the East India Company, or the commercial branch, for which it will receive, when all the assets are realized, only £428,000, leaving a deficit of £412,000, to be paid out of the Indian revenues! That such a result as this was by no means contemplated by the British Government, is quite evident from the correspondence which took place between Mr C. Grant and the East India directors, in 1833. It is there expressly declared that the arrangement "*involves no increase of Indian debt, or of charge on the Indian resources*, but simply the substitution of one set of public creditors for another." This declaration is repeated several times in Mr Grant's letter of the 13th February 1833, where it is also stated that the intention of Government was, "to invest the proceeds of the Company's property in the purchase of the existing Indian debt, *to the amount necessary to secure the promised dividend*, and to place the East Indian stock-holders in the room of the creditors so purchased out." Had this been really done, there would be no reason to complain of the arrangement; but, instead of investing in the Indian debt the amount necessary to secure the dividends, there has been invested only eight millions, which produces little more than enough to pay half the dividends; and how are we to reconcile the declaration, that the plan would not impose any new burthen on the Indian resources, with the astounding fact that it has imposed a new burthen of above £400,000 a-year! Mr Grant, the President of the Board of Control, appears to have been so confident that the commercial assets were more than sufficient to secure the proprietors' dividends, that he made no provision to guard the Indian Territory from loss in any case. This was a fatal mistake, as it opened the door to those insatiable demands of the directors and proprietors which have frittered away the boasted commercial property to a comparative trifle, and left the Indian Territory burthened with this intolerable charge. The first proposals of Government were infinitely too favourable for the Company; yet the directors, instead of being satisfied with them, complained grievously of the China monopoly being taken from them, and then demanded a preference over all the other Indian creditors, and a separate guarantee fund, to be invested in England, for the exclusive benefit of the proprietors. Their demands being acceded to, the sum of two millions sterling was at once cut off from the commercial assets; and the directors and proprietors, having well secured themselves, began to consider how much more of the spoil they could divide amongst their friends. They had obtained permission to make suitable provision, *out of their own property*, for the numerous classes of their servants whose interests would be affected by the change of system—that is, by the cessation of their commercial affairs. There is a strange and not very intelligible account of their proceedings given by Mr Melville, in his examination before a Committee of the House of

Commons. He says that the directors fixed the amount of compensation, first, at £204,000; then they increased it to £508,000; then the proprietors declared it should be £1,500,000; and, lastly, that the the Board of Control reduced it to £750,000. There is enough here to shew how the scramble went on, and how generous the proprietors could be when it cost them nothing; (indeed, many of the proprietors were voting other men's money into their own pockets;) but the largest amount here stated falls very far short of the sum actually expended in compensations to the commercial servants. The Company's accounts prove that the compensations, in three years, have amounted to £316,000 in fixed payments, and that pensions for life have been granted to the extent of £149,000 per annum. Mr Melville says that the recent compensations have been valued at two and a half millions, though he considers that to be an over-estimate. It allows, however, only fifteen years' purchase for the pensions; and, considering that annuitants are generally a long-lived race, it appears by no means excessive. Admitting it to be a correct valuation, we find that the compensation, originally intended by the directors not to exceed £204,000, has, by the clamour of the proprietors, been extended to two and a half millions; more than twelve times as much as the directors themselves at first awarded!—and yet they are far from being satisfied. It was stipulated and agreed to, by the directors, that the compensations were to be made out of the Company's *own property*—that they were to be confined to those servants whose interests were affected by the change of system—and that no fresh burden should be laid on the Indian resources; but, in the face of all these engagements, the most prodigal scale of compensation was adopted, without once considering how far the Company's *own property* was equal to meet this extravagant expenditure. Clerks and warehouse-keepers were pensioned for life at two-thirds or one-half the amount of their former high salaries and emoluments; even the common labourers received pensions for life, from 7s. 6d. to 11s. 6d. per week, as though they had suddenly been disabled from work; and many persons whose interests were not in the slightest degree affected by the change of system, were placed upon the list of pensioners, because, at some former period of their lives, they had happened to have been in the Company's service. The reckless profusion with which these grants were made, encouraged many parties to make claims for compensation which otherwise would never have been thought of: captains of ships, who had retired from the service for ten years and upwards, demanded compensation for the loss of employment; and those whose term of service had expired, demanded to be placed on the same footing with those who were actually employed. Some of these claims are yet depending, and it may, therefore, be useful to explain the merits of those connected with the naval service. The Company owned eight ships, and chartered about thirty-three more for a certain number of voyages—the commanders and officers of which were all persons in the Company's service. We will first consider the case of the eight Company's ships, and their commanders. It was one of the Company's regulations that no captain should command one of these ships for more than five voyages, after which they were obliged to retire, and make room for the promotion of the junior officers. This was no great hardship, as the average profits of a commander, for a single voyage, were from £10,000 to £15,000; and the command of one of these ships, for five voyages, was looked upon as a certain fortune. The captains thus retiring were, however, still eligible to command the chartered vessels—that is, if the owners of those vessels thought fit to appoint them to the command; but they could claim nothing from the Company—neither employment nor remuneration; and, in point of fact, there is no instance of a captain, after performing his five voyages in the Company's ships, engaging in the chartered service. Under these circumstances, then, what is the loss sustained by the captains of the Company's ships, in consequence of the trade being relinquished? Surely not more than the amount they might probably have gained in the course of completing their five voyages respectively; yet, over and above this amount, a further compensation has been granted to seven of these commanders, by life pensions of £200 per annum each, with remainder to their widows of £100 per annum, and further provision for their children! The only just claim to remuneration by pensions for life is where the engagement is for life, or, at least, where there is a strong probability that the engagement would continue for life; but, in the case of these captains, the engagement was only for a specified time, at the expiration of which they would be compelled to relinquish their commands; and, although they would still be at liberty to enter the inferior branch of the Company's service, that event depended on various contingencies, and it was so unlikely to be resorted to, that there is not an instance of a captain having entered it, after completing his five voyages. It was barely possible that they might return to the Company's service; they were eligible to it, just as they were eligible to be chosen directors—that is, if they could command the requisite support of other parties; and, on this bare possibility, compensation has been awarded to them, as if they had been deprived of employment which was to terminate only with their lives! But this was not all; besides these seven commanders who were in actual service, three others, who had completed their five voyages each, and who then held no employ whatever in the Company's service, applied for compensation; thus, with only eight ships, there were ten commanders claiming compensation for loss of employment; and, although the employment was either temporary, or had altogether ceased, the remuneration was to be for life! Such absurd claims would, in any other place, have been considered

a satire on the extravagance with which other pensions had been granted; but the directors and proprietors decided, that the three unemployed commanders had as good a right to the pensions as the others, (and here they were not far wrong;) the Board of Control, however, refused to sanction them; and this excited such an outcry that the case was brought before Parliament, and a committee was appointed to investigate the claims. It came out, in the evidence, that both Mr C. Grant and the directors had been concussed by the proprietors, and had given way to many of their exorbitant demands; and Lord Ellenborough stated that, when he came into office in 1835, and found what had been done, he disapproved of the concessions, and he regretted it was not in his power to alter the regulations; for he thought them "*contrary to equity, and a most severe burthen on the people of India.*" The committee, however, thought that, as so many other claimants, under similar circumstances, had been allowed pensions, it would be a great hardship on the three commanders to reject them; and they reported accordingly.

We now proceed to consider the case of the chartered ships commanded by officers in the Company's service. The number of these vessels taken up by the Company appears from the lists to be thirty-three; and, of course, there could not have been a greater number of commanders in employ at the time the trade was relinquished. If those only whose interests were affected by the change of system were to be compensated, the number of commanders could not exceed the number of ships, for only that number would be deprived of employment; but the directors thought proper to extend the compensation to all the commanders who had been in their service within five years, provided they would sign a declaration that they had intended to return to it. This was complied with by sixty commanders, who have all, accordingly, been placed on the pension-list; and thus, with only thirty-three ships, there are sixty commanders receiving pensions for loss of employment! All these commanders are pensioned for life; yet not one of them had a life interest in the employ, and, if called upon to prove specific loss or injury by the change of system, it is probable that not one of the whole number would be able to shew that they had any certainty of employ at all, after the completion of their respective voyages. The supernumerary mates and inferior officers have also received pensions and compensations with the same reckless profusion—the number of first mates being fifty-six, and of second mates, fifty-eight. The pensions to these officers are £128 and £112 each, and they are at full liberty to accept employment in any other way; whereas the pensions to lieutenants in the Royal Navy are only about £90, and this is liable to be withdrawn under certain circumstances. It was originally agreed, between Mr C. Grant and the directors, that each party claiming compensation should be called upon to prove his specific loss by the change of system; and this is the plan alluded to by Lord Ellenborough as being the only one to which he could have agreed; but this did not suit the views of the proprietors, who, by rejecting that rule plainly shewed that their object was, not indemnity for losses, but a license to plunder. There are other cases, in which persons who had been disabled for service, and were in consequence placed on the Poplar fund, (a compassionate fund,) have been admitted to the pension-list, as if they had lost their employment, or had suffered by the relinquishment of the Company's trade. But it is unnecessary to multiply instances, where all has been conducted on the system of wreckers and pirates. The directors resisted the abolition of the tea monopoly, on the ground that the profits derived from it were applied to the benefit of the Indian revenues, which they affirmed could not be equal to the expenditure without such assistance; yet, when this source of supply has been withdrawn, they do not scruple to add to the burthen on India for their own dividends, and to provide for their commercial servants and dependents. The people of India are already complaining that three millions sterling per annum are sent away from that country, to provide for charges in England, and that the Government there is in consequence so cramped, that improvements are checked at every turn, and the most important public works are neglected: they ask if all the expenses in England are indispensable, and how long India can bear up against the drain which is constantly going on to provide for them. If such be their present views, it may be conceived with what surprise and indignation they will learn that nearly half-a-million a-year more is to be abstracted from India, for which not one shilling value has been given in any shape, and which might therefore, with equal justice, be demanded from Canada or from the West Indies. Why, they will ask, was not the East India Company allowed to take their commercial effects, or all they claimed as such, into their own hands, and divide them amongst themselves and their servants as they pleased? Why should India maintain, besides its own Government, a twofold establishment in England? Why should the patronage of India, valued at half-a-million a-year, be given up to the directors of a joint-stock company in Leadenhall Street? And why should the dividends and pensions be paid out of the revenues of India? It will now be universally felt that the Leadenhall Street establishment weighs like a mill-stone on the neck of India; that it is not only useless but pernicious; that it is paid and supported by India for opposing good measures and for inflicting evil. The directors and proprietors, with the whole patronage of India in their hands, are too strong for the Board of Control; and, though a struggle is kept up for the ascendency between the two parties, the former are victorious whenever they put forth their whole strength. In this case, India has been shamefully wronged, and the basis of the agreement—that no new burthen should be laid on its revenues—has been totally disregarded.

And who are the parties responsible for these acts? If we look to the East India Company, they will tell us that they act under the orders and by the sanction of the Board of Control; and, if we bring home the charge to the latter, the President will say that he decides upon the representations of the directors, and that, therefore, they are the parties responsible.

MONTROSE AND THE COVENANTERS.*

After Dr Chalmers has been lecturing in favour of Church Establishments to the High-Churchmen of London—with the appropriate introduction on each occasion of the Collect of the day—and when Lord Stanley has been giving forth that the Covenanting and the Prelatic Churches must unite to maintain each other's ascendency, it is quite refreshing to get out of the way of such a mixed and undefinable atmosphere, into the pure air of real old Jacobite Episcopalian hatred of the "hypocritical and blasphemous" Covenanters, which is presented in this work. We have never seen so pure a revival of Laud and Heylyn as the present. The Presbyterian Church *does* occasionally produce a Rip Van Winkle, who, after snoring over his Guthries, and Pedens, and Rutherfords, and Cargills, shakes himself, and comes forth to the light of day, with all their opinions and feelings clinging to him, and wonders that the dapper, well-living, Tory Church of Scotland, as it passes by, stares with such a glance of sinister recognition at his austere eye and prayerful visage. Among the members of the Episcopal persuasion, however, we are not accustomed to meet with such living reminiscences of the 17th century. There is, on that side, more intercourse with the world, a greater adaptation to the habits of society, and more political flexibility. We may probably account for the peculiarity of the production before us, by the circumstance of the author being a Scottish Episcopalian, or, at any rate, endowed with the spirit of that sect. To the majority of the body, we believe, it still appears that the Episcopal Church is, by divine right, *the* Church of Scotland, though it is rudely thrust from its proper place by a usurping band of that inferior class of establishment which professes what Charles II. considered "not a religion for a gentleman;" just as the said Charles, though King of Britain from the moment of his father's death, was kept out of his throne by the interference of one Oliver Cromwell. He who spoils my neighbour, is not so unconscionable a person as he who spoils me; and the same degree of political necessity which has made the Church of England take the usurping Presbyterians by the hand, has hardly been able to prevail on "the Church in Scotland," as one of its bishops termed it in a late history, to follow the charitable example.

We beg to cull, as a nosegay for the Rev. Dr Chalmers, the Rev. Mr Begg, and all others whom it may concern, some of the flowers of rhetoric with which Mr Napier adorns the memory of "our Protestant ancestors."

> Hardly one generous feeling, one Christian impulse, or one legitimate act, belongs to the real history of the Covenant.—(I. 71.)
>
> Scotland was swarming with poor clergymen, who, for the most part, uncouth, unlearned, and unenlightened, and hopeless of becoming bishops, yet felt their passions and their lungs strong enough to afford them a chance, when the waters were troubled, of emulating the popularity of Knox.—(I. 100.)
>
> If lawless designs and cruel deeds, perpetrated under a false, though specious, exterior of religion and patriotism, be sins, the Covenant was indeed very wicked.—(I. 113.)
>
> The Covenant, that bond of faction and banner of rebellion.—(I. 146.)
>
> The arts of insurgency had been so successful throughout the rest of Scotland, as to create a specious, but false appearance in favour of the Covenant. There, however, [in Aberdeen] all that was rational, well-ordered, and estimable, [viz., Episcopacy] was yet actually predominant. Blasphemy did not pass current for piety, nor the darkling and destructive ravings of fanaticism for the outpourings of gifted and enlightened minds.—(I. 173.)

We have not had far to wander for these specimens; and similar general attributes of "blasphemy," "ruffianism," "avarice," &c., will be found through the whole two volumes at similar intervals. These we pass over, that we may treat our High-Church Presbyterian readers, if we have any, with one which they will find truly exquisite; for it contains an allusion, evidently intended to liken "our Protestant ancestors" to no less a person than the mystery of iniquity himself—viz., Daniel O'Connell.

> Then how terrible was the scourge of their combined domination as a court of law! Baillie appears not to have been aware of the commentary he suggested, when, from the many cross-lights of his bewildered brain, he threw out this:—"The commission from the General Assembly, which before was of small use, is like almost to become a constant judicatory, and very profitable, but of so high a strain that to some it is terrible already." And no wonder it was terrible; for the most conscientious and honourable opposition to the democratic movement it crushed with the thunders of *excommunication*, a sentence combining, in its unhallowed connexion with the secular power of Argyle, the pretensions of papal impiety with the policy of the Irish savage, who significantly chalks a death's head and cross-bones upon the threshold of his enemy.—(II. 258.)

We intend to make some observations on the particular biographical subject of this book; but, before doing so, we shall give a few general remarks, conveying our views of the relative merits of the two parties in that conflict which shook the empire during the seventeenth century, and continues to influence party feeling at the present day.

He who attempts to prove that, during a civil war, one party has adopted a course purely and

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* Montrose and the Covenanters—their Character and Conduct, illustrated from private letters, and other original documents, hitherto unpublished, embracing the Times of Charles I., from the Rise of the Troubles in Scotland, to the death of Montrose. By Mark Napier, Esq., Advocate. London: James Duncan, 1838.

philosophically correct, and the other, one equally erroneous, will pursue a vain and foolish task; nor will he be much wiser, who, having fixed on certain abstract propositions, produced by the reflection, and founded on the experience of later times, casts the claims of both parties aside with contempt and aversion, because neither adapts itself to the minute accuracy of his model. Conflicting parties necessarily make an approach to each other in their character. The mercy of a virtuous party teaches the other forbearance, and the unscrupulous acts of sanguinary leaders are reflected by butcheries on the other side. That party which, judging of it by the state of philosophy of the period, displays the better ruling principle in its actions, is to be preferred and advocated; and it is in this view that we adopt the side of the Presbyterians.

There were, it is true, other and baser elements than either fanaticism or zeal in this celebrated contest. The nobles were stirred up by the threatened revocation of the grants of church lands; and there can be no doubt that they were in correspondence with parties in England and on the Continent, and prepared to take advantage of the first excitement. In other respects, however, the commencement of that brave struggle was but the natural revulsion of a high-spirited people against an attempt to chain their conscience. The universal energy of action infused into the people and their pastors, by one step beyond the safe limits of despotism, changed, for a period, the whole characteristic features of history, and shewed us plain blunt men, with simple and unhistorical names, stepping from the rustic glens, where otherwise they would have lived in unbroken obscurity, to take their places in the niches of history beside kings, statesmen, and warriors. There are certain difficulties in calculating the real merits of the religious parties at this period. The Presbyterians did not struggle for pure liberty of conscience, but for an establishment of their own. The proper merits of the parties are, as we have above noticed, ravelled and confused by those historians who will have one side always wrong and the other doing what is abstractly right; so we content ourselves with the comparative merits of the parties;—and the Presbyterians, struggling against arbitrary power, and, in their own way, for freedom of conscience, appear, undoubtedly, the nobler of the two. In the case of Black, who was charged with seditious preaching, there is no doubt that the opposition of Melville and others tended to draw such matters within the jurisdiction of the church courts; and the argument of Dr M'Crie, that they were to be discussed only, in the *first* instance, before the church courts, is but a little specimen of clever sophistry. But what was the nature of the tribunal against which this rival was raised? It was the secret council—a court which was illegal, if anything in Scotland was adapted to that exceptive term. In a conflict between the powers of the Crown, exercised by a conclave of savage nobles, servile lawyers, and apostate prelates, and the jurisdiction of the republican and popular synod, what friend of freedom can fail to take the part of the latter, without nicely inquiring how these bold priests had calculated their principles for the service of more liberal and enlightened times? Peace to the memory of those brave and zealous men! Though their free principles were constrained by the narrow partisanship and vehement animosities of the times, we may easily believe that, could they have looked forward to the present age, their high spirit would never have stooped to countenance the paltry crew of sycophantic hypocrites who now carry on a petty persecution in their names. Those who bearded kings and soldiers, denouncing the Church of Rome, lest it should be imposed on their consciences by the arm of the prerogative—who hurled down Episcopacy from its high seat beside the throne, and laid bare the hypocrisy and vices of kings, at the risk of the dungeon and the gibbet—would have been the last men on earth to sanction the conduct of those who have become the submissive tools of a domineering aristocracy and a haughty hierarchy, for accomplishing the petty task of keeping an oppressed and persecuted sect from the privileges of other citizens. These sturdy dogmatists were not your ensnarers of hares and partridges—they were real lion-hunters. They made up their mind to fight with the mighty Babylon; and they marched to London, and preached and fought it down with an energy and determination that make all latter polemical conflicts look mean and despicable. Yet it was the consequence of the impure nature of the struggle for freedom, that the persecuted became tyrants in their turn, and left to the world its most melancholy record of the poisoning influence of religious exclusivism. When the Episcopal sect persecuted, the Presbyterian sect fought for itself, instead of for liberty; and when it had the better of its adversary, it followed the course natural to victors, and afforded a precedent for a bitter retaliation in the ensuing reign. The extension of any of the privileges they had gained to other sects, was never dreamed of by the Presbyterians in their day of triumph. They fought for their own hand, and they would use for their own advantage what they gained. Of the many intolerant manifestoes issued by them, the following is, we think, the most impressive: it is a protest by the ministers at London in the year 1645:—"We detest and abhor the much endeavoured toleration. Our bowels, our bowels are stirred within us, and we could even drown ourselves in tears, when we call to mind how long and sharp a travail this kingdom hath been in for many years together, to bring forth that blessed fruit of a pure and perfect reformation; and now, at last, after all our pangs, and dolours, and expectations, this real and thorough reformation is in danger of being strangled in the birth, by a lawless toleration, that strives to be brought forth before." This is exceedingly expressive, and the humble dejection of the protesters cannot fail to affect all

who read the doleful expressions in which they are conveyed. Should they occur to the mind of any worthy Presbyterian supporter of the M'Ghees and O'Sullivans, as an excuse for what he, perhaps, considers the mitigated assumption of the Church of Scotland at the present day, we beg of him still to recollect that these men were not the humble tools of the aristocracy, far less of the Church of England—that they acted for themselves alone, in the full bigotry of their own hearts, and had about them all that superiority which honest enthusiasm gives in comparison with sordid and hypocritical subserviency. It would be unfair to the memories of those zealous men to omit their reasons for not giving toleration; and, indeed, these deserve some notice, from the use they may be of at the present day. The following is a passage containing some of the most logical of them:—"A toleration would be putting a sword in a madman's hand; a cup of poison into the hand of a child; a letting loose of madmen with fire-brands in their hands, and appointing a city in men's consciences for the devil to fly to; a laying of a stumbling-block before the blind; a proclaiming liberty to the wolves to come into Christ's fold to prey upon the lambs." We never met with any reasons in the *Standard* or the *Scottish Guardian* half so sound.

Those who saw the Presbyterian Church bravely fighting with the prerogative, readily conceived an affection for the simple form of church government and the rational worship which could nourish so much firmness of character and disinterested enthusiasm. It was thus that it rallied round it the People of Scotland; when they saw the fearful Privy Council braved, and a tyrant's throne shaken, they did not ask if by supporting the system they would consolidate a power that might fight against the liberties of their descendants. The church obtained her power by struggling for free opinions. Even when she has changed her side, a portion of the moral influence which she so obtained, remains with her: but it will not long accompany her; and every act by which she furthers the interest of the aristocracy will but bring her nearer to her end.

There was a very remarkable peculiarity in the struggle against arbitrary power in Scotland during the reign of Charles I.—the Scottish aristocracy were on the side of the people. A very simple fact allays the astonishment which this circumstance naturally tends to produce. Among the other foolish councils which the evil genius of Laud infused into the mind of Charles, was a design to raise the temporal power of the clergy, by bringing back to them as much as might conveniently be obtained of those rich spoils of the Church which had fallen into the hands of the aristocracy. The effect produced on these half-tamed spirits cannot easily be imagined. When a revocation was first proposed, it was found that the long swords and daggers of the proprietors of Church lands were ready to settle the final fate of the bill in committee; and blind old Lord Belhaven caused himself to be seated at the Convention, beside one of the supporters of the measure, with his dagger ready to plunge into him when the proper time should arrive. The bishops met with little respect from the aristocracy in general. "Bishops I care not for," said Montrose, at the period of his execution. "I never intended to advance their interest." Old Kinnoull, the Chancellor, when the King begged that he would let the primate have precedence of him, if but for once, would not yield; and swore that never a stoled priest in Scotland should set his foot before him, so long as his blood was hot. So could pecuniary differences alienate an aristocracy from their natural ally, a gorgeous church establishment. Had the people at large been the only victims, history would have had a different tale to proclaim.

Whether James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, was one of those proprietors whose wealth would have been affected by the aggrandisement of the bishops, we have not inquired, and we leave to the next historian who shall take Mr Napier's work to pieces to decide. He makes his first appearance in history returning from France, young, accomplished, and talented, presenting himself at court, and slighted by the King. When Jenny Geddes had thrown her stool, and the menacing aspect of the multitude, and the zeal of the preachers, shewed materials for bold hands to work with, he came forward as the foremost and most unscrupulous supporter of the Covenant, headed the armies of the Church, and carried its banner triumphantly through the country. Young and inexperienced, however, his rank did not support him, where so difficult a task was to be pursued, against the claims of the veteran Leslie, who, from being his military counsellor, became his commander; and he changed his side. Had he left the army in which he still held command, he would have saved a portion of his reputation; but he played a deeper game, and corresponded with the enemy to accomplish the ruin of those in whose project he was embarked. Montrose has farther obtained, from both sides of history, the reputation of being a persecutor and an assassin. The prominent object of the two large volumes before us, is to prove that he was consistent, merciful, high-minded, incapable of an ignoble thought—a task in which, we are sorry to say, the author's success by no means corresponds to his exertions.

Montrose's correspondence with the enemy was the subject of a species of judicial inquiry in the Committee of Estates. The author complains that in many cases the procedure deviated from the strict rules of justice. We have no doubt that it did; but we will look in vain through history for men on one side of a question following principles of abstract justice, while those of the other are steeped in iniquity. The models on which the Covenanters had to proceed, were the Star Chamber, the High Commission, and the Scottish Secret Council. The last

example set before them was the trial of Balmerinoch, who had been condemned to death for retaining a copy of a petition to the King, which had never been presented—an act, by the way, which Mr Napier vindicates, accusing Balmerinoch of ingratitude, in afterwards opposing the Court; because, instead of putting him to death, (which, in the temper of the times, they dared not do,) his persecutors were content with hanging the sentence over his head, and reluctantly pardoning him after a harassing imprisonment. But to return to Montrose. We have perused, with considerable attention, the various documents which Mr Napier has printed, in illustration of this inquiry. The task has not been an agreeable one; for they are endowed with all the dulness, without the precision, of very dry law papers. The result of the whole has very little effect on the question. By Montrose's account, and that of his friends, his object in corresponding with the King, was for his Majesty's interest and the good of the country. All men profess good motives on such occasions; but their word is not always taken on the subject. It is not necessary, however, to judge of Montrose's final views. He was a chief in the Covenanting army; and, to remain an active participator with men whom he was secretly undermining, is an act which no code of morality can justify, however wicked might be *their* ultimate objects, and however pure *his*. One of the charges against him was the preparation of a bond, signed by himself and others, inimical to the interests of the Covenanters. The bond is produced, and is found to contain nothing traitorous to their cause; but, on the contrary, to profess the support of religion, laws, and liberty, &c. It is one of those documents common to the period, the mere object of which is to bind men together generally, for the accomplishment of purposes which it is not safe to commit to writing. If it had not some object beyond the simple meaning of its contents, it was useless, and Montrose and his friends were very idly employed in preparing it. Although, as we have said, it is impossible to discover Montrose's ultimate designs with reference to the country, what they were as to himself is very apparent. It was part of the secret agreement with the King, that the offices of State should not be disposed of till his visit to Scotland; or, as one witness stated, (but whose veracity Mr Napier calls in question,) that they should be given to Montrose and his friends of the bond. The two versions come exactly to the same thing, and illustrate the view of Clarendon—that Montrose joined the Covenant because he believed Argyle would adhere to the Court; but, finding his powerful rival over-topping him on the new field he had chosen, he found it expedient to look for another. The question as to Montrose's good faith, cannot be better put at rest than by a passage from the memoirs of his achievements, published during his lifetime, by his chaplain Wishart, as Mr Napier himself mentions, under Montrose's own auspices.

When Montrose returned to the army, as he found he could not prevent their resolution, he chose rather openly to approve it. He himself commanded in this army 2000 foot and 500 horse; and his most intimate friends and dependents, who had solemnly engaged to him to employ their services for the King's interest, commanded 5000 more; and, if the greatest part of these had not broke their engagements, he had either carried off the whole army with him to the King, or, at least, had easily disappointed the designs of the Covenanters. They pitched their camp at the river Tweed, upon the Borders; and the principal officers having cast lots, it fell to Montrose's share first to cross the river, which he executed immediately on foot, at the head of his own infantry, and with great readiness, the better to conceal his designs, and to remove any suspicion of him; for his influence in the army, and his frank, honest disposition, were now so much dreaded by these conscious rebels, that they kept a strict watch over all his motions.*

To excuse Montrose for having ever joined the Covenanters, appears to be the most painful part of the author's duty, and it compels him to have recourse to unhappy expedients. He endeavours to persuade us that the bold and active chief was the dupe of a country clergyman; and, with a singular moral obliquity, tries to shew that he was indifferent to the cause. "Montrose," he says, "being no party to the covert designs of the faction, [this is a gratuitous assumption,] was but a blundering Covenanter, and, being upon this occasion left very much to his own devices in furthering the cause, was not only willing to accept of very equivocal converts, but, totally forgetting the importance of the *magna charta* of his party, now attempted to make Covenanters of *Papists*, by the ingenious device of waiving the Covenant itself; as the play of Hamlet was modified by the itinerant manager."—(I. 236.) The only effect of this passage is to remove the palliating circumstance of religious enthusiasm, and to deepen the blackness of his character.

The course of Montrose's deeds may be illustrated by his three visits to Aberdeen. The first was at the head of a deputation of precious divines, to have a brotherly communing with the perverse doctors of the north, touching the Covenant, and to force them to accept the same, in case of their malignant and schismatic refusal. Montrose's second visit was at the head of the Covenanting forces, who subjected Aberdeen to the miseries of a siege and capture. Mr Napier endeavours to prove that Montrose was less anxious for persecution than his clerical assistants—and the case is not unlikely; while at the head of the Covenanting forces, he does not appear to have been under so bloody a demon as afterwards possessed him. Having effected the subjugation of Aberdeen to the Covenanters, Montrose's third visit was to do business for another firm. He brought before the devoted city a wild mass of half-naked Irish and Highlanders. The citizens—inclined to the royal side, as the author maintains them to have been—were urged, by the horrible fate which the entrance of such a ghastly band must bring, to stand a siege. The town was quickly taken, and given up for several days to a course of rapine and plunder, the usual accompaniments of which seem to have

* Wishart's Life of Montrose, p. 4. 1756.

reached the utmost that has ever been described in those various sacks of cities that blacken the annals of warfare. All this appears to us unreasonable conduct, on the part of Montrose, and not to be vindicated. Let us hear the simple description of the scene by the Cavalier annalist, Spalding.

The Lieutenant [viz. Montrose,] follows the chase into Aberdeen, his men hewing and cutting all manner of men they could overtake within the town, upon the streets, or in their houses, or round about the town, as our men were flying, with broadswords, without mercy or remead. Thir cruel Irishes, seeing a man well clad, would first tirr him, to save his cloaths unspoiled, syne kill the man. We lost three pieces of cannon, with much good armour, besides the plundering of our town, houses, merchants' booths, and all which was pitiful to see! The Lord Burleigh, Mr Alexander Jaffray and his sons, Mr Robert Farquar, Walter Cochran, Mr James Baird, advocate in Edinburgh, and diverse other Covenanters, wan away. Montrose follows the chase into the town, leaving the body of his army standing close unbroken while his return, excepting such as fought the field. He had promised them the plundering of the town for their good service, but he stayed not, but returned back from Aberdeen, to the camp this samen Friday at night, leaving the Irishes killing, robbing, and plundering of this town at their pleasure, and nothing was heard but pitiful howling, crying, and weeping, and mourning through all the streets! Thus thir Irishes continued Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. Some women they pressed to deflower, and others they took per force to serve them in the camp. It is lamentable to hear how thir Irishes, who had gotten the spoil of the town, did abuse the samen; the men they killed they would not suffer to be buried, but tirred their cloaths off them, syne left the naked bodies lying above the ground. The wife durst not cry nor weep at her husband's slaughter before her eyes, nor the daughter for the father, which if they did and were heard, then they were presently slain also.

Such is one of the atrocities of Montrose.

It appears that the immediate provoking cause in this case, was the slaughter, by some one or other, of the drummer who accompanied a flag of truce—a circumstance which would not have approached to a vindication, had this been but a solitary instance, and not merely an episode in a system of rapine, which would occupy volumes in its detail. But let us hear this author's peculiar remarks on Montrose's cruelties:—

We may believe this account of the slaughter committed by Montrose's excited and desultory soldiery, and the yet more hideous picture afforded by Spalding, of the cruel excesses they perpetrated against individual citizens, men and women, of that devoted town. But, unless it can be shewn that Montrose could have gained his victory, or prosecuted his enterprise, at less expense of human life and suffering, he stands as completely exonerated as any General under whose command blood ever flowed and misery followed. He had done his best to avert the calamity from Aberdeen; and, however the loyalists of that unhappy district may have suffered, it is upon their Covenanting rulers, and not upon his Majesty's Lieutenant, that the responsibility and the stain of those excesses must fall. Besides that the pillage of the town was the only mode afforded him of paying his precarious and unmanageable following, unless he had now determined to abandon the enterprise thus far victoriously prosecuted, some severity was indispensable, in order to sustain the royal authority in his person, which had been so grossly contemned, contrary to every rule of warfare, by the rebels having repeatedly refused to acknowledge the protection of his flag of truce, and by the extreme provocation of the cowardly slaughter of him who carried it upon the occasion in question. Spalding himself, from whom the picture of the cruelties imputed to the natural dispositions of Montrose is derived, completely exonerates our hero, and casts the stigma where it ought to rest. But his own dying declaration is more than sufficient to outweigh all the crude and unreflecting calumny poured out against him on this subject, both in his own times and the present. On the eve of his execution, his clerical tormentors accused him of having waged war by means of what they termed an army of Irish rebels and cut-throats. To this, Montrose replied—"It was no wonder that the King should take any of his subjects who would help him, when those who should have been his best subjects deserted and opposed him. 'We see,' said he, 'what a company David took to defend him in the time of his strait.' As to his men's spoiling and plundering the country, he answered, they know that soldiers who wanted pay could not be restrained from spoilzie, nor kept under such strict discipline as other regular forces but he did all that lay in him to keep them back from it; and for bloodshed, if it could have been prevented, he would rather it had all come out of his own veins."—(II. 334, 5.)

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If those victories then were glorious, if their object was legitimate, we must not speak of their being sullied by severities, when, from the circumstances of his undertaking, from the military habits of his country and times, and from the peculiar nature of his military resources, it was absolutely impossible to have accomplished them on other terms.—(II. 383.)

This is the same horrible argument which has attached itself to the foulest deeds of the worst ages. It nerved the slaughterer's arm on the eve of St Bartholomew; it hung over the smoke of Smithfield; and presided in the Spanish inquisition. It professes the omniscience of the Almighty in distinguishing good from evil, and then tries to grasp his thunderbolts, to punish according to the presumptuous knowledge. Mr Napier was, doubtless, opposed to the Reform Bill—would he think half the lives of the country a fitting sacrifice to the repeal of that measure? If he be consistent, he must be opposed to Presbyterian Church extension—would he willingly gain his end by the slaughter of all the clergy who support it? Were we not assured that Mr Napier is an amiable and accomplished man, we would deem him, from his own words, to be a most dangerous member of society.

Clarendon, for whom the author shews the fitting respect of a sound Tory, bluntly accuses Montrose of having made an offer to the King to assassinate Argyle and Hamilton. It is said that he came to the King and made the offer; but a personal interview, though possible, is not probable, as Montrose was at the time in prison. Mr Brodie suggested that the proposal was most probably made through William Murray, of the bed-chamber, one of those slimy things that crawl about a court; and the suppressed passages of Clarendon, lately brought to light, seem to confirm the supposition. Mr Napier has an ingenious and complicated theory for supposing that Clarendon made the accusation without full authority, while part of his work shews that he obtained his information, as to the transactions in Scotland at that time, from the King's own mouth. It is worthy of remark, that Clarendon commenced his "History" in Sicily after he had finally parted with the King, and when he knew all he could derive from that quarter. It

is within the range of possibility, that a voluminous historian's only calumny is one against a political partisan; but the world is slow in believing such things, especially when there is no evidence. This is not the only similar charge brought by Clarendon against Montrose. When Dr Dorislaus, ambassador from the Parliament, was seated at table at the Hague, half-a-dozen ruffians burst into the room and slew him. "They kept not their own counsel so well," says Clarendon, "believing they had done a very heroick act, but that it was generally known they were all Scottishmen, and most of them servants or dependents upon the Marquis of Montrose;" so that the noble historian calmly bestows on the chivalrous chief the reputation of being a leader of cut-throats.

For all that has been said against Montrose, Mr Napier makes fierce retaliation on his opponents. Of some of these—Argyle and Warriston, for instance—we always had a doubtful opinion. Their path, through the history of these wild times, seemed cloudy, tortuous, and unsatisfactory. The author has had the merit of, in a great measure, clearing away these prejudices. After hearing his elaborate attack, we have the satisfaction of knowing, that every article of evidence against them has been collected, adjusted, and commented on with the most laborious and minute ingenuity—and the result is an acquittal. We thought it not unlikely, that some acts of assassination had been committed by the Covenanters, to balance the notorious murders on the other side; but the result of Mr Napier's endeavours to prove two, satisfies us that there was not one. One of his attempts is in the case of the slaughter of Kilpont, by Stewart of Ardvoirlich, the foundation of Scott's "Legend of Montrose." Stewart, having perpetrated the deed, fled to the Covenanters. Mr Napier having given the facts from tradition, and produced a pardon from the Covenanters, which proceeds on a very different narrative, makes the justification of the latter apply to the facts in the former. Ardvoirlich was, we have no doubt, one of the rough-handed men of the age; and, we dare say, the Covenanters made little inquiry as to his character. Had his documents been legitimately deposited in the Napier charter chest, this author would have, in fulfilment of his duty, proved him one of the noble army of martyrs. The other charge of assassination is founded on the death of a "malignant," on whose head a price was put, who was slain in resisting an attempt to capture him.

In other circumstances, we might have indulged in some display of the follies and vices of the Covenanting side. It is the result, however, of so violent a perversion of all common sense and historical evidence, as Mr Napier's book exhibits, to change the attitude of the impartial speculator into that of the defender of the attacked. We fear our readers will conclude that we think this a very dishonest book: we hasten to undeceive them. The deductions are so monstrously opposed to all the evidence, that no author having that perception of what is the right, which is necessary to the idea of dishonesty, would have ventured upon them. We have no doubt that the whole is the result of a firm and unhesitating faith in Montrose; and, farther, we feel assured that no evidence which history is capable of producing on any subject, would convince the author of the contrary. To explain this psychological curiosity, it must be known that circumstances have made a belief in Montrose's innocence a sacred duty with Mr Napier. In page 8, we hear of Montrose's "brother-in-law, Lord Napier, a nobleman many years his senior, and one of the most pious and irreproachable statesmen of the day;" and so frequently does the word "Napier" occur through the volumes, and so many are the circumstances of all kinds detailed of sundry Napiers, that we perceive the vindication of Montrose is only a small portion of the pious task of honouring our great-great-grandfathers in the land. It was Mr Napier's good fortune, in pursuance of a portion of this duty, to do a service to scientific biography, for which the world cannot be too grateful to him. It is not every Scotch charter chest that can furnish notices of such men as he who invented the logarithms. As for any other Napiers, we suspect no one is anxious for the disinterment of their celebrity, nor for the publication of various lengthy documents—one of which shews a strong and natural desire to protect a lease of certain taxes; and the other, an offer to govern the country with great probity and discrimination, if the King will be pleased to advance the writer to a high office about his person. We leave these volumes, in the confidence that they will prove a savoury prey to our historiographer-royal, when he resumes his favourite subject.

THERE'S MUSIC.

THERE'S music in the breath of flowers,
(Fair gifts of the gladdening spring,)
Which mock all other things of earth
In their bright apparelling.
There's music in the voice of streams,
Rushing on to the sounding sea,
As they silently glide on their fearless course,
With their faint, low melody.
There's music in the fitful tone
Of the balmy summer breeze,
As it scuds through the lonely, midnight air—
A sigh from the forest trees.

There's music in the tempest's voice,
And the moan of the pathless sea;
For they guide our thoughts from this work-day world
To dreams of eternity.
There's music in all things of earth;
And the silent stars of Heaven
Have a dream-like music of their own,
To the God of Creation given.
Through the boundless realms of viewless space,
These choral symphonies rise,
From the thousand spheres of the starry world,
To the Maker of earth and skies. L. C. P.

THE PASTOR'S DEATHBED.

A SKETCH OF GERMAN LIFE.

FROM JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

"Give me," said Herder to his son, in the fevered exhaustion of sickness—"Give me a noble thought to refresh me withal!" But what is it that, for the most part, we are found giving to our sick fellow-mortals, when the shining dew on their life has become grey? Instead of bright pictures from the sky, to shine through the darkness of death, we accumulate a host of unfamiliar and unkindly images around the bed of sickness. When a man is healthy and strong, and able to endure much sorrow, we lay light burdens on his back; but, when he is weak, and sickly, and the nerve of his being is unstrung, we seem to expect that at such a moment he shall be best able to bear all our sorrows and all our lamentations; we behave as if it were the duty of the dying man to elevate us, not our duty rather to support him. In the confined sick-room there stands no soul that has strength sufficient to wake a passing smile upon that nerveless, colourless countenance; but only confessors, and lawyers, and physicians are there, giving instructions about everything; and friends and relations, who can do nothing but lament. There is no individual in this room that stands elevated above his own private cause of grief, upon a position from which he might irrigate the thirsty soul of the sick man with the fresh spring-waters of old reminiscences, and unite these with the flowings of ecstatic anticipation that sometimes open up to the dying the vista of a future life. But the bed of the sick man is made literally a coffin without a lid; or life is made to assume to the departing a false importance, by weeping lies of recovery, or loud voices of lamenting; and the bier is made to shew like a bloody scaffold; and into the ears which remain alive after the eyes are dead, the sharp discords only of life are sent—whereas, life ought rather to breathe itself away, amid the falling echo of ever deeper and ever sweeter tones. And yet there is this one good thing about men—that they rejoice more in one small good office done to the dying, than in twenty kindnesses shewn to the living; perhaps partly for this reason, because only in the latter case have they opportunity to eke out the measure of their defective benevolence; and yet we mortals ought daily to bear in mind, how easily every joy that is given or received may prove to be the last.

In this fashion, our exit out of life would, for the most part, prove even a more painful thing than our entry into it, did not good Mother Nature here, as in other things, smooth the way before us, by bearing her sleeping children in her arms, softly cradled from the one world into the other. For, in the hours that immediately precede death, she is wont to cover the dying with a mail of indifference towards everything they leave behind them upon earth; and when the critical moment approaches, (as the information of those who have been wakened from the semblance of death, and the gestures and tones of many dying persons, sufficiently testify,) she causes a flood of joyous waves to swim round the brain of the mortal, comparable to nothing on earth but those feelings of deep delight in which persons who have been magnetically dead bathe themselves, while convalescing.* But of these ecstasies of the dying we have only a fragmentary and imperfect knowledge; they may be far higher than we have any conception of. There is an important universal history yet to be written—the history of the dying; but upon this earth the rolls of that history will not be unfolded.

In the village of Heim, lived Gottfried Hartmann, with his aged father, a clergyman, whose wane of life he rendered happy, though the old man had lived long enough to survive all the common objects that tie our affections to their earthly existence. Gottfried was his assistant in the office of preaching; this, however, not so much because the hale old man stood in need of such aid, as that he might find a channel to give vent to his own high emotions, and, at the same time, afford the old man that peculiar joy which a wise father feels when he is taught by a wise son.

In Gottfried's breast a spirit was working and striving, that seeks to unfold itself in poetic blossoming. But he was not, like most poetic youths, a tuberous plant, that sends forth a few poetic flowers, and, when these have fallen away, grows only in coarse material fruits beneath the ground; but he was a tree that crowns its various blossoms with various fruits; and the shoots of that tree were now animated by the warmth of those poetical months with which Providence has in these latter times favoured us.

His father was also a born poet—but the time had not been so favourable for him; for, in the middle of the last century, every spirit that had wings was obliged to remain and fix itself upon the pulpit, or upon the schoolmaster's chair, or upon the seat of justice; for the Muses require to be tenderly nourished; and every honest burgess could afford to feed his son better upon every meadow and upon every common, than upon the jagged ridge of Parnassus. But a truly poetic soul, when it cannot manifest its existence in those forms to which this world is accustomed to confine the name of poems, goes back upon itself with double energy, and adorns the chamber of the heart with wonderful flowers; the unexpressed feelings shape to themselves

* In Germany, animal magnetism is so essentially a part of philosophic and practical faith, that the best writers continually allude to its phenomena, as illustrations of the greatest mysteries of mind.

another mould, and the actions of that man are pictures. In this wise the poet is of equal duration with the man whose life he fashions. Thus, the delicate insect that has not brought forth its birth in the summer season, lives through the long hard winter, and dies not.

Something of this sort befell old Hartmann, but more beautiful; for the virgin soul of the poet could live in the pulpit, as in a vestal cell; and the twin sisters, Religion and Poetry, were the friends and helpmates of each other. How pure, how lovely is his situation who cares for souls! Everything good lies in friendly neighbourhood around him, while other professions build a hard crust, or weave a dark veil between human hearts and that which human hearts ought to reverence.

Son and father lived day by day, so to speak, deeper and more deep into one another's existence; and, instead of the relation of paternal love and filial duty, (with which a certain distance is often connected,) a friendship of a peculiar kind was derelapsed; for not only with the regeneration of his own poetic youth did the presence of the son refresh him, but with the yet more lovely likeness of his own faith. There was a time known to us all, when an old clergyman who sent his son to study theology in the Universities, could expect him to come back nothing less than the Iconoclast and heaven-stormer of all that his paternal altar had taught him to hold in reverence. The son came home from his studies as an apostle of the heathens, or ratheran antichrist, into his father's house.* There were griefs of fathers in those days, deeper doubtless, though more concealed, than even those of the mother. Now it is here and there a little better. Gottfried, though he had gone to the public schools not uninfected by that common wanton spirit of freethinking which is a sort of spiritual wild-oats of the soul, had come back to his home with the faith of his father, and his father's fathers, in his bosom; for the religious feelings of his nature had been kindly fanned by those better teachers who seek to preserve our spiritual vitality from the clearing, crystallizing influence of those who call themselves the *illuminati*—well knowing that human hearts, like plants, should only shew their leaves to the sun, and that he who uncovers the root is a fool.

Thus did the fond old father find again his Christian heart, in the breast of his son, beating with new pulsations; and with this he also found the justification at once of his own faith, and of his own love. If it is one of the greatest of woes to be obliged both to love and to contradict, and to turn away the head when the heart comes near, it is also one of the greatest blessings to see our own and our father's faith propagated, untroubled, through another generation. Life, then, is as a beautiful starry night, when no well-known light goes down, without another, equally welcome, rising to supply its place.

Gottfried lived in a paradise; and his only business was to work as gardener for his father, and be to him wife, brother, friend, and all that one mortal can be to another.

Every Sunday brought him a new joy, and that was a new sermon to preach before his father. So much did this circumstance exert all his capabilities, and call forth his sleeping poetical powers, that he seemed to preach more for the purpose of moving and elevating his father's soul, than for the edification of the common people; although he was not certainly in the wrong when he imagined that the members of a congregation, like children, are the better of being taught somewhat above their understanding; for we learn to climb only by looking at the heights that we have not yet climbed. Then a tear would glisten in the eye of the old man, or he would join his hands suddenly, as to an unpremeditated prayer. This would make the whole Sunday a Feast of Ascension to Gottfried; and, in the silent, secluded parsonage, many scenes of joy were thus enacted, which no person saw, and many, though they had seen, would not have understood. He who looks upon all sermons necessarily (what, it must be confessed, too many of them are) as a dull, stale thing, will scarcely sympathize with the earnestness with which father and son were wont to speak over both the sermon that was, and the sermon that was to be, as if the criticism of a sermon had been a matter of as much importance as the criticism of a play.* The love and the approbation of such a strong, healthy old man as Hartmann—whose limbs, though standing on the cold height of years, were yet not stiff—must have worked wonderfully on a youth like Gottfried, who, being both bodily and spiritually of a more delicate and slim fabric, shot up with a higher and more excitable flame heavenward.

To this happy pair a third happy person was associated. Justa, an orphan, mistress of her own fortune and her own conduct, had sold her father's (a rich old merchant) magnificent house in the city, and lodged herself in the upper flat of one of the prettiest cottages of the neighbourhood, that she might enjoy the country—not half, as city gentry generally do, but wholly. Justa, indeed, was a person who, whatever she did, did it *wholly;* and some things she did even more than wholly—that is to say, when there was any room for magnanimity and generosity, she was apt to overshoot the mark. The first thing that she did in the village of Heim, after she had seen the mild Gottfried and his gentle poet's eyes, and heard four or five Easter homilies from him, was to surrender up to him her virtue-intoxicated heart, without further cere-

* This is a touching allusion to the consequences of the Neological or Deistical doctrines so prevalent in the German Church during the latter half of the last century. From the passage which immediately follows, it appears that the present piece must have been written about the year 1816, for it was about that time that the reaction in favour of revealed religion commenced. The Liberation War mentioned in the sequel, had a great effect in this revival of devotional feeling.

* This is true German. In Scotland, where churches are better attended than theatres, this sarcastic remark could never have been made.

mony; reserving, however, her hand till the bond of their union could be sealed along with the bond of public peace in Europe. Justa was a person who, on all occasions, preferred what was difficult to what was easy. I wish this were the place to make a picture of the May-life that bloomed here under Justa's hands, in the humble parsonage beneath the humble church spire; the mornings when she left her own abode to arrange the course of every happy day in the parsonage; the evenings in the manse garden, that had not only twelve beds in it, but also a number of well-watered meads around it, not to speak of the far hills and the stars; the playing of three hearts into one another, of which none, in such a pure, secluded neighbourhood, could know or feel anything but what was most beautiful, and every one of which possessed goodness and cheerfulness as a daily atmosphere. Every seat in that house was a church seat, everything was spiritual, and the heaven itself was to them only one great cupola of a temple.

Doubtless, in many such humble homes, in many such humble villages, which the great ones of the earth never heard of, there lies concealed a true Eden; for joy is always wont to cover over with modest leaves her most delicate blossoms. Gottfried lived in such a poetic fulness of joy and love—of the reverend and the beautiful—of the past, and the present, and the future—that he felt secretly afraid to express his joy otherwise than by prayer. Only in prayer, thought he, may a man give expression to everything—his happiness and his misery. Truly the father enjoyed a warm old age; not a winter evening, but a summer evening, without darkness and frost, although the sun of his life had long been sinking behind the hill of the grave beneath which he had, some years ago, laid his wife.

There is nothing which in noble minds has such a tendency to raise up the idea of the last hours of life, as those very hours of our existence which are most lovely and most happy. When all the blossoms of joy were blooming together most brightly, and intermingling their fragrances in a union of bliss that happens to mortal man but once, if once, through the long seventy years of his pilgrimage—exactly in the dewy morning of life, and beneath the morning star—Gottfried was compelled to think that the same star must soon shine as the evening star. Then he said to himself—"Everything now stands so clear and so firm before me—the beauty and the blessedness of life—the splendour of the universe—the Creator—the worth and the greatness of the heart—the constellations of eternal truths—the whole starry heaven of ideas that beams on men, and attracts them, and sustains them. But when old age shall overtake me, and I shall lie in the feebleness of dissolution, will not, then, all things appear in a different light?—will not that which is now so full of luxuriant vitality, become cold, and grey, and stiff to my perception? For precisely in that moment when man is nearest to the heavens, towards which he has all his life been looking, Death holds his inverted telescope before our eyes, and we see nothing but a wide blank. But is this right and true? Do my blooming or my fading energies lay hold of reality more strongly and more truly? Shall I be more in the right then, when I only live, and think, and hope, with half a life; or am I more in the right now, when my whole heart is warm, my whole head clear, and all my faculties fresh? I feel that I am a more just reasoner now when my soul and body are in perfect health. Therefore I will live through this glorious daytime of truth, not carelessly, but with attention; and what I now see of the glory of existence, I will carry with me as a bright reminiscence, to illumine the dark lowering of my latter end." In the loveliest May-hours of life, when Heaven, and earth, and his heart beat together in a perfect concord of joy, Gottfried gave his fiery feelings fiery words, and a permanent existence, under this title, "*Reminiscences of the best Hours of Life, for the Last.*" With these echoes of blessed hours, it was his intention to refresh his own ears on his death-bed, and to look from the evening red of existence back into the redness of morning.

Thus lived these three mortals, enjoying one another, and one another's happiness, always more and more inly, when, at length, the battle and the victor-cars of the Holy War* began to roll over the earth. At this signal, Gottfried became, all at once, a changed man. He was like a young bird of passage migrating for the first time, and following the train of his fellows in search of some change of climate, which he instinctively seeks after, but does not know. The active powers of his nature, that had hitherto sat as listeners to the poetico-rhetorical, rose up, and he felt as if the flames of enthusiasm—formerly, like the flames from a bed of napthta, flickering aimless through the empty air—were now seeking some definite object to lay hold of. But he had not courage, at first, to declare his intention to his father; he only anguished and refreshed alternately his spirit, with the idea of going forth with the army of patriots, and doing the duty of a man. To Justa, however, he opened his heart; but from her he obtained no approval; for to leave the old man upon the brink of the grave in solitude, seemed too harsh. But the old man himself, who felt the enthusiasm of the war almost as much as his son, of his own accord gave him permission. "Go, my Gottfried," says he, "where you have long wished to be, and where Germany expects all her sons to go. For a year I have strength enough to serve the altar, and thus I too am doing something for Fatherland."

Gottfried flew away in full reliance on the healthy old harvest of his father's life. He became a common soldier, and acted as chaplain too, when occasion served. A new career renews all our activities, and every one marks his entrance into it with a surer step. This Gottfried felt; and, though fate refused him the wound that he would fain have brought with him

* The Liberation War in 1813.

from the wars, as a sort of focus wherein to collect all the warm rays of those days of enthusiasm, yet he too had fought in the great battles of the time, and, like an old republican, he knew the joy of striving nobly with a whole people for a common end.

When at length the loveliest May that ever Germany won with victories, was celebrated with feasts of peace and triumph, the young man did not feel inclined to celebrate these days of joy at a distance from those most dear to him, but he wished to double his joy by their presence. He journeyed to them. Many there were, before and after him, who made this journey through liberated lands out of a happy past into a happy present; but few saw, like Gottfried, such a blue heaven rest upon his native vales, in which also no old star was awanting, but every one shone brightly. Justa had sent him, from time to time, the small news of the parsonage, how she longed for his return, and how his father was working cheerily, and with what unction the old man preached twice every Sunday, and so forth; and how she herself was keeping yet more lovely secrets for his return; one of which secrets, perhaps, was one that he certainly had not forgotten—viz., her promise, that, after the peace, he should have her hand.

From the feast of Whitsuntide onwards, Gottfried had been feasting himself with these prospects, and he saw already before him the holy evening, when he should enter Heim, release the old man unexpectedly from his labours, and prepare days of peaceful festivity for himself.

As he thus painted to himself his meeting with his loved one, and the mountains of his native village stood clearly and more clearly outlined, his "Reminiscences of the Best Hours of Life, for the Last," began again to echo through his soul; and he could not restrain himself, among these reminiscences, from noting down the meeting of dear friends in this life, after long separation.

Behind him journeyed from the east, and followed him in his way, a dark cloud, with water more pregnant than with fire. The thunders of earth in the late campaign, had reconciled his heart to the milder manifestations of heavenly wrath, and he seemed to walk before that cloud, as a well-omened messenger; for the thirsty earth, the drooping flowers, and the sickly yellowness of the corn, had long panted for the warm blessings of the clouds. A parishioner from Heim, who was ploughing in a distant field, gave a sign to Gottfried, joyful that he and the rain were coming together.

The little spire of the church now began, as it were, to grow out of the earth, and he came into the region of the valley, where the parsonage lay, on which the redness of the evening sun was clearly shining. In every window he hoped to see his bride watching the sun's going down in glory, before the outbursting of the storm. As he came nearer, he hoped to find every window open, with Whitsuntide birches peeping out from the room—but he found nothing.

At length he arrived at the parsonage—all was silent—and opened the familiar door. The room was empty, but he heard a noise in the upper chamber. He ascended, and, when he opened the door, he saw Justa kneeling at the bed of his father, who was sitting half upright, with an emaciated but strong, bony face, in the light of the evening sun, that strongly lit up the paleness of death that was on him. Justa fell upon his neck, and this, with an exclamation of thankfulness to God, was the whole reception. But his father stretched out to him his dry, yellow hand, and said, with exhaustion—"You come just at the proper time"—leaving it undetermined, to Gottfried's understanding, whether he meant in time to preach for him, or in time to see him die.

Justa told Gottfried, in a few words, how the old man, worn out with too sedulous an attention to his pastoral duties, had suddenly sunk into a state of extreme weakness both of mind and body; how he had now ceased to take interest in anything, and yet was continually longing for sympathy, and was altogether as a helpless child, lying with clipped wings, on the ground, and praying some one to help him up. The old man was somewhat deaf, and Justa could tell all this without being heard.

Gottfried soon learned that all this was too true. He had come back with the reflection of the war-fire in his breast, and nothing would have been dearer to him than to have been able to bring the blazing signals of victory before the enthusiastic gaze of his old father; but the heart, once so strong, was now weak; and from the man who lately sympathised with all the warmth of the young warrior, not a question came, not a wish. The old man kept his eye fixed on the descending sun, till the storm had completely overflooded it. He seemed as little moved by the war in heaven, as by the war on earth; and through the thickening ice of death, the light of life shone more and more turbid. The dying man knows no present—past and future alone are before him.

Latterly, darkness covered the sky; not a breath of air moved, and the oppressed earth waited impatiently for the issue. The lightning had shot round the old man, and he looked up from the shock, changed and surprised—"I hear," said he, "the rain again—speak to me, children, for I must soon be gone."

Perhaps the shaking of the air and the thunder had opened the oppressed avenues of sensibility; and yet, more probably, the lightning, passing near him, had turned round his whole being like the poles of a magnet, and brought his body nearer to dissolution and his spirit nearer to perfection. Both the children embraced him—he was too weak to embrace them.

The warm medicinal waters of the clouds, were now bathing the sick earth, from the streaming tree to the smallest grass; the heavens began to shine through the storm, like a tear of joy, and only on the far hills did the thunder continue to war. Suddenly the old man rose, and, with his hand pointing upward, said—'Be-

hold the glory of God! Ah! my son, feed my weary soul now, for the last time, with some spiritual consolation. But give me no litany of penances; I have made my peace with God. Tell me something full of love of the Almighty and his works, as in your Easter sermons."

The tears began to flow in the eyes of the son; for these words brought the thought into his mind, that the "Reminiscences" which he had written down for his own death-bed, might be read at the death-bed of his father. He explained this to the old man; and he said—"Do this, my son;" and the son began, with trembling voice—

"Think upon this in the dark hour of death: that the splendour of the universe once filled thy bosom, and that thou hast known how great a thing it is TO BE. Hast thou not looked forth by night upon the one-half of infinity—the starry heaven; and by day hast thou not contemplated the other half? Put out of thy view the nothingness of space, and the earth that blinds thy prospect, and thou art surrounded, as a centre, by worlds above thee, under thee, and around thee—a vault of unmeasured creation—all moving and being moved—glory in glory—grandeur thronging on grandeur—all suns poising themselves around thee, towards one great universal sun. Turn thee where thou wilt, thou seest no end, no exit into empty and dark space. Emptiness dwells only between the worlds, not around the world.

"Think upon this in the dark hour of death: how many times there have been that thou hast prayed in ecstasy before God, and hast thought HIM—the greatest thought of a finite being—the Infinite."

The old man folded his hands and prayed silently.

"Hast thou not acknowledged and felt the Being, whose infinitude consists not only in might, and wisdom, and eternity, but in love also and justice? Canst thou forget the times when the blue heaven by day, and the blue heaven by night, opened themselves to thee as the blue eyes with which a kind father looked down upon thee? Hast thou not felt the love of the Infinite One, when it concealed itself within its own reflection—in human hearts that loved? as the sun casts her shining day, not only on our moon for the benefit of our nights, but on the morning and the evening star, and on the farthest starlets that wander in the neighbourhood of the earth.

"Think upon this in the dark hour of death: how, in the spring of thy life, the graves of the dead appeared to thee only as the mountain-peaks of a distant new world; and how thou then, in the midst of the fulness of life, couldst recognise the value of death. Old age freezes us; but there is a vital heat within the snow-hill, that warms us into a new existence. As a sailor voyaging through a cold, desert, wintry sea, suddenly comes upon a coast that is blooming in all the warmth and fulness of spring, thus also we land, by a single impulse of our ship, upon an eternal spring, which makes ample amends for our wintry voyage.

"Rejoice thyself in the dark hour of death, that thy life lives in the great wide life of the universe. This clod of earth, which we call our Earth, is inspired with the breath of Divinity. The world swarms with life, and every leaf of every tree is a land of souls. Every little individual life would freeze into nothing, were it not supported and warmed by waves of circumambient vitality. The sea of time, like our seas of space, is phosphorescent with innumerable living beings; and death and life are only the fire-valleys and fire-mountains of the eternal billowy ocean of things that are. There is no such thing as a skeleton of the dead; what we call so is only another body for the living. Without universal vitality, there were nothing but a wide, infinite death. We are mosses and lichens that cleave to the high Alps of Nature, and suck nourishment from the clouds. Man is a butterfly that flutters over Chimborazo, and high above us flutters the condor; but, small or great, giant or child, we all wander free, through one great garden; and the ephemeral fly can trace its long lineage through all the storms and battles of centuries, back to Paradise, where its ancestors sported in the sunbeams of the evening sun that shone upon the four rivers. Never forget the thought that now spreads itself out so clearly before thee—that the I* of the soul endures through the most distracting griefs and the most glowing ecstasies of mind, while the body breaks down by corporeal suffering and excitement. Souls are like the wandering lights of a dark, starry night, that move about unextinguished by the buffeting of the wind or by the drenching of the rain.

"Canst thou forget, in the dark hour of death, that great men have been in the world, and that thou followest where they have gone before thee? Lift thyself up to the element of those pure spirits that stood upon their own mountains, and felt the storms of life around them, but never above them. Call back to thy recollection the succession of sages and poets who have animated people after people, and spread a light upon dark places."

"Speak of our Saviour," said the father.

"Think upon Jesus Christ in the dark hour of death; for he, too, felt the darkness of that hour. Think upon Jesus Christ, that mild Moon of the infinite Sun for human nights. Let life and death be holy to thee; for Jesus shared them both in his humanity. May He look down upon thee, gentle through dignity; and, amid the darkness of the last hour, shew to thee his Father!"

A soft thunder rolled over the light, loose

* The *Ich* or *Ego*, a common expression in German authors for what we commonly call the mind, as distinguished from matter. It is a pregnant phrase; and includes in one single letter the whole philosophy of consciousness, and the whole refutation of materialism. Metaphysical language is part of the current coin of German literature, and we see it with pleasure. Style marks the mind of a nation as of a man.

clouds of the dispersing tempest, and the evening sun broke through, and filled the clouds with a more beautiful fire.

"Think upon this in the dark hour of death: how the heart of a man can love. Canst thou forget the love wherewith one heart can compensate the hearts of millions, and one soul can through a whole life nourish itself on another; as the oak of a hundred years keeps hold of the same rock with its roots, and out of its hidden waters sucks up the new energies and the new blossoms of a hundred springs."

"Meanest thou me also?" said the father.

"Thou and my mother also," said the son.

Justa wept; for she felt that her beloved had treasured up the hours of her love for the thoughts of his death-bed rejoicing; and the father said softly, thinking on his wife—"To meet again, to meet again!"

"Then think upon this," continued he, "in thy last hours: how many hours of undying enjoyment thou canst number; how many immortal days, when life was beautiful and great; when thou didst weep blessed tears in spring-time; when thou lifted up thy soul in prayer, and God appeared unto thee; when thou didst find the first and the last hand of love in one:—think upon this, and shut thine eyes in peace."

Suddenly, the collected mass of storm split into two high black mountains, and the deep sun shone forth between them as out of a valley between two steep walls of rock, and looked upon the earth again with a loving, motherly eye,* glittering with joy.

"What lightnings!" said the old man.

"It is the evening sun, my father."

"Yes, I will see her again, and this very day!" continued the dying man; but he meant his dear wife, who had been long asleep.

The son was now so moved that he was no longer able to read to his father the blessedness of meeting again upon earth, which he had this morning felt and written, and to describe how the first sight of the beloved object loses itself in an undefined futurity, while the sight of the same object, after long absence, binds the blossoms of the future and the fruits of the past into one nosegay. How could Gottfried have undertaken to paint the happiness of an earthly meeting to one who already began to catch the far rays of the heavenly one?

Gottfried asked—"How art thou, father?"

"I think upon that in the last hour—yes, on this and on that; and death, also, is beautiful, and our falling asleep in Christ," murmured the old man to himself, and took hold of Gottfried's hand, but without squeezing it; for it was only the common flake-gathering of the dying. Yet still he imagined that he heard his son speaking; and said, always more transfigured and more entranced—"O thou, my all-good Creator!"

The accessory suns of life were now all extinguished, and only the great Sun itself stood in his soul—God!

Suddenly, he lifted himself up, and stretched out his arms, and said—"There stand the three beautiful rainbows over the evening sun. I must follow the sun, and where it goes, I must go also."

With this, he sank back, and all was over. At this moment, the evening sun set; and, as it set, its glory was reflected in a wide rainbow in the east.

"He has left us," said Gottfried, with a choked voice. "He has gone over to his God, amid great and pure joys—weep not for him, Justa."

But, as he said this, the long-restrained tears burst out from his eyes, and he pressed the hands of the dead man to his hot eyelids. The sky darkened; and a warm rain dropped softly upon the ground. Gottfried and Justa left the chamber of the dead, and wept quietly after the sun of their life, that out of the stormy clouds of life had now withdrawn itself with cheering splendour into the glory of a new day.

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* In German, the sun is feminine. An English writer would scarcely speak of the sun's motherly eye.

Note by the Translator.

The Englishman loves the tale of character and incident; to the German, that of thought and feeling is more natural. The action and the bustle of outward life charm the one; the other delights in the mysteries of the inner man, and swims in the ocean of philosophy and religion. There is a wide gulf that only a very catholic taste can pass, between these two modes of existence; hence the great, for most minds, almost unconquerable, antipathy between German and English literature. The present fashion of studying German does not make that antipathy less strong. Young people in this country are ready to do anything when it is fashionable, and will follow the Devil any length, so that he be dressed like a gentleman, and move in what is called "good society." Whether this sketch of Richter's that we have here translated, will please the general English taste or not, were hard to say. It is very German both in style and sentiment, not altogether free from bad taste, as, indeed, few German things are; but the man who can read it, without becoming, for the moment, at least, if not a wiser, at least a better man, must already have a heart of stone, callous to every delicate influence of poetry and religion. Richter is well known among our novel readers as a humourist and a wit of the first order; but it is in his calmer and diviner moods that we most relish him; there he seems peculiarly at home; there he is peculiarly what he always gloried to be—a German; there he discovers himself with all the artless openness of a child, and with all the calm unconscious strength of a Titan, to be a great good man—one of the best certainly and greatest, doubtless one of the most extraordinary and curiously organized, that ever walked forth from the bosom of the divine creativeness. We wish our German scholars may be induced to give themselves more and more to the writings of this man; compared with the vulgar productions of literature, they are a real "sermon on the mount;" and, if the present specimen of his genius fails to please those who have an "open sense" for such things, it must certainly be the fault of the translator, not of Jean Paul Richter.

SHAKSPEARE AND HIS FRIENDS.*

He be, i' faith, a monstrous bold man, this same Master Anonymous, author of "Shakspeare and his Friends"—a bold man, and, withal, a fortunate. He hath, moreover, some shrewd notions of the Age about which he writeth, and of its Men; a good judgment of dramatic and scenic effect; a sharp eye for picturesque circumstance; rare humour, and merry conceit; some learning; and, above all, a most famous and absolute courage, that never halts nor blenches. Faults he hath enow; but we think it to be but a sorry office, after having received many hours of right famous good entertainment from a merry work, to sit deliberately down to pull it to pieces, and carp at or rail against its faults. The faults in this book may be neither few nor small; yet is the work, notwithstanding, an excellent work, full of quaint devices, excellent good conceits, and most exquisitest fun.——To leave this bald imitation of our author's method of rendering the dialect of the age of Elizabeth, we may say, in sober earnest, that this romance possesses a certain vein of originality, and altogether very considerable merit. It is, more properly, a succession of dramatic scenes than a well-constructed or connected story. Characters of humour, costume, in the widest sense of the term, and description, form its strength, and are, indeed, its leading object. There are, however, many charming pictures of tenderness and sweet affection; and, if the author have little power to unlock the fountain of tears, he is so very apt at exciting smiles, that he sometimes trespasses too far, and pushes his mirth to a lame or melancholy conclusion. His greatest fault is never knowing when to have done, or how to let well alone. His minor transgressions are, violation of the proprieties of the age, and all manner of anachronisms. His gallants accomplish things in a *jiffy*, and "*go it*," exactly like modern men of the Fancy; and his poets *lay* when they should *lie*, like true Cockneys of the reign of Victoria. Instead of the round, mouth-filling oaths of our jovial ancestors, they "drat it." The adventures of Sir Walter Raleigh form a main branch of the storied interest of the volumes; and on his fortunes those of the hero, Master Francis, are grafted. We have said the author is a bold man. Having resolved to resuscitate Shakspeare, he makes no bones of the matter, but at once slap-dash precipitates him upon the stage, in this animated sort:—

It was a room of no extraordinary dimensions, yet was it not stinted to space. The ceiling was of a moderate height, and the sides of the chamber were of oak, the panels of which were adorned with a goodly show of delicate tracery, like unto the folds of linen; and round the chimneypiece was a most liberal display of carving, in fruit and foliage. A large vase of living flowers, that filled the chamber with a ravishing sweetness, stood beside the fire-dogs. One broad casement, composed of many little panes set into pieces of lead, looked out upon the river; and the centre part of it being open like a door, at divers times might be heard the mellow "ye ho!" of the bargeman working his oar, as he piloted his heavy craft towards the city wharfs; or, mayhap, softened in the distance, the burthen of a popular ballad, sung by a party of merry apprentices going a pleasuring on the water. At one end of the room there rested on the oak floor, a large heavy press of dark walnut-tree wood, ornamented with rude carvings of Adam and Eve, and the tree of knowledge; and, opposite, stood an ancient bookcase, the shelves of which supported a number of famous black-letter volumes, folios and others, cased in parchment or roan bindings. On several narrow, high-backed chairs of carved oak, might be seen different articles of apparel—a hat on one, a cloak on another, and, mayhap, a rapier resting against a third. In one corner were sundry swords and a matchlock, in another, divers pieces of old armour. An empty tankard, and the remains of the morning repast, stood upon a large table in the centre of the chamber; and near the window, before a smaller table covered with papers, and in an antique arm chair, sat its illustrious occupant.

Although his hose were ungartered, and his doublet had been left unbraced, his right noble countenance and worshipful bearing, left not the spectator opportunity to notice the negligence of his attire. His face, which was of a manly age—two years short of thirty—had been most providently fashioned—with a forehead of marvellous capacity—eyes mild, yet lively—a mouth impressed with a very amatory eloquence—and a beard of a perfect gravity. Nor were his limbs of a less favourable mould. In fact, he was a man of multitudinous good graces. I would there were more such. Many such there can never be—for, admirable as he was in person, he was still more estimable in mind; and the union of these excellencies in a like liberal proportion is of such rarity, that peradventure the example will last out the world. . . . . .

Sometimes he would smile as he wrote, as if tickled with the creations of his own fancy; and once his humour seemed so touched with some palpable conceit, that he cast down the pen, and, throwing himself back in his chair, did laugh right heartily. At other times, when he appeared to have written passages of a graver purport, which gave him more than passable satisfaction, he took the paper in his hand, and did read aloud, with a rich voice and a most felicitous expression; and, of a verity, never was the air so filled with delectable thoughts. At this time there was heard a knocking at the door. "Come in!" exclaimed he; and thereupon entered one apparelled like a young gallant, with hat and feather of a goodly fashion, a delicate satin doublet, an excellent fine ruff, a cloak worn daintily on the shoulder, and a long rapier fastened to his side: trunks prettily cut and embroidered, with silk hose and ruffled boots.

This gallant is Dick Burbage, the player; and there is a lively skirmishing of wit, jest, clinch, and pun, before Master Burbage comes to the point of his visit, which was to solicit a sonnet from his friend, to present, as his own, to a beautiful girl, a mercer's daughter in Eastcheap, with whom he had fallen in love. Master Shakspeare refused point-black. "Nay, but, sweet Will,"

"What! not assist thy old friend and comrade?" asked the other, in the same bantering tone he had used from the first; "how often have I done thee a good turn that way? Dost remember, in merry Stratford, when we were both boys, yet with an intolerant inclination for the honours of manhood, how often I did lead Sir Thomas Lucy's gamekeeper in search of imaginary deer-stealers, whilst thou wert courting his niece in the shrubbery?"

"Ha! ha! thou hast me there, Dick," replied his friend, unable to refrain from laughing at the odd as-

* Colburn. 3 vols. Pp. 1126.

sociations which came crowding to his memory, "thou hast me there of a surety. Ah, Kate! she was a delectable little gipsy, with a most enticing ankle, and a smile that would thaw a six weeks' frost. But dost forget thine own tricks, old Memorandum? Hast forgot when thou wert laying siege to Barbara, the sexton's pretty daughter, behind the church, how I, with a sheet I had stolen for the nonce, and a turnip lantern and candle, did stalk through the churchyard, to keep the folks from disturbing thee—to the horror of the whole neighbourhood, and the near frightening to death of three ancient spinsters, two drunken ploughboys, and the parish constable?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted the other, with an obstreperous fit of mirth, "'tis as true as life; I'm nothing better than a Turk, if ev'ry word isn't gospel."

While these merry companions joke, banter, and laugh together, enters Master Fletcher, who gives them the rare and welcome intelligence, that the Master of the Revels had announced the Queen's intention to honour the poor players with a visit at the Globe, attended by many honourable persons of the court. They departed to prepare for the reception of her Majesty at their theatre; and, Master Shakspeare having indited a complimentary letter to his patron, the Earl of Southampton, acknowledging a present of exquisite flowers, resumed his studies at one of those "famous plays," which did afterwards bring so much honour to his name. He had not been long so engaged, when a gentle knock was heard at the door, and a youth of seventeen entered—tall, slim, and elegant, and, though clad in homely russet, having a graceful bearing, and a mild, thoughtful countenance, that denoted much higher qualities than his poor apparel betokened. The youth had taken the boldness to send Master Shakspeare a tragedy entitled "Hero and Leander," which he had read, and now criticised. And, as the drama was a subject which he probably understood nearly as well as any subsequent editors or reviewers, we shall like to hear his ideas:—

"The time of mysteries and moralities hath gone by. People now will not listen to dialogues without an object, and plays without a plot. David hath ceased to abuse Goliath in a set speech an hour long, and Joseph lingereth no longer to preach a thrice tedious sermon to Potiphar's wife. If a play have no action, it must needs have but little interest; for, although something may occasionally be done in a narrative form, if the ball be not kept up—that is to say, if the *dramatis personæ* be doing of nothing—even if the sentences be proverbs of wisdom, then shall the play be a bad play. Again, if the characters who form the plot have no individuality or distinct features, in accordance with nature or probability, though they look like Alexanders and argue like Aristotles, shall the play be a bad play. Your tragedy, Master Francis, hath these particular defects."

At this, and more in the same strain, the youth was monstrously cast down; so

Master Shakspeare, observing, for the first time, that the lips of his visiter had lost their accustomed ruddiness, and that he did look most despairing and wobegone, with that sweet sympathy which maketh the generous so fearful of giving pain to another, instantly began to turn over the leaves of Master Francis his play, and resumed his discourse. "But let me not cause you to imagine that I think naught of your tragedy, Master Francis. Far be it from me to say so. I do consider the blank verse very musical and eloquent, and full of right admirable conceits."

And Master Shakspeare read sundry beautiful passages, and "opined" that they were admirable, and of great promise; and, accordingly, gave the youth much generous good advice, and pressed upon him the rites of hospitality, in a right frank and hearty sort, bringing, at the same time, forth of a recess in the chamber, a flask and two drinking horns. As they discoursed over their wine in a social, friendly sort, Master Francis told his story.

"I must," he said, "be going, or my uncle will be angered with me; and he is a man of a most ungracious humour."

"A murrain on him!" cried Master Shakspeare. "And, if I may make so free as to ask, who is he?"

"He is Gregory Vellum, the scrivener, of St Mary Axe," replied the youth; "and, though report say that he abounds in riches, one would suppose that he hath not sufficient to furnish a beggar's wallet."

"Have you no father living?" asked his host.

"It is uncertain," responded Mr Francis, more seriously.

Francis longed to quit his miserly uncle, and Master Shakspeare promised to befriend him, and afterwards amply redeemed his pledge. Before the new acquaintances parted, Shakspeare drew a cherished secret from the modest youth, and they pledged the wine cup to the beautiful Joanna, the same mercer's daughter of Eastcheap with whom all the gayest gallants of the court and the briskest 'prentices of the city were alike madly in love. Before Master Francis reached St Mary Axe, a little old man, meanly apparelled, was stumping

About with his stick in a gloomy room, that appeared from its deficiency in all furniture, save a desk with a tall stool, and several papers and parchments tied up and placed on shelves about the fire-place, that it was an office. "Francis! Francis, I say! A murrain on thee for a lazy varlet! thou art sure to give me the slip as soon as my back is turned. Francis!" he shouted again, and then muttered to himself—"a wasteful, idle, good-for-naught, that be always consuming my substance or mis-spending my time; I would I were well rid of him. Francis, I say! Here have I been bawling about the house for the better part of an hour, searching for him—the graceless vagrant. Francis!" Thus he went on, growling and grumbling, and poking into every hole and corner, with a physiognomy most unnaturally crabbed, and a voice feeble and shrewish. At last he sat himself down on the stool, laid aside his stick, and began examining the loose papers on the desk; first putting on a pair of cracked spectacles, to assist his sight. . . .

As he scrutinised the papers, he broke out into such vehement ejaculations as these:—

"This account not finished! Here's a villanous neglect of my interests! Here's a shameful contempt of my authority! Here's flat contradiction and horrible ingratitude! Oh, the abominable and most pestilent knave! while he eats me out of house and home—costs me a world and all in tailoring and other charges—he leaveth my business to take care of itself. But what have we here?" he exclaimed, as he commenced examining a paper that had evidently been concealed amongst the others. "Verses, or I'm a heathen!" cried he, in a tone of consternation. "Nay, if he takes to such evil courses, it must needs come to hanging." Whilst he was intent upon perusing with angry exclamations the contents of the object that had excited his displeasure, he suddenly felt a hand upon his shoulder, and, turning round with no small degree of alarm impressed upon his unamiable features, he observed a young female—by her dress probably of the middle ranks. She wore on the back of her head a small velvet hat, from under which escaped several long dark tresses, that, parted in the front, set off to great advantage a right comely face, of a very rich complexion, which was made infinitely more attractive by a pair of delicate dark hazel eyes, peculiarly seductive in their expres-

sion. Her age might be somewhat beyond twenty; for her form was fully rounded, and moulded into the most excellent proportions, which were admirably apparelled in a neat boddice and a dainty farthingale. In truth, she was a damsel possessed of all the perfections of womanhood.

"You sweet rogue, how you frightened me!" exclaimed the old man; the surprise and alarm he had exhibited in his countenance now giving place to pleasure and admiration, as he gazed upon the smiling beauty before him.

"But what hath so put your temper into vital jeopardy, good Gregory Vellum?" asked she, coaxingly, as she leaned over his shoulder, seemingly the better to observe the writing he held in his hand.

"Marry, matter enough, sweetest," replied he; "that undutiful and most hardened reprobate, my nephew"——

"Oh, the profligate!" cried the other, as if marvelling greatly; but still stretching out her pretty neck to see what was written on the paper.

"I am glad to find that you regard his atrocious wickedness with a proper detestation," repeated the other. "But that be not the worst of his villany. Only think of the pestilent varlet robbing me of these fine bits of candle, which, in my search for him a moment since, I found secreted away in his chamber."

"What wonderful iniquity!" exclaimed she.

"Ay, that is it with a vengeance," replied the old man. "Now, he stealeth these pieces of candle—a murrain on him for his abominable dishonesty—and burneth them when I, his too indulgent uncle, am fast asleep; and there he sits, wearing out the night in studying a most unprofitable lot of heathenish books. But take this trumpery and read it, Mistress Joanna, for he writes such an unnatural fine hand that my poor eyes ache with looking at it."

The fair Joanna read and applied the verses; and seemed lost in a maze of conflicting thoughts.

Her brow became dark, and her eye fixed; and so completely had she given herself up to her own reflections, that she heard not the question that had been put to her.

"What say you, sweetheart?" said he, familiarly, laying his hand upon her shoulder. "Doth not your hair stand on end to see how he misuseth me? Why, he costs me a matter of a groat a-week for his diet—for he hath the appetite of two carriers—and then—the caitiff! to be robbing me in this monstrous manner, when candles are threepence to the pound—and to be scribbling his preposterous atrocities when stationery is at so high a cost. By my troth, he hath no more virtue than an addled egg! But what think you of the verses?"

"Sad stuff, Master Vellum," she replied, having perfectly recovered from her confusion; "but be assured there is no harm in them. I think he ought not to be encouraged in these practices; so I will e'en take the paper with me, and tear it to pieces as I go along."

"Ah, do, good Joanna! . . . . . You are a woman of admirable discretion, and of a truly excellent fancy. Dost despise these raw youths; and couldst affect a man of more mature years?"

"Ay, marry, and whynot?" inquired she, very innocently.

"You are a most excellent wench!" exclaimed he with unaffected delight, as he seemed to feast his eyes upon the graces of her countenance—"one of ten thousand. Think you, you could rest content with an old man—nay, one not so old either—who would never be gadding from you like your young gallants, none of whom are ever to be trusted out of sight, but would nourish you, and cherish you, and fondle you, and make much of you, and none but you; and make you mistress of all his gold, his house, and chattels?"

"Ay, marry, why should I not?" repeated she in the same tone.

"Then you shall have *me*, sweetheart!" cried the old man in an ecstasy; and seeming, by the unsteady movement of his hands, with great difficulty to refrain from throwing his arms round her neck. "I have loved you for some months, sweetest! and all the little gifts I have bestowed upon you, were to shew you how enamoured I was of your most blessed condition. And I will tell you a secret, my love! my dove! my angel! my paragon of womanhood!" continued he, fidgetting about, and gloating upon her with his lack-lustre eyes, as if he were bewitched. "Although I seem so poor—yet am I richer than I seem. Ay, am I. I have store of gold—bright yellow gold! Hush, there's no one listening, is there?" he all at once exclaimed, as, fearing he had said too much, he gave a restless glance around the room.

"Not a soul," replied Joanna, still retaining the same unmoved countenance.

We have been somewhat copious in extracts; but the love subsisting between Joanna and Master Francis we consider the finest and most original and passionate thing in the serious portion of the volumes; and we, therefore, wish to introduce the mercer's daughter in her full proportions, and with all her attributes and true womanly sensibilities—and all her frailties of womanly vanity, quite as true. In this well-drawn scene, Joanna contrives to wheedle the miser out of a certain Venetian gold chain; but, when he talks of naming the wedding day, she replies—

"We will talk of that anon; but the chain."

"I fly, sweetest," cried the old man, shuffling towards the door; but, just as he was about to open it, he came back hastily, with his eyes glistening, and his leaden countenance all of a glow, "we will spend all the yellow gold; we will live a right merry life. I'faith you shall have all that heart can desire, you shall, you shall, you shall, my queen of beauty!"

"The chain, worthy Gregory Vellum," repeated his fair companion, as she eluded his eager advances.

"I am gone," said he, again hastening off; but, before he opened the door, he turned round, clasped his skinny hands together, and, turning up the whites of his eyes, exclaimed, "Indeed, I love thee infinitely."

"*That* for thy love," cried she, spitting on the floor, with every mark of indignation and disgust, as soon as she heard him rapidly ascending the stairs, "that for thy love, thou most abhorred and infamous old dotard; but I will use thee. For the sake of one whose little finger is dearer to me than thy old moth-eaten carcase, I will make thee bring out thy long-hoarded gold, and squander it right liberally." Then, hearing a noise at the door which opened into the street, she looked to see who it was. The same modest youth entered to whom the reader hath been introduced, at Master Shakspeare his lodging, on the Bank side.

"What, Joanna!" he exclaimed, hastening towards her, with a most smiling countenance, "nay, this is a pleasure I dreamed not of."

"'Tis I, Francis," she replied, allowing him to take her hand, which he passionately pressed to his lips; "but thy cheek is flushed, and thine eye unsteady. What ails thee?"

"Nothing, dearest," said he; "I have been detained, and I thought my uncle would be angered with me for stopping; for thou knowest how easy he is of provocation, so I ran all the way home."

"Thou hadst best make haste, and conceal thyself somewhere for the nonce," responded she, "for thy uncle hath just left me, meaning to return straight; and he is out of all temper with thee, for sundry offences which, he saith, thou hast committed. So, go thy ways, and let me see thee soon, for I have much to say to thee."

"I will do thy bidding lovingly; yet, it is a most regretful thing to be obliged to leave thee," he said, as, with reluctant steps and slow, he made towards the door. Then, keeping his eyes upon her till the last moment, eloquent with a most impassioned tenderness, he left the room.

"Poor boy!" murmured she, as, with a countenance

full of melancholy interest, she watched his departure; "poor boy! he little knoweth how many distasteful things I do for his dear sake."

At this moment, Gregory Vellum was heard upon the stairs. There was a marked difference betwixt his going and his returning; for, whereas, in the first instance, he had galloped like an ostrich, now he was heard descending, step by step, so slow that it would not be a great stretch of fancy to say, he might have fallen asleep between whiles. Presently he opened the door, and, instead of hastening towards Joanna, with enamoured looks and impatient gestures, as might have been expected from his previous behaviour, he advanced, at a laggard's pace, with his eyes fixed upon a glittering chain of gold, that he kept turning about in his hand, and with a face in which the demon of avarice had evidently got the better of the demon of sensuality.

We cannot give the rest of this scene, but Joanna finally obtains the chain; and the repentant and cheated miser is offered as payment a kiss of her hand:—

"Fool! dolt! idiot! madman!" cried he vehemently, as he beat his head with his clenched fists, "to be tricked, cozened, and imposed upon in this barefaced manner, by a woman. O Gregory Vellum, Gregory Vellum, what a very ass thou art! My chain of Venice gold is lost irretrievably, that I took for a debt of fifty crowns, and for which Master Ingot, the goldsmith, would have given me forty at any time. Oh, fool, that can only cozen boys and folks afar off, thou art cheated past all redemption!" Then he went and sat upon the stool, and leaned his head upon his hand, apparently in a monstrous melancholy humour. "Fifty crowns gone for nothing. Oh," exclaimed he frantically, beating his heels against the stool, and then wringing his hands, "what a poor, wretched, miserable lunatic am I, to think of courting at my time of day. Such a brilliant chain! Oh, most preposterous idiot! fifty crowns! Oh, thou incomprehensible blockhead!"

While he ran on, lamenting his vanished chain, he was suddenly arrested by a voice—a rich, clear, mellifluous voice—which was heard singing the following words:—

"I gave my Love a posie gay,
Of all the sweetest flowers in May,
And bade her, till their leaves might die,
Upon her breast to let them lie.

"'I'faith,' quoth she,
'Are these for me!
Like thy sweet words, how sweet they be!
But, if thy maid
Thy love should aid,
Oh, bring her gifts that never fade!'

"I gave my Love a ribbon rare,
To tie around her silken hair,
'Sweetheart,' quoth I, 'long may it grace
So brave, so proud a resting place!'

"'Ah, me!' she cried,
And looked and sighed,
'In this bright gaud thy looks I've spied;
But see! 'twill fray
And wear away—
Oh! bring me gifts that last for aye.'"

"A pernicious varlet, will he never have done with his coxcombical singing!" cried Gregory Vellum. But the singer continued his song.

Many snatches of charming verse occur in the volumes; and, in the mottoes, the author has exhausted all the rare elder poets. The scene between the miser and his nephew may be imagined. In the office, Francis misses his verses from his desk, ruminates upon the exquisite Joanna, feels jealous of a certain Ralph Goshawk, a stage-struck coxcomb apprentice, and one of the many admirers of the bright-eyed damsel of Eastcheap:—

"If she doth affect that Ralph Goshawk," he exclaimed, in a sort of doubting yet inquiring tone, as if he knew not for certain, yet wanted to know something he feared would not be desirable to learn. Then, having passed some minutes in profound yet anxious reflection, he suddenly started up, saying, "But she is too good to be deceitful," he seemed at once to dismiss all his uncomfortable thoughts, and set himself to writing out some account, with a very cheerful and delighted countenance. At this he continued diligently, but ever and anon exclaiming, "O excellent Joanna!" or, with a like enthusiasm, "Dear, sweet, exquisite creature!" or, with a countenance that did witness for his sincerity, "Oh, I do love thee infinitely!" till there came a sudden turn in his humour, and, with a more thoughtful look, he put down his pen, and, folding his arms, asked himself the question—"But why doth she deny me the caresses she hath so often granted?" After which he again grew uneasy, (judging by the expression of his features,) and it did seem as if his reflections were hurrying him to very unsatisfactory conclusions; for he looked not at all pleased.

"That Ralph Goshawk seemeth villanously familiar with her."

Francis was interrupted by some one opening the door:—

And, looking round, observed a very odd-looking boy in a leathern jerkin and woollen cap, such as were worn by the common people, advancing into the office, desperately intent upon picking a bone. He was somewhat short of stature, with a fair pair of bandy legs, and his face—none of the cleanest—was fat and freckled, having a noticeable huge mouth, then upon the stretch—a pug nose, and eyes squinting abominably. Without saying a word, he marched towards a corner of the room, and sat himself down on the floor, picking his bone—the which employment he varied by giving an occasional bite—which made a mark that placed beyond dispute his mouth's capacity—in a thick hunk of bread he drew from under his jerkin.

This figure proved to be the cock in Hamlet, otherwise Gib, the call-boy of the Globe Theatre, who is very cleverly hit off. He was the bearer of a letter from Master Shakspeare, inviting Francis to come to him at the playhouse. The youth was dispatched by his uncle to dun a merchant; and, scarcely knowing whither he went, he entered Eastcheap. We must give the following scene at some length, as we consider it one of the most delicately drawn in the whole work. In Eastcheap, the musing youth

Was stirred up into a very proper consciousness of where he was—his heart began to beat most disturbedly—the paleness of his cheek made way for a flush of crimson, and his eye had gained a lustrousness that gave unto his gentle countenance a truly eloquent expression.

Passing by shops of divers kinds, and even taking no heed of the barber chirurgeon's over the way, where his true friend, Harry Darling, was apprenticed, he at last made for one that was a mercer's, where the owner, a somewhat lusty old man, with a lively roguish look, and an excellent jolly face, stood recommending to a customer sundry ells of three-piled velvet that lay before him, whom, seeing engaged, he stopped not to gossip with, but went on, as if it was his wont, to a little room at the back, where, finding no one, he opened a door, and proceeded up a little flight of stairs close upon it, at the top of which there was another door, whereat, with his heart in a greater flutter than ever, he did knock gently with his knuckles; and, hearing a voice, the soft tones of which he recognised with a most infinite delight, he uncovered and entered the room.

The chamber was rather low, and of a no great size, having a wainscot and floor of oak, with rafters very solid, running across the ceiling, and a window stretching out into the street. The furniture was substantial rather than elegant, such as might be seen in the houses of the better sort of citizens; yet was there a considerable

show of taste in many things, which spoke as plain as could any words that a woman's graceful hand had had the ordering of them. There was no one therein but Joanna, who sat, or rather reclined, in an ample chair with arms, supporting her head by her hand. She wore an elegant dress of watchet colour, laced down the front, with a girdle of silver baudekin, at the which was a little pocket on one side. Her silken hair was artfully disposed, falling in a love lock on her delicate shoulder, and bound at the top in a network caul of gold. Her well-shaped feet were cased in a pair of dainty white stockings and velvet slippers, projecting out of her petticoat, with the heel of one resting upon the instep of the other, to the manifest disclosure of a most exquisite ankle. In this position, the well-defined outline of the ripened beauties of her figure were seen to great advantage, especially as the low, tight boddice, then in the fashion, did excellently well display the full bust, and truly admirable neck and shoulder, the delicateness whereof have I not the cunning to describe, therefore will I leave it to the imagination of the courteous reader. She had evidently been a thinking; but whether pleasurable or otherwise, I have no means of knowing, except this be taken as a sign, that when Master Francis first beheld her at that time, there was a severity in the loveliness of her countenance, tempered with a very touching melancholy.

"Joanna!" exclaimed the youth, hastening delightedly to her side, "I am here at thy desire, and truly to mine own most infinite gratification. But what aileth thee?" he inquired suddenly, in a tone of affectionate interest, as he noticed that the pleasureableness expressed in his own features was not reflected in hers. At the question, she looked at him as with a careful scrutiny of his pale and thoughtful brow, but said never a word.

"Have I angered thee?" he asked, in a more subdued voice; and his gaze became as melancholy as her own. "Believe me I meant it not. In truth, I would rather die than anger thee."

"No!" replied she to his question, with impressive tones and eloquent emphasis. "Thou hast not angered me." And then the severity of her look much abating, added, with great stress on the words, "Thou hast never angered me."

"Indeed I hope not," said Master Francis, earnestly. "But who or what hath made thee look so unhappy."

"Thou hast," she answered.

"I!" exclaimed the youth, with extreme surprise and sorrow. "What a wretch am I to have done it! and yet I know not how it could be; for gratitude for thy never-tiring kindness doth prompt me at all times to do the very reverse. Tell me how it was, and instantly will I seek to undo the unsought for mischief."

Joanna silently took from the little pocket at her girdle a paper that she gave into his hands—the which he instantly opened, designing to read it, as such seemed to him to be her wish; but, to his exceeding astonishment, he discovered it to be the very poem he had written and lost from off the desk in his uncle's office. He stood like one that is detected in wrong-doing, unable to say aught for himself; yet, though he saw that his expostulation had done him mischief, knew he not what offence there could be in it.

"What made thee think I had ceased to love thee?" asked she in a voice by no means angry, after she had watched for a sufficient time his downcast eyes and modest confusion of countenance, as he stood before her.

"It seemed to me that thou dost regard another," replied Master Francis, tremulously.

"Whom?" inquired Joanna, with more earnestness, fixing on him a somewhat anxious and penetrating look.

"Ralph Goshawk," answered he.

She remained silent for some few seconds, but a faint smile might have been observed about the corners of her beautiful mouth.

"In truth, I marvel thou couldst have entertained such a conception," said she at last.

"Dost thou not love him indeed?" asked the youth, most incredulously, as it were.

"Indeed I love him not," she replied.

"And dost regard me as kindly as thou wert used?" he inquired more urgently, raising his eloquent eyes to her own.

"Methinks quite as kindly," answered she.

"Dear, dear Joanna!" exclaimed Master Francis, as he kneeled on one knee, and taking in his the disengaged hand that lay upon her lap, bowed his head till his lips rested thereon, and in that position remained. The melancholy expression of Joanna's countenance still was altered not; but there was now a tender interest in her dark eyes as she gazed upon her youthful lover. Presently she raised herself in her position, and took his hand in both hers, very affectionately.

"Yet am I much hurt that thou shouldst doubt me," said she. "I thought I had proved beyond question how much I regarded thee above all others—perhaps with more carelessness than did become me. But, knowing the innocency of mine intentions, and trusting in the modesty of thy disposition, I was content. Alack! 'tis a sad world!—we cannot do right when we wish; and when we are satisfied of our conduct, there cometh some malicious tongue to slander our doings. None know the wickedness that exists—that poisons the air we breathe with a perpetual pestilence, and obliges us to do by craft what we cannot do by honesty. I have to endure many things that make me unhappy—very unhappy—I needed not such verses as thou hast written."

As she concluded the sentence, he raised his head, and saw that she was wiping with her handkerchief a tear that did tremble on her eyelid.

"Indeed, they shall trouble thee no more," cried the youth, as he disengaged his hand, and tore the paper into numberless small fragments; "and very heartily am I vexed that I should have given thee a moment's uneasiness. For what wonderful goodness hast thou exhibited towards me; the like of which surely was never known! Truly I must have behaved most unnaturally to have vexed thee in this manner; and I'll never forgive myself if thou wilt not forgive me." And then, most sorrowful in heart, he hid his face upon her lap.

"I *have* forgiven thee," said she, affectionately twining her fingers in the light curls of his chestnut hair; "but take no such fancies into thy head again; be content with the assurances thou art continually receiving of how much I regard thee, and think nothing of whatever else may seem of a different tendency. Nothing can be so sure as that, whilst thou art worthy, thou wilt be beloved."

Master Francis was too much enraptured to reply; and in this position they remained for some minutes—she bending over him, with her dark hazel eyes softened into tenderness; and he impressed so deeply with the subduing spirit of the moment, that he would not or cared to move from where he was.

Joanna having at last taken away her hands to enclasp his, he raised his head, and, looking into her face, very fondly, yet with a touch of regret, said—"But why hast thou denied me those sweet caresses thou didst use to grant?"

"Truly, I am not in the mood on all occasions," replied she, in rather a sad tone of voice; "there are remembrances I cannot obliterate when I would, that come upon me at times, and make me regardless of all except the discomfort they bring. It would be but a mockery to caress thee under such circumstances; and, indeed, though I may often seem gay-hearted—forgetting for a time the unpleasantness of the past, in the enjoyments of the present,—yet, when awakened to recollection—which is no difficult matter—there lives not a creature on this earth so truly wretched as am I. Be content, then, with the pleasure I can grant when I may be in the humour; and seek not, when the time is not auspicious, to increase my disquietude by ill-timed importunity."

"I will not," replied he. "But wilt thou do so ever again?" he asked, as if almost afraid to put the question.

"I will," she answered, with apparent unaffectedness.

"Dear Joanna, but wilt thou do so *soon*?" he inquired, more impressively.

"I will," said she.

"Exquisite Joanna!—but wilt thou do so *now?*" he asked, with still greater emphasis.

It would be unveiling the sweet mysteries of affection to describe the endearments that blessed the reconciliation of these devoted lovers. There throbbeth not a heart in the wide world, that hath been touched by the generous influence of true love, but hath played its part in the same drama, and can, from the fond prompting of the memory, imagine the entrancing scene more vividly than could I describe the acting of it. Methinks, too, that the developement of those delicious influences that make humanity angelic should be kept sacred from the vulgar eye; else might the selfish and the profligate find matter in it for idle speculation, or licentious conjecture. . . .

The affection which existed betwixt Joanna and Master Francis had in it this peculiar feature, that the former had so much the seniority of her lover, it invested her with an evident controlling power over him. She appeared as though uniting in her behaviour the authority of a careful guardian with the fondness of a devoted woman, and sometimes it appeared as if some strange interest bound her to the youth, of so deep a tenderness, as was marvellously like unto that of a parent In truth, it was a strange thing to behold a creature so exquisitely fashioned, having much the outward appearance of one existing only for, and in the enjoyment of the most passionate worship of the opposite sex, seeming, with a delicacy the purest nature could never have excelled, so virtuously to conduct herself, as proved all the sterling excellence of womanhood was manifest in her actions; whilst the enamoured youth that knelt before her, dumb with excess of modesty, and overpowered with the intensity of his admiration, regarded her with such an enthusiasm in his delighted gaze, tempered with so profound a respect, as plainly shewed he loved with the purity of heart and earnestness of purpose which belong only to that age and disposition that exist in the enjoyment of a perfect innocency.

"Dear heart," exclaimed he, after a long, yet very eloquent silence, "it seemeth to me exceeding strange that, when I sit me down to write of thee, all admirable thoughts, like the bees hastening to the sweet blossoms, come crowding to be penned; but when, with my lips, I would essay to breathe into thine ear ought of what rare pleasure I experience from the continual influence of thy unbounded goodness, such words as I have at command are so little to the purpose, that I am forced to a seeming ungrateful silence; yet am I most gratefully bound to thee. Thou art my guardian angel, and, in earnest truth, most exquisite Joanna, my heart ever yearneth to pour out its spirit in thanksgiving for thy unceasing kindness."

He received no reply, unless it was conveyed in a more evident pressure of the hands she held clasped in her own, or in a softer and more thrilling glance from the clear hazel of her lustrous eyes. He continued—

"My benefactress!—my"——

"Hush!" she exclaimed quickly, interrupting him. "Have I not told thee never to allude to what I have done for thy good?"

He remained silent, as if conscious he had committed an error.

"And now, prythee, tell me how hast thou sped with thy tragedy?" she inquired.

"It will not do, dear Joanna," he replied.

"Despair not—thou wilt do better anon," she said, in an encouraging tone.

"But methinks I have found a friend," added Master Francis, more cheerfully.

"I am truly glad on't," said she.

"Hast heard of Master Shakspeare?"

This is a long extract; but justice to the author required it. After some comic adventures at the outskirts of the Globe, Master Francis reaches the shabby green-room of those days, where all the players were assembled, already dressed in character to play the Second Part of *Henry the Fourth* before Queen Elizabeth. The scene is animated, and shews considerable knowledge of the interior of a playhouse. Master Shakspeare discourses to his young friend about the characters around him—authors, actors, and such noble lovers and patrons of the drama as Southampton and Buckhurst. Between the acts, Burbage, who played the Prince of Wales, is asked how he had sped with the borrowed love verses; and he relates his adventures, though Francis is not led to suspect that the mistress of the player is the fair Joanna. When the mimic Prince of Wales was summoned by Stentor-Gib, the humorous call-boy, Master Shakspeare took his young friend to a nook whence he could have a full survey of the house, from the "groundlings" of the pit to the nobility of the lodgings, and the threepenny customers of the "scaffold." Lodgings and scaffold were then the names for the boxes and galleries. At the conclusion of the play, Master Shakspeare was hurried off by Raleigh to receive the compliments of Elizabeth, who, with great commendation of his wit, vouchsafed her gracious protection of the poor players, now grievously vexed by the sanctified city authorities. The Queen even vouchsafed her jewelled hand to kiss, and left the dramatist kneeling as she withdrew to the flourish of trumpets and kettle-drums—a right gallant show. Next day, Master Francis, who had obtained a kind though hurried reception from Sir Walter Raleigh on the introduction of Master Shakspeare, waited upon the accomplished adventurer at Durham House; and, to his infinite contentment, was appointed his private secretary. An assignation between Master Shakspeare and the slippery Joanna—whom the gallant dramatist had admired at a meeting of archers in Finsbury—need not be strictly followed, though it helps to develope her mingled and highly dramatic character. Coquettish, fickle, vain, and inordinately fond of the admiration of the other sex, and yet a generous, tender woman, and a passionate lover—that mixture of delicacy and levity, purity and folly, named Joanna, contains much genuine nature, and great dramatic interest.

In the meanwhile, Master Francis goes far away from London and Joanna; sailing on the high seas with Raleigh, who proves to his young secretary more a father and an instructor than a master. We have not adverted to Raleigh's share of the story—his love passages, namely, and secret marriage with the beautiful Elizabeth Throckmorton. The terror of the devoted wife lest the discovery of their union should ruin the fortunes of her husband, by bringing upon him the displeasure of the Queen, gives rise to many beautiful and tender domestic scenes, which are well relieved by the lively prattle and saucy archness of Alice, the affectionate cousin and constant consoler of Dame Elizabeth, the confidant of the lovers before their marriage, and ever their watchful friend at Court. Their secret union had been discovered by the crafty Sir Robert Cecil—who dreaded his influence with the Queen—and certain

other enemies of Raleigh; and an intrigue is set on foot at Court to effect his ruin. One agent in this plot is the Lady Howard of Walden, a woman of some beauty but of no principle, whose love Raleigh had slighted. The Queen had been prepared for the terrible explosion against her favourite, by chagrin at the tardiness and ill-success of his expedition; and when Lady Howard made the astounding communication, nothing could exceed her indignation.

There is, however, far too much of it, and we, besides, consider the author much less felicitous in these stormy royal scenes, than in those of calm tenderness, or in those of humour and jovial conviviality. He has, we think, hit Elizabeth better in her unbending moments, when the vanity of the woman, excited by adroit flattery, triumphs over the pride of the Queen, than in her wrath and fury. She appears often on the boards, and never more agreeably than when hearing read by Shakspeare that drama which she had commanded him to write—Falstaff in love, namely, or "The Merry Wives of Windsor." When the fat knight was put into the buck-basket, she exclaimed, merrily—"In honest truth, Master Shakspeare that fat knight of yours is like to make our sides ache. Oh, the absolute villain! Oh, the monstrous rogue! I'faith, 'tis an excellent conceit. We are taken with the humour of it mightily. What say you, my Lord?" turning to Essex—"doth it not seem as ridiculous to you as heart could wish?" And when Falstaff is beaten as the fat woman of Brentford—"Better and better," exclaimed the Queen, in evident delight. "These be merry wives, indeed! I'faith 'tis the difficultest thing possible, to say which serve they out the best—Master Jealous-pate the husband, or that huge piece of roguery, Sir John Falstaff. Is it not so, my Lord?" The Queen had been put into the finest humour possible, by the mirthful conclusion of the play, and had volunteered to attend on the first night of its representation. The courtiers would have divided the laurels of the dramatist with her Majesty, whose "most exquisite wit" had suggested the subject of the play; but this homage she at once took and disclaimed, giving, or affecting to give, the sole credit to Master Shakspeare, of whom she graciously inquired, if she could serve him in aught. "Speak what you would have," said she; 'and, if in modest bounds, it shall be granted." He was so bold, or foolish in friendship, as to crave the pardon of Raleigh, now a prisoner in the Tower; and the Queen's brows grew black on the sudden; while she sharply rebuked the bold advocate of the disgraced favourite.

Essex had the magnanimity to come to the rescue of Master Shakspeare, and also to speak in favour of his rival, Raleigh; so Shakspeare was graciously dismissed, while the Queen went the length of acknowledging that her captain of the guard, Raleigh, had many commendable qualities; and the courtiers were in ecstasy at the generosity of her gracious Majesty towards the man who had done her so grievous a wrong as to marry to please himself, without consulting the Princess, who chose, as one of her royal prerogatives, to engross the admiration of all the handsome young gallants of her court. History is followed with some fidelity in those adventures of Raleigh, which fiction cannot equal. Immediately on his return to England, he had been arrested and imprisoned in the Tower; and his arrival, arrest, and way of life in prison, are detailed in several charming domestic scenes, of which, as a specimen, we shall select the following:—

Sir Walter Raleigh sat at a table, on which were many books and papers, in a small chamber in the Tower; which, certes, was properly furnished enough, though everything therein was of an exceeding antique fashion; and the beautiful Dame Elizabeth, now looking with a very matronly dignity, sat as near as might be opposite to him, working of a baby's cap, whilst close by her side was a cradle, in which slept a marvellous pretty infant. Now she would take her eyes from her work, and fix them on the slumbering child with such sweet and smiling looks as shewed her heart was delighted with what she gazed on; and anon she would turn them to where sat her husband, leaning of his head on his hand over a large book he seemed to be a studying of so intently that he could regard naught else; and there was then so tender a solicitude in her eyes as was quite moving to see. She seemed as though she would have spoke, and yet refrained from it for fear of disturbing him in his studies. Again she continued at her work, but not without stealing of an occasional glance at the babe or at Sir Walter. Yet was there ever a singular difference in the expression of her look to each. She still regarded her child with a fond and truly delicate smile, whilst upon her husband her gaze fell with an increasing melancholy, which at last became exceeding pathetic. It so happened that Sir Walter Raleigh, turning over a leaf, raised his head, and noticed the moving sadness of her looks.

"What makes thee look so woful, Bess?" inquired he, affectionately.

"Woful!—Surely I look not woful, dear Walter?" she replied, as if with an assumed cheerfulness. "I am content—I lack nothing. Thou art everything I could wish. For what should I look woful then? Indeed thou must have mistaken my countenance hugely, if thou hast gathered from it I be in any way out of heart."

"In truth, sweetest, thou hadst but now so piteous a look, that I was moved at it," said he.

"Then was it a false look, dear Walter; and therefore regard it not, I prythee!" exclaimed his beautiful wife, very earnestly. "Let it not move thee at all, for it must have been a villanous deceitful look if it hath given thee a moment's uneasiness."

"I have never yet seen aught in thee deceitful, dear Bess," observed Sir Walter. "Therefore am I now loath to believe that thou couldst have to do with such. Have I said or done any such thing as might have made thee sad?"

"Nay, on my life, thou hast been to me the kindest, best creature fond woman ever loved!" replied Dame Elizabeth, with great eagerness. "I am not sad at all, dear Walter. I'faith! methinks I should be more merry than sad, seeing what bountiful good fortune is mine. Thou art with me. The Queen might have done me such ill office as to have kept us separate; yet hath she graciously allowed me the extreme happiness of being with thee. Then why should I be sad? Looked I less cheerful than ordinary, mayhap it was for fear such deep study as thou dost fall into may do thy health some hurt."

"Fear not, sweet heart," said he, with a most endearing smile. "There dwelleth such excellent good philosophy in these books, that the perusing of them maketh me forget I am here cribbed within stone walls a doing of nothing of any advantage to the world; but if it doth now afflict thee to see me so intent upon such labours, I will for the present leave them, and study a more alluring lesson—which is no other than thee, dear Bess."

"Prythee do not, dear Walter!" exclaimed she, very

fondly. "If these books are such as have taught thee to become so brave of soul, so good, so noble, so kind and generous as thou art—I would on no account have thee leave such excellent studies to regard one who can teach thee no one thing of any usefulness. But I like not to hear thee say that thou art doing of nothing of advantage to the world; for art thou not constantly writing upon such matters as I doubt not must be of great profit to all, and in after times will make thee as exceeding famous as thou well deservest to be?"

"'Twould be a right wonderful comfort could I think so," observed Sir Walter.

"Then such shouldst thou ever think," she replied. "I know that 'tis something too much to expect of thee to shew a cheerful heart at all times, when I reflect to what a doleful strait thy goodness to me hath brought thee to, the thought of which is enough, methinks, to make the most patient nature feel vast discomfort upon occasion: yet well assured am I that, whether thou art within stone walls a powerless prisoner, or aboard of a goodly ship, the leader of a gallant armament, thy noble mind would ever be devising of some greatness whereof all mankind might receive benefit. If thou art melancholy, let me sing to thee, dear Walter, and perchance thou shalt find some pleasure in it."

"Indeed, thy singing is of so sweet a sort that my spirit is enraptured when I hear thee," said he. "Sing, dear Bess! I do feel somewhat weary. 'Tis of little moment that thy virginals be not at hand; for thy voice doth discourse such delicate music as requireth no accompaniment to set it off."

Then placing of her work in her lap, she turned upon him a look full of most exquisite devotedness, and with such tuneful notes as were a marvel to hear, she presently did commence.

In a long and affectionate conversation the devoted wife of Raleigh urges her womanly scheme of mollifying the Queen; and, in truth, no historian has framed half so good an excuse for the meanness of humiliation to which Raleigh descended, in attempting to make his peace with Elizabeth, as this fictionist:—

"I," said Dame Elizabeth, "knowing her to be one with whom some pretty adulation will do anything, so that there be enough of it—would wager mine existence that, if thou wouldst but contrive some pleasant conceit, in which it shall appear that thou art gone distracted because of the impossibility of seeing her, and season it with such pretty tropes as thou knowest she most affects, thou shalt have thy liberty in a presently."

"I like it not, dear Bess," replied her husband—as if he entertained the proposal with some distaste. "I have played the courtier's and the lover's part with her already to such an extreme that it made her all the more enraged against me when she discovered my marriage with thee. She must be exceeding credulous if she would believe anything of the kind of me now. Besides, it is a fashion that, however oft I may have fallen into, I liked never; and, at the present time, am more than ever disinclined to."

Lady Raleigh calls her infant child to the aid of her pleading. She entreated that all the blame of what was past might be laid on her.

The amusements of the prisoners in the Tower, are, we think, right tender, natural, pleasant, and pretty; but we cannot stop for them. The real letters of history are introduced in this place, of which circumstance the author ought, perhaps, to have given intimation to his unlearned readers. No modern romance writer would have hazarded the effusions of extravagant flattery and hyperbolical praise by which Sir Walter recovered the good graces of the virgin Queen, and regained his freedom. There is, indeed, nothing more curious in the romance, nor anything half so exaggerated, as the authentic epistle addressed by Raleigh, the married man, to Cecil, in an affected paroxysm of despairing love for her Majesty. With one passage of it we must preface the scene:—

"My heart was never broken till this day, that I hear the Queen goes away so far off, whom I have followed so many years with so great love and desire in so many journeys, and am now left behind her in a dark prison all alone. While she was yet near at hand, that I might hear of her once in two or three days, my sorrows were the less; but even now my heart is cast into the depth of all misery. I that was wont to behold her riding like Alexander—hunting like Diana—walking like Venus; the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks, like a nymph; sometime sitting in the shade like a goddess—sometime singing like an angel—sometime playing like Orpheus. Behold the sorrow of this world! once amiss hath bereaved me of all. O glory! that only shineth in misfortune, what is become of thy assurance? All wounds have scars, but that of fantasy; all affections their relenting, but that of womankind. Who is the judge of friendship, but adversity; or when is grace witnessed, but in offences? There were no divinity, but by reason of compassion; for revenges are brutish and mortal. All those times past, the loves, the sighs, the sorrows, the desires—can they not weigh down one frail misfortune? Cannot one drop of gall be hidden in such great heaps of sweetness? I may then conclude *spes et fortuna, valete!* She is gone in whom I trusted; and of me hath not one thought of mercy, nor any respect of that that was. Do with me now, therefore, what you list. I am more weary of life than they are desirous that I should perish; which, if it had been for her, as it is by her, I had been too happily born."

It was a marvellous sight to observe the countenance of the Queen during the perusal of the foregoing. At the first few sentences she seemed moved to a great attention; when it came to the describing of her riding like Alexander, and the like gross flattery, the sudden flushing of her face shewed itself all through her cosmetics; and at her being likened unto a goddess, an angel, and Orpheus, she simpered famously, and shewed her teeth, which were none of the whitest. But when the writer began to make his dolorous moan, the which Sir Robert read with so pitiful an accent as if his heart was a breaking, her Majesty looked concerned, then piteous, then sorrowful, and, at the ending of the letter, she put up her handkerchief to her eyes; but whether there was any likelihood of tears, know I not.

"Odds pittikins! it be wonderful moving," exclaimed the Queen; "he hath suffered more than we thought of: he shall have some comfort straight. But read that passage again, Sir Robert, that beginneth concerning of our riding like Alexander."

Raleigh was forthwith released. That he should be so, forwarded an intrigue of Cecil's, though the Queen's gracious goodness to the false traitor obtained the sole praise of the benevolent deed.

On the night that Raleigh had arrived in the Thames with Master Francis and the expedition, that young gentleman repaired to his miserly uncle's dwelling, for the purpose of soliciting information concerning his birth. The obscurity and evil mystery of his parentage, were peculiarly galling to an aspiring and affectionate youth, fondly conscious that, by nature, he was of no ignoble strain. On the same night murderers and burglars chanced to have burst in upon the miser gloating over his money-bags. They quarrelled about the division of the spoils, and, fighting furiously, nearly killed each other, after a true bull-dog fashion; so that, when Master Francis

entered, he found one mangled corpse on the floor, the other dying ruffian glaring round him in the death struggle, and his uncle still bound.

The youth, in a monstrous marvel at the whole scene, more especially at seeing such a store of precious things lying scattered about, as if of no sort of value, did presently cut with his own dagger the cords that bound his kinsman, thinking, at first, that he was dead as the others—but, in some minutes, after calling to him a bit, the old man opened his eyes very fearfully, and with a great wildness; but, they lighting only upon his nephew, who, very concernedly, was assuring him of his safety, he did grow more composed; and, upon looking about and seeing of his treasures so scattered, he started up with a suddenness that nearly upset Master Francis, and, as if ailing nothing, he began to gather up his riches.

"Oh, these devilish villains!" exclaimed he to the wondering youth. "They did break in upon me—having got entrance I know not how, and, after binding and threatening of me, proceeded to rifle me of these valuables, which an honest friend hath left in my custody—for thou knowest they cannot be mine, seeing I be so exceeding poor; and then, falling out upon their division, did straightway go to murdering of each other.

. . . . . .

"But, truly, thou seemest in very fine feather," continued Gregory Vellum, somewhat sarcastically, as he turned to notice the handsome apparelling of his youthful relative; "I warrant me thou wilt spend on thy back all that thou earnest. Well, I care not, so that thou comest not back on my hands."

"But I came to beg a favour of you, uncle," said Master Francis.

"Nay, ask of me nothing," hastily replied the old miser, as he left off counting the gold pieces into the old stocking; "I have scarce wherewith to live. I cannot let thee have a groat."

This entreated favour of information about his parents, the miser would not give; but he assured the youth that he was illegitimate, and his father "a paltry fellow," and "a notorious villain;" and, very probably, one Holdfast, a famous, hypocritical, puritanic preacher. The unhappy youth went off with a woful heart; and, after a time, bethought him of visiting Joanna:—

Yet, when he came to think of the tone of her letters not coming up to his expectations, in the peculiar mood in which he then was, he straight began to have suspicions that she regarded him less than he would have her; but in a few minutes there came to his recollection numberless kindnesses she had done him, which to him were as positive proofs of the sincerity of her affection. The rememberance of these things did assure him somewhat, and became to him of such great comfort, that, for the time, it clean drove all unpleasant thoughts out of his head.

At this moment there came on a very smart shower of rain, and he, wishing to save his new doublet a wetting, hastened for shelter under a gateway close at hand. Passing beneath here, he spied an open door at one side, for which he made, but presently desisted of his purpose, on hearing voices that of a certainty came from it. He was about to content himself with the shelter of the gateway as far as might be from the door, when he recognised the voice of Joanna, that did at once fix him to the spot.

"Nay, nay, my Lord," said she, "it may please you to affirm this, but I doubt you affect me so much as you say."

"O' my life, adorable Joanna!" answered one, very urgently, whom Master Francis instantly knew, by the manner of speaking, to be my Lord Cobham, whom he had often heard. "I swear to you I do love you exceedingly. In truth, your infinite loveliness is of such a sort that never expect I to find aught so worthy of the steadfast and most perfect devotedness with which I do regard you."

Speech like this, it may be believed, Master Francis liked not at all.

"Methinks you are but trifling with me," observed the other.

"Nay—my heart's treasure! believe me, I never was in such earnest!" replied her companion. "Take this ring—'tis a ruby of great price; yet, should it be inestimable to come up with my estimation of your worthiness, exquisitely beautiful Joanna! Here—let me place it on your most delicate finger."

At this Master Francis began to be much troubled that she, whom he so loved, should accept gifts from one who, to his knowledge, was noted for his gallantries.

"I scarce think it be right of me to take your gift, my Lord," said Joanna. "Yet to refuse it might seem discourteous of me—so I will e'en accept of it."

"And grant of me in return but one precious favour," added the Lord Cobham, in an entreating voice, that did much increase the disturbance of Master Francis. "It be but to press that tempting lip, compared with which the ruby must seem but pale."

The price of the ring is the kiss, which maddens the unseen lover. The scene now changes to the shop of Martin Lather, a barber-chirurgeon, whose humour is to quote the Latin phrases which he has picked up from the daily conversation of Mister Tickletoby, the schoolmaster, and translate them into a meaning diametrically opposite to the true one. Many of the subordinate characters, are indeed nothing more than the personification of a humour.—Harry Daring, the barber's apprentice, a madcap bent on all sorts of mischievous pranks, wild frolics, and practical jokes, but courageous as a lion's cub, and warmly attached to his old school-fellow, Master Francis, is a more original and meritorious invention. When Francis comes back, richly apparelled, and wearing a sword, looking like one of the famous knights they had read of at old Tickletoby's, in the romance of "King Arthur," Harry aspired to be his squire, in virtue of an old agreement, and resolved to shew his indentures a fair pair of heels. In the meanwhile, he has no good accounts to communicate of the proceedings of the fair Joanna, yet he thought it the part of a true friend to tell what he had heard of her. On sundry occasions, a man muffled up had been cautiously let out of the dwelling of the mercer at daybreak; and Harry had ascertained to whom belonged the kirtle of the female figure who kept carefully back while she gave egress to the muffled cavalier:—

"Who's was it?" inquired Master Francis, who had listened with too much anxiety to hear the narration to the end.

"Joanna's," replied the boy.

"And like enough!" added the other with some sort of bitterness.

"But let it not move thee so, I prythee," cried Harry Daring, noticing in great trouble the painful expression of his friend's countenance.

"And yet she hath done me great kindnesses!" exclaimed the youth, as if to himself.

"Though it look not well, mayhap there shall be no harm in it," observed the other, as if with a view of affording some consolation.

"But I have known that of her that hath harm in it!" exclaimed Master Francis, more disturbed than ever. "That, had it not come of mine own knowledge, would I not have believed—and now it be easy enough to credit almost any treachery. No! I will never allow myself to be bribed into a toleration of such villanous deceits!"

"Well—if she do play her jade's tricks, let her go hang!" said the young chirurgeon, indignantly. "I tell thee, Master Francis, if that be it, she be not worth the caring for. Thou art as sweet a young gentleman as eye would wish to look on; therefore shalt thou easily meet with her betters at any time. I say again, let her go hang!"

"She hath done me many great kindnesses—the which I now wish she had never done, or that she had left unthought of that which I now know of her," observed the youth in extreme thoughtfulness; then, starting up suddenly, cried out, "But who was he she let out?"

Harry thought it might be that spouting piece of fustian, Ralph Goshawk.

Master Francis, in an agony of grief, doubt, and suspicion, proceeded to the dwelling of the mercer, to be at once resolved, and he encountered Marjory, the prating, ancient housekeeper, who confirmed his worst suspicions. As he listened to her tales of the unmaidenly behaviour of Joanna, the old woman suddenly exclaimed:—

"That be her foot on the stair; say not a word, I pray you, else shall I be ruined." No sooner, however, had Joanna entered at the door, which she then did—looking more beautiful than ever, dressed as if from a walk, than, with a smile, the old woman hastened up to her.

"Take these things and put them in my chamber," said the mercer's daughter to her, as she took off, and gave into her hands, her hat, muffler, and cloak.

During these few seconds the youth had been in a very agony of conflicting emotions. He seemed making up his mind what to do; and yet there was such a tumult in him, of rage, and jealousy, and indignation, that he looked as if he knew not what he was about.

"I can scarce think that the voyage hath done you good, Francis," observed Joanna, as she approached him, "for, in truth, you look not so well as you used."

"Like enough," replied he, bitterly.

"What aileth you?" she inquired, with much tenderness.

"Sick at heart!—sick at heart!" quickly answered Master Francis; "sick of the villanous deceits that have been played upon me. Like enough, indeed, to look not so well as I was. I went in the extreme comfort of thinking myself beloved by one I imagined to be possessed of a goodly store of all honourable virtues; I return but to find that I have been the dupe of the very wickedest wanton that ever disgraced God's earth."

"What mean you by this?" asked the mercer's daughter, seemingly in great astonishment.

"What mean I?" exclaimed the youth, indignantly. Hast done no ill thing? hast given me no provocation to quarrel since I have been away, by the infamousness of thy behaviour?"

"None!" replied she, with exceeding earnestness; "I have done no ill thing: I have done nothing that should give you provocation to quarrel."

"Ha! and indeed!" cried her companion, now still more incensed against her; "dost tell me that, and come straight from the kisses of my Lord Cobham?" At hearing this, the colour mounted into her cheek a little, of which he took speedy notice, and continued:—"I see nature will take no part in so monstrous a lie. Go to! you are a wanton." And, so saying, he turned away from her.

"I pray you, Francis, speak not in this way," said Joanna, in a very serious manner, and with a face somewhat troubled. "That my Lord Cobham hath caressed me, I acknowledge; but that I gave him any such return, is most untrue: and of aught worse than that done by me at any time, know I nothing."

"Dost think I can believe any such thing from you?" asked Master Francis, suddenly. "Dost think I know not more of such conduct?—even if 'twere not enough to condemn you by, as the stealing under a public gateway with one so noted; and going into hidden corners to be caressed by him. I tell you he be not the only one." . . . . . .

"Take heed," exclaimed the mercer's daughter, who, as she had listened, had become exceeding pale—her bosom heaved mightily—her brilliant eyes shot quick and uneasy glances, and, altogether, her appearance was that of one marvellously disturbed. "Take heed, Francis, I can bear much from you, but this—this I cannot bear."

"'Tis less than you have deserved," replied he. "And now I have done with you. There!" he cried, as, approaching her closely, he dashed at her feet the chain of gold she had of his uncle. "There lies one of the gifts with which you have sought to bribe me into a toleration of your infamous doings. And here!" he added, as he followed it with a purse that seemed tolerably well filled. "Here is that which will pay for the cost I have been to you in other things. Be assured it hath been honestly come by; and, not like your costly presents and generous supplying of my wants—the liberal wages of a more liberal iniquity."

To this she answered not save by a slight gasping as if for breath; but her brow became darker, and the expression of her eyes unnatural.

"I now take my leave of you," added Master Francis, in a voice somewhat tremulous. "I care not if I ever see you again. You have misjudged me hugely if you thought I was of such a nature as to tolerate, for a single moment, the infamy you have been about. Your judgment and your gifts have been equally misplaced. My heart is not one of so mean a sort as to be satisfied with the affections of a jilt; nor is my disposition so base as to suffer itself to be bribed by a"——

"Villain!" screamed Joanna, as she furiously clutched him by the throat with both her hands, before the offensive word had been spoken. "Dost think I can be maddened in this vile way, and bear it tamely?"

The youth sank in a swoon under her violence; and the frantic maiden, passing from the frenzy of anger to the extreme of tenderness, exclaimed:—

"Oh, what a wretch have I been if I have done thee any hurt. Francis!—dear, dear Francis!—I will forgive all the vile things thou hast said of me if thou wilt not look at me so horribly. Move but a limb—breathe—or let me feel but the beating of thy heart. No—all be as still as a stone. O God! he is dead—he is dead, and I have killed him!" So saying, she clasped him close to her breast with many piteous sobs, and with the saddest, wildest look eye ever beheld. . . .

"Francis!—thou who hath ever been to me the gentlest, fondest, and best of creatures, and that I have loved more as a child of mine own than aught else. Oh, speak but a word, or my heart will break! Indeed, and on my life, and heart, and soul, and all things that be most sacred in this world—thou hast been most shamefully deceived in what thou didst say of me. I have done no such vileness. Alack! alack! He heeds me not!"

. . . . . .

Presently his eyelids opened more, and he looked about him with a strange unconscious stare, and kept breathing as with some sort of difficulty. The blackness went from his face, leaving it exceeding pale, and his lips got a little more colour in them.

Seeing these things, Joanna grew so agitated that she was obliged gently to put his head again upon the ground whilst she stood up a bit. . . . . .

In truth, she seemed in extreme perplexity as to how she should conduct herself. She knew not what to say, and scarce what to do.

Thus these lovers parted; and, when the sorrowful Joanna afterwards sent Francis a supplicatory and an explanatory letter, he returned it unopened. Joanna was now nigh unto death's door, seized with a violent frenzy, calling out so piteously on Master Francis, that Martin Lather, the barber-chirurgeon, knew not how to treat so extraordinary a case. Her lover was pained by her condition, and "determined in his

mind to forget her as one unworthy of a thought; but forget her he never did."

Raleigh was now upon the eve of a new voyage of discovery; and, among those adventurous spirits who attended him in search of that famous El Dorado which occupied so much of the conversation of the court and the city, were Master Francis, and Harry Daring, the bold and mischievous apprentice of old Lather. Before the expedition sailed, the gentlemen adventurers met their friends at Raleigh's fair seat of Sherborne, and enjoyed themselves for a season in hunting, hawking, fishing, and rural sports. Among the goodly company assembled, were Master Shakspeare, and the merry Alice, the fair cousin of Lady Raleigh, attended by a bevy of suitors, whom it was the delight of the lively maiden to tease and ridicule. She often chose the obscure Master Francis, "the paltry secretary," for her partner in the dance; and appeared greatly taken with him, while he paid her the attentions of a lover, though his sad heart was not interested. His thoughts still wandered back to the false and undone Joanna:—

"Lost, misguided creature!" exclaimed Master Francis, with great earnestness; "how hath she fallen from that high opinion in which I once held her! I do assure you, Master Shakspeare, that there was a time when she shewed to me as noble a heart as ever woman possessed. She did me many kindnesses—many great kindnesses, and I could not but love her, she appeared to me of so loveable a nature."

The eve of the departure of the expedition was celebrated by a solemn banquet, at which Master Shakspeare distinguished himself as a famous reveller, and flowery orator.

The voyage of discovery was prosecuted in the Lion's Whelp, with various fortunes. When it had been so far accomplished, Padre Bartolomé, a Jesuit priest, and the villain of the romance, attempted to betray Raleigh and his companions into the hands of the Spanish Governor of Trinidada, Don Antonio de Berrio. The evil schemes of the intriguing priest were, however, frustrated by the acuteness of Raleigh, and the zeal and courage of his shipmates. Harry Daring, in particular, the wild, runaway London apprentice, displayed the intelligence of a sage, and the bravery of a hero, in circumventing the cunning of the treacherous Spanish pilot, who, under direction of the Jesuit, was running the ship into the very jaws of the Spaniards. While these things were acting on board the Lion's Whelp, a very different scene was going forward on shore—one of less bustle and excitement, but of a more profound interest:—

In a handsome chamber of the Governor of Guiana, well lighted, and decked with such costly furniture as might become the dwelling of a sovereign prince, there sat a right beautiful woman, in a dress in the Spanish style, of exceeding rich materials. She was reclining on a silken couch, figured in with gold in a wonderful costly pattern, supporting herself by pillows of the same, and was leaning of her head back upon her hand, whilst her elbow rested on the cushions behind her. Her eyes were somewhat dark and marvellously lustrous, her face very lovely to look upon; yet the expression on it was of so gloomy and disturbed a nature, mingling great grief with great anger, that there would be few so hazardous as to venture to gaze thereon with any sort of affection, notwithstanding of its great comeliness. Her form was truly beautiful, shewing she was a woman arrived at the very maturity of her attractions. The outline of her limbs was fully rounded, whilst her spreading shoulders and swelling bosom were of a corresponding character.

Doubtless was she wondrously moved by her own reflections; for her breast heaved violently, and the glances that shot from her brilliant eyes were not such as betokened a mind at ease. After continuing to look more moodily every moment, and starting every now and then from her position with a half-stifled sob, she rose from her seat, and began pacing of the room with haughty strides. The whilst she was at this a door opened, and there entered a stately-looking man, habited in all the proud apparelling of a Spanish noble. His age might be somewhere about forty. He was well featured, yet had he in his countenance a sort of scornfulness that ever and anon gave his countenance an expression in no way amiable. . . . . .

"Ah, my adored!" exclaimed the gentleman, as he advanced towards her with an easy carriage, and a face dressed in smiles. "I have hastened to thee from a thousand pressing duties; but, when love beckons, all else may stay behind. How fares it with thee, senora? Thy looks scarce welcome me. Is there aught I have neglected providing thee with?—any one thing thou hast the desire of? Nay, by the Virgin, thou usest me but unkindly if thou hast any wish ungratified!"

"I lack nothing, Don Antonio," said the senora, faintly, as she moved from him, as if to hide her feelings.

"Oh, my life! 'tis but uncivil of thee to turn away," observed the Governor, as he went up to her and took her hand, gazing in her face all the time with very passionate admiration. "For art thou not the very light of mine eyes? Do I not love thee, Dona?"

"Love!" cried his fair companion, with a sort of sarcastic emphasis.

"Ay, love, Querida," replied De Berrio. "And well art thou worthy of such. Madre de Dios! I shall think better of heretics for thy sake, and I shall ever hold the worthy Padre's piety in greater estimation, because he hath secured so delectable a sinner for the consoling of so good a Catholic as am I."

"Mention him not!" exclaimed the lady, somewhat fiercely. "I scorn, and loathe, and detest him, from out of the very depths of my heart."

"Give him not such hard words, I prythee," said Don Antonio, seemingly a little surprised at the earnestness with which she had spoke. "As times go, methinks him not so bad. For mine own part, I see nothing in him worse than shall be met with in most of our holy men. What hath he done amiss?"

"What hath he done amiss?" echoed the senora, in a voice and with a look that startled her companion. "But no matter." . . . . . .

"Indeed I cannot help but think thou hast taken a great prejudice against him," observed De Berrio. "I have found him well to be depended on, and do trust him most implicitly. Even now he hath gone on an adventure for me that hath great risk in it; for 'tis no other than the endeavouring to entrap that notorious English pirate, Sir Walter Raleigh and his villanous followers, so that I may give them a complete overthrow."

"Sir Walter Raleigh! said you."

"The same, Dona," replied the Governor. "He is now upon the coast with divers of his ships, intending to venture himself and the pitiful fools he hath induced to follow him, into the interior of Guiana, hoping for the discovery of El Dorado; but, if I spoil not his voyage, then I am wonderfully mistaken."

"Are you sure 'tis Sir Walter Raleigh!" asked his fair companion, seemingly in a monstrous agitation.

"Sure!" cried Don Antonio, in some surprise. "What doubt can there be of it? Did not Padre Bartolomé bring me certain intelligence of everything connected with the expedition? I'faith, so minute is my information, that I have with me a paper containing the names of every officer engaged upon it, and the exact number of the men and ships." And he produced a paper from his vest. . . . . .

"Let me see it," said the senora, and she instantly snatched the paper from his hand, and began a reading of it."

"I will be bound for't, 'tis accurate to a letter," replied Don Antonio.

"Doubtless, you mean to take them prisoners if you can?" inquired his fair companion, seemingly as if perfectly unconcerned.

"By the Virgin! I mean to hang up every rascal of them as soon as ever I can get them in my power. But this delicious evening surely was never made to be wasted in idle talk concerning of such sorry rascals. Let us give the moments to love. Turn me those lustrous eyes this way, Dona, and smile on me thy delicatest smiles."

"Smile! I have lost all humour for smiling," replied the Senora.

Need we tell that this lady was the mercer's daughter of Eastcheap? She had been seduced by the infernal arts of the Jesuit, a spy of the Spanish government, who had stolen into her confidence by interesting her pity. Don Santiago, the name he assumed, represented himself an unhappy Spanish refugee, in great danger of his life from Elizabeth's cruel Protestant government. It was he was the muffled gallant, whom Harry Daring had seen stealing at daybreak from the mercer's dwelling, where, for personal safety, he had often been concealed by the confiding Joanna. It is impossible fully to develope the highly dramatic character of the mercer's daughter, without the same amplitude of detail which finds place in the original work. It is enough, that her generous self-devotion, her delicate but secret offices of love, saves her youthful lover, and only beloved, from imminent danger of the governor's deadly vengeance, and the priest's more malignant hate.

It was long after these events—and Joanna had, for once again, seen her lover in the Globe Theatre and at a distance, on the first representation of an admired tragedy, the production of his pen—that the expedition of Raleigh and Essex to Cadiz was undertaken. The animated picture of the English ships' attack on the rich Spanish galleons, the grandeur and interest of the great sea fight, and the bravery of the heroes, are, however, foreign to our purpose, as, whatever may be the degree of their literary merit, they would interfere with the unity of our selected specimens of the romance. We shall, therefore, take up Master Francis on shore, leading a force of fifty brave fellows, and having just carried, by assault, a building which proved to be a nunnery.

Upon his forcible entrance at the head of his men, he noticed the nuns flying before him, screaming and calling on the saints for assistance. Taking care that none such should be hurt, he followed on briskly till he came to the cloisters, and, greatly to his surprise, perceived at some little distance from him a man in the habit of an ecclesiastic, dragging along by the hair of her head a female in the dress of a novice.

"Turn, villain!" cried Master Francis, hurrying towards him with his sword drawn. "Thou art but a coward, to use a woman so. Let go thy hold, or I will cut thee to the chine."

"Ha!" exclaimed the man, turning towards him the well-known face of the Padre Bartolomé, looking more malignant than ever he had known it. "Art *thou* here, accursed heretic! Then this to thy heart, wanton!" In the same moment, to Master Francis' horror and surprise, he saw the Jesuit snatch a dagger from his vest, and bury it in the breast of his female companion, who sunk with a scream at his feet; and then, with a fiendish laugh, was seeking to make off by a side passage; but the young officer was upon him too quickly. . . . . .

Master Francis gently raised her from the ground, and, gazing upon her pallid face, beheld there the idolized features of the mercer's daughter of Eastcheap.

. . . . . .

"Disturb not yourself, I pray you!" exclaimed Master Francis, earnestly, as he bent with an anxious countenance over the form of Joanna. She now reclined upon a pallet in a narrow cell, furnished only with a small table, on which appeared to be a missal or breviary, a rosary, and a crucifix; and he was sitting on a chair close beside her, holding of one of her hands. Her face looked marvellous pale—that settled pallor that betokeneth approaching dissolution; and her eyes, though still turned towards him with all the affectionate tenderness that had once dwelt in them, looked with wonderful languor and uneasiness, and lacked much of that extreme brilliancy by which they had used to be distinguished.

"The chirurgeon hath told me I have but a few hours to live," replied the mercer's daughter, in a low voice. "And I would fain devote such short time as is allowed me to make my peace with God and my conscience, by a confession which methinks be equally necessary for you to hear as for me to state."

After some preliminary discourse, Joanna continued:—

"I trace all the evil that hath happened to me to the want of a mother's careful control in my bringing up. She died in my early childhood. I was thus left to the entire care, if care it might be called, of my other parent, who soon shewed how unfit he was for any such duty. Being considered a child of some comeliness, I was ever petted by him—the commendation I received of strangers making him proud of my appearance. . . . .

"As I grew towards womanhood, and my features and person began to assume something of that appearance they afterwards acquired, the admiration I excited became greater, and my vanity the more intense. I lacked not suitors: no girl could be more followed. I was the favourite of all the apprentices round about: and many an honest citizen's son vowed he loved me dearer than all the world beside. My father had early impressed me with a distaste for becoming a wife, drawing fearful pictures of the misery, drudgery, and insignificance of such women as married; and then, in more glowing colours, painting the consequence and happiness enjoyed by a girl of wit enough to draw plenty of fine gallants round her, all ready to be her slaves, that I thought only of how I might place myself in the enviable situation of the latter. . . .

"The admiration of apprentices and young citizens soon ceased to content me. Many brave gallants and young noblemen coming to my father's shop, and getting sight of me, liked me, or professed to like me, with so monstrous an affection, that they were ever besieging me with the sweetest of flatteries; and my father finding his advantage in it, afforded them every facility for seeing me when any of them had a mind. . . .

"This continued till I knew you, and then my whole being seemed changed of a sudden: the barren rock seemed struck by some holy hand, and there gushed forth a stream of the purest and sweetest feeling. Before, everything was for myself—now, everything was for you. Although the love of admiration was implanted too deeply in my disposition to be readily eradicated, I made it subservient to the most generous purposes. I learned how you were situated with your miserly kinsman—I noticed your inability to supply that thirst for information which distinguished you. Love not only taught me liberality, but instructed me to use such delicacy in the application of it, as enabled me to supply all your wants after such a fashion as could be least objectionable to one of so modest and retiring a nature as I found you to be. You were then but a mere youth, and I a woman some six or seven years your senior; the

delight I felt in affording you facilities for improving yourself in study, and the gratification that arose in me as I observed the rapid progress of your mental faculties in consequence, I am altogether unable to express; but the affection I felt was of so different a sort from anything I have heard or read, that I cannot fancy such was ever felt before. . . . .

"So absolute an effect had your youth and innocency of soul on my maturity and great knowingness, that, when enjoying such sweet endearments with you as I sometimes would allow, I have felt myself a different being—all selfishness, all vanity, all deceit, all cunning, seemed to have left me—I have wept like a child, and loved with all the entireness of a woman's devotion."

Here the mercer's daughter paused for a few seconds, as if her feelings would not allow her utterance.

More explanation follows. Joanna was usually employed by her father to dun Lord Cobham and his other gallant customers, with such results as we have seen. These explanations, if somewhat tedious to the reader, account for the impropriety of behaviour; for, beyond unpardonable coquettish levity, she had not gone until her honour was foully betrayed by the villanous priest. She says—

"I knew not the villain he was! I had no thought of the danger I was exposed to. All looked honour and sincerity of heart. All breathed of love and the very deepest respectfulness. Miserable degraded wretch that I became, little knew I with all my cunning, what monstrous craft was arrayed against me; or how soon it might come to pass, that she who had duped so many, should herself be the completest wretchedest dupe that ever breathed! I fell—the victim of such base treachery as I dreamed not the existence of.

"Not by any consent of mine own!" exclaimed Joanna more vehemently, as Mr Francis drew away his hand and averted his face. "I thought not—suspected not the nearness of such dishonour. 'Twas a vile trick—an unmanly stratagem—a very atrocious piece of villany!"

The scene is highly wrought; but we cannot pursue it farther than is needful for the mere understanding of the story. The innocent, boyish Francis was for ever lost to the unhappy Joanna, and she followed the fortunes of her destroyer, the pretended Don Santiago. She continues—

"We had not been out at sea many days, when the behaviour of Don Santiago towards me completely changed. From mild and respectful, he gradually became haughty and uncivil. He rated me for my melancholy as if it was a crime; and continually got into monstrous passions of jealousy, swearing I was ever thinking of you. One day he completely threw off the mask. He acknowledged he was no Don Santiago de Luz—he confessed that the ship was not bound for the Spanish coast, and bade me think not of marriage with him, for he was a jesuit. He was Padre Bartolomé."

"As soon as I knew him for what he was, I hated him with all my heart and soul, and the more earnestly for his throwing out mysterious hints of your speedy death, with such apparent satisfaction as none but so black a villain could have known. Wishing to be quit of such a wretch, I endeavoured to make a friend of Don Antonio de Berrio, in whose guardianship I had been left during a temporary absence of the Padre, and who quickly professed himself my lover. From him I learned the arrival of the expedition, and that you were of the party. On that very evening the city was taken by assault, and I found you were an inmate in the same house with me. The Padre had concealed himself in my apartment, vowing the horriblest vengeance; and, believing him capable of doing any villany he had a mind, I kept a strict eye on his movements. I was fortunate enough to come upon him as he was about to stab you in your sleep, and quickly forced him to leave the room with his wickedness unperpetrated. Upon finding you once again before me, and in the great joy I felt at having rescued you from death, there was a sudden rush at my heart of such powerful sweet feelings, that you seemed to me again as we were once to each other; and I was just on the point of clasping you in my arms to pour out the fulness of my heart upon your breast, when I remembered the degraded thing I had become—I shrunk from you in the wretched belief that my touch would be pollution, and with a racking anguish turned away and left the room. Alack! alack! the misery I then felt, language hath no name for." . . . .

"I care not for having fallen by his dagger," continued Joanna, her voice getting fainter every moment. "'Twas a mercy rather than a punishment. I doubt much had I lived I should have done any credit to the holy community among whom I had taken refuge; for I found, though I strove ever so, I could not become so religious-minded as seemed necessary. My meditations were all of you—my prayers were all for you. Yet, in the solitary contemplation of my own unhappiness, I had ever one consolation. It was the belief that you were in the enjoyment of that prosperity your many excellencies deserved. Francis, this was indeed a pleasure! I could think of no other pleasant thing. Miserable and degraded as I was—an outcast and an alien—with a mind almost maddened, and a breaking heart—after wearing out the long night on my knees, beseeching every blessing might be showered upon you, Francis!—I felt the sweet conviction steal upon me that you would be—*must* be—happy; and it brought with it a comfort that left me nought to wish for but the grave." . . . .

Francis was in tears. He looked a moment irresolute; and then, as though the influence of old impressions were not to be resisted, suddenly bent down and caught her up in his arms. "Francis!—*dear* Francis!" she exclaimed in a faint voice. "Now I also am happy!"

Master Francis was too much moved to speak. Indeed, his feelings were of that tumultuous character that left him not even the ability to think. He was aware only that the heart of the being he had loved was beating against his breast, and remembered only the many noble things she had done in his behalf. For a few minutes he lost all sense of surrounding objects; and was first awakened to consciousness upon finding that Joanna's heart did *not* beat against his own. On unclosing of his arms, he saw at a glance he had embraced the dead!

Of Master Bacon, and the revels and jollifications at the Mermaid; of Ben Jonson, Master Beaumont, Master Fletcher, Master Donne, Master Cotton, Master Carew, Master Shakspeare, and a long list, which makes the mouth water, of "the most famousest wits" of the time, we can afford to give no account whatever. Dame Cannikin, the landlady, her daughter Kate, and her drawer Barnaby, are each capital in their several ways—so is Barnaby Braddle, the constable, and his group of satellites; but neither can we advert to them, having exhausted our space with the tragic, which, after all, may not be the most popular part of an exceedingly attractive and entertaining work. As bound in honour, we must, however, inform the reader, that Master Francis found a father, after a strange fashion, in a certain swaggering, valiant Colonel Harquebus, who will not acknowledge "a paltry secretary," a poet, a student, a scholar for his son, until he has proved his valour and sonship by nearly running his choleric progenitor through the body; that merry, saucy Mistress Alice, the man-scorner, falls desperately in love with Master Francis; and that Master Shakspeare performs the same good offices for the distressed damsel,

which he makes another accomplish for his own Beatrice. And all the bravest gallants, and the fairest dames of the court, and all the wits of the "Mermaid," assembled at their wedding; and the Queen, whose right royal displeasure Francis had once incurred, by honestly acknowledging himself the devoted humble friend and secretary of the disgraced Sir Walter Raleigh, sent for him in haste, and commanded him to kneel.

Master Francis knelt on one knee at the Queen's feet, in a strange tumult of proud and happy feelings. He felt something touch his shoulder, and her Majesty say, "Rise up, Sir Francis Harquebus!" and then followed some courteous speech from the Queen, and congratulations from the splendid circle around him.

Harry Daring said, he had always prophesied this famous knighthood. Harry immediately went in search of adventures to the Spanish main, and we wait to hear of them according to the author's promise. As the book opens with Master Shakspeare, so it closes with him wisely and merrily, by the Queen summoning him to her presence.

"We charge you, Master Shakspeare, with high treason!" exclaimed Queen Elizabeth, when he presented himself according to her bidding, whereupon he began to be somewhat alarmed, and others nigh unto the presence were exceeding curious to know what he had done to bring upon himself so weighty an accusation.

"Please your majesty, I"——

"The offence hath been proved to us," said the Queen, and then the courtiers looked marvellous serious. "You have drawn away divers of the subjects of this realm from their duty to their lawful sovereign, which is treason of the very greatest magnitude. Is it not so, Master Bacon?" inquired Queen Elizabeth, seeing that excellent fine lawyer in the circle before her.

"Please your Majesty, there can be no doubt of it," replied he, with a smile, for he saw into her Majesty's humour—though few of the others were so quickwitted.

"You have, by sundry sorts of jests, and other pointed weapons," continued the Queen, "very dangerous when not in discreet and lawful hands, excited numberless of our nobles and officers, besides others of lower quality, into violent disturbances against the peace of the realm. We charge you on your allegiance, confess what hath led you into this notorious misbehaving."

But we must now, rather abruptly, bid good-by to this "most famous and monstrous rare and curious romance," in which we do assure the reader that there is no lack of marvellous, witty, and right pleasant entertainment, else had we not introduced it to his courteous regards.

THE FIELD OF THE FAIRY RINGS.

A SCENE NEAR TAUNTON, SOMERSET.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

Across the brook that turns our Mill of Trull,
And not twice forty paces from my door,
There is a field I love—a soft, green field
Of English sod: what other sod so soft,
What other grass so green? At evening, oft
Forth do I saunter there, and stoop to cull
Autumnal flowers and fruits, for there are store
Of jetty berries, such as brambles yield.
Or, haply, seated by the stream, I pore
Upon its waters—shewing glad though grey,
Through the o'erhanging foliage, as if they
Told me of wanderings in meads remote,
By happy cottage homes, through pastures green
As these, where industry improves the soil
Which nature had already blest, ere brought
To such perfection by judicious toil—
Toil which, thus aided, makes a fertile scene
Of many a sterile spot!

But here, behold,
O'er this sweet field the numerous circles, traced
(As quaint traditions tell) by fairy feet;
When, in the nightwatch, bright assemblies meet
Of green-robed fays, with glistering locks of gold,
Dancing to airy music, wild, yet sweet,
From elfin harps among the green leaves placed!

Two stately trees of oak this field contains,
Apart, yet not far separate, like two friends
Divided by a temporary feud,
And longing for each other—yet withheld
By some ungenial feeling, which restrains
Their meeting. Shall they no more meet, compelled
To live asunder thus?—Yea, each forth sends
Some spreading shoot, by which may be renewed,
In future years, their union!

To the left
(Here as we stand, our backs towards the mill,
Upon the tiny bridge that spans the rill,)
O'er the next field, surrounded by its graves,
Shines the white village church; but more I love
The right-hand path, that leads through leafy lanes
To that romantic bridge,* where loudlier raves
The bustling brook; which many a chasm hath cleft,
Whence springs the hispid comfrey; and, above,
In rich exuberance, spotted ivy trains
A drapery o'er the loftier trees. Here glows
The crimson berry of the guelder-rose,
Whose vine-like leaves have caught a sanguine stain
From the October sun. Down in the grass,
And blushing through green blades, herb Robert fain
Would catch the eyes of pilgrims as they pass,
Who seek for rarer plants. The arum, there,
Now leafless, lifts its ruby sceptre—red
As coral rocks that stud the ocean's bed;
Pale agrimony scents the evening air
With a faint lemon odour; and around
The roseate mallow in profusion springs.
But dews fall heavily to drench the ground,
And I retrace my steps; the trees I pass,
I pass the mystic circles in the grass—
And, as I leave the scene, within my mind
A name (a name that will not last) I find,
And call that field, the FIELD O' THE FAIRY RINGS.

* Batt's Bridge.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.*

For the first time, the curious, amusing, and, in some respects, really interesting doctrines of this perplexing and inexplicable science, if it deserve the name, have attracted the grave attention of intelligent medical practitioners in London; and, it seems, gained converts among them. Two medical professors in the London University have declared their belief in the phenomena they have witnessed; and one has become an adept in magnetizing. This gentleman, Dr Elliotson, carries his faith much farther than his colleague, Professor Mayo, who boggles at those wondrous faculties said to be developed in some individuals by the magnetic influence, and which are termed either lucidity, prevision, or *clairvoyance*—all three meaning nearly the same thing. The gift of prophecy, something equivalent to second-sight, and the singular power possessed by the patient, of taking internal cognizance of his own diseased organs, and those of others, and of prescribing remedies, and foretelling the issue and termination of disorders, are among those assumed faculties of magnetic patients, to which Professor Mayo demurs; nor is his scepticism surprising. It is to the pretensions of Animal Magnetism, among curative remedies in a numerous class of diseases, and as the soother, and, for the time, the suspender or annihilator of physical pain, that we would chiefly wish to draw attention; and this can only be done by recounting a few of its marvels. It will save many of our readers a world of trouble, if, at the outset of this paper, we recall to their recollection an article on Animal Magnetism, which appeared in a former number of this Magazine,† from the able, and on this subject—at once psychological and physiological—the congenial pen of Mr De Quincey. To that paper we refer, as a succinct history and perspicuous view of the Mesmeric doctrines, which make retrospection in some degree superfluous. In the interval, Animal Magnetism, as a subject of curious speculation, has had a revival in France, and has at last been able to engage the thoughts of scientific Englishmen. But "the mere account of foreign cases was not enough. The sober good sense of British practitioners required, that what was done at Paris or Vienna should be capable of repetition in London." And surprising things have been repeated in London; though British patients, who may perhaps be incapable of those exalted or ultimate degrees of magnetizing which open the mouth in prophecy, and confer the gift of tongues, have not yet reached a condition of *clairvoyance* worth boasting about. It is undeniable that so much delusion, quackery, imbecile credulity, and absurdity of the most ludicrous kind, have been engrafted on the really extraordinary phenomena of Mesmerism as may form the apology of the most earnest and simple-minded seeker of truth, for indulging an unwonted degree of scepticism. Yet the obstinate unbelief of well-attested facts, and of experiments subjected to the rigid scrutiny of crowds of acute and scientific sceptical spectators, does not argue a more philosophic state of mind than that of blind, unquestioning credulity.

But our object is not to discuss the principles of this mysterious science, nor, at present, to advert to the various theories which have been suggested for their explication, but to put on record, in a popular form, a few of the most recent and remarkable facts by which Mesmerism is practically elucidated; to check credulity and quackery, and to stimulate rational curiosity. It certainly does not make against these doctrines that their professors earnestly invite examination, and that they do not restrict the power and exercise of the magnetic influence to an initiated class. Every man and woman, it appears, may magnetize; but the number susceptible of the magnetic influence is much more limited. Every one may make the "passes;" but some mysterious or unexplained condition is necessary in order to imbibe the mysterious fluid. One patient will go into magnetic sleep in a minute or two; another will resist for hours; and the greatest adept in magnetizing will occasionally fail. To be susceptible of the magnetic influence at all, the presence of disease seems requisite, if we rightly comprehend the doctrines; and the debilitated, the nervous, but, above all, those suffering under palsy, or hysterical and epileptic disorders, or liable to convulsions and fainting fits, are the most susceptible of Mesmerism. All the late cases at the North London Hospital, (which, our readers are aware, is connected with the London University,) are of this nature; and the patients are generally either hysterical or epileptic youths and girls, of from twelve to seventeen or eighteen years.

M. Deleuze, a celebrated Mesmerian, and the historian of the whimsical science, asserts that women can magnetize as well as men; and he seems to consider it right that women only should magnetize females, or be placed *en rapport* with patients of the same sex. Dr Elliotson, the most noted of the London medical converts, lately closed his first lecture on Animal Magnetism, by gravely declaring, that he was "one of those who are satisfied that influence may be exerted by one animal, whether *human* or *brute*, upon another individual, independently of the individual who is affected being aware of the operation."* The Mesmerians agree that all vertebrated animals may be magnetized. Horses have been magnetized;† and that the effects do not depend on imagination, has been proved by

* Introduction to the Study of Animal Magnetism. By Baron Dupotet.

† *Tait's Magazine* for January 1834.

* Report in *Sun* newspaper, 4th June.

† Was magnetism the secret of the celebrated Irish Whisperer?

this circumstance. But have animals no faculties analagous to imagination? The phenomena of Mesmerism are evolved in a variety of ways, modified by the degree which the magnetizer desires to produce, or by the occult capacities of the *magnetizee*. There are six different stages exhibited in magnetic somnambulism. The magnetic sleep, or *coma*, is the preliminary step to artificial somnambulism. This sleep, the entire insensibility of the patient during its continuance, the power of the magnetizer in producing it and regulating its duration, (occasional failures admitted,) are apparently, as the reader will see in the sequel, as fully established as any fact in natural science. It is the psychical phenomena of the somnambulic state which begets pregnant doubts in many more than Professor Mayo. According to M. Dupotet, the following are among the ostensible phenomena exhibited :—

1*st*, While the organs of the senses are in a state of complete insensibility, unexcitable by any external *stimuli*, they mentally take cognizance of the conditions and relations of surrounding objects through some other channel than the organs through which such impressions are usually conveyed.

2*d*, There is in many cases an obvious vicarious transference of the senses from their appropriate organs to other parts of the nervous system, as to the tips of the fingers, epigastrium, and other parts of the body.

3*d*, The lucidity of their vision penetrates through intervening opaque objects, and even takes cognizance of events passing at a distance.

4*th*, They possess the faculty of self-intuition—that is to say, a clear insight into the normal or abnormal condition of their own organization—and they perceive and describe with exactness the internal condition also of those with whom they may be *en rapport*.

5*th*, They appear endowed with a knowledge beyond that which they ordinarily possess, and prescribe for themselves, as well as for those with whom they are *en rapport*, remedies for such complaints as they may be afflicted with; and these are generally found successful.

6*th*, Their lucid vision often extends beyond the present existence, and they foretell, with circumstantial minuteness, events which will happen in connexion with their own organization; even the day and hour—the very moment—when such predictions will be verified is accurately specified.

Lastly, On recovering from their somnambulism, they remember nothing which occurred during the magnetic state; but when again thrown into somnambulism, the memory between the two magnetic states is continuous.

These may appear extraordinary assertions; but the apparent incredibility of the facts will be very much diminished when it is found that analogous, if not identical, phenomena are often developed in abnormal conditions of the human body.

The methods of magnetising, whether by the "passes," actual contact, or manipulation, have been greatly simplified since the time when Mesmer exhibited the airs and tricks of a juggler. His magnetic operations were conducted with many of those preliminary flourishes of the astrologer or necromancer, which his followers have been compelled to repudiate. They also admit occasional, and we apprehend that they ought to admit many, failures, even when the cases are in the hands of the greatest adepts, and likewise the frequent appearance of phenomena which they are neither prepared to expect nor able to resolve.—To resume, animal magnetism had attracted little serious attention in this practical business-like country, and had only elicited a few jokes on those palpable and laughable absurdities, from which it has not yet freed itself, when the article above referred to appeared in this magazine. Mr Colquhoun, a member of the Scottish Bar, and a confirmed believer, has since fully expounded the doctrines of Animal Magnetism; but the arrival of the Baron Dupotet in London, and his demonstrations at the North London Hospital, mark the true era of this equivocal science in Great Britain, where, we may venture to prophesy, without any pretensions to *lucidity* or *clairvoyance*, that the duration, if not the spread of its empire, will depend entirely on its truth and utility.

After the appearance of Deleuze's "*Histoire Critique du Magnetisme Animal*," several eminent men of science in France thought themselves bound in justice to investigate anew the facts of a science of which La Place, Cuvier, and others, had expressed a favourable opinion. That these philosophers did so, is not improbable; but we have often before now noticed sanguine theorists draw strong conclusions of this sort from very slender premises. Dr Elliotson and Professor Mayo are avowed believers of certain phenomena which they have observed; but that they, and much less La Place, Humboldt, Cuvier, Dugald Stewart, Sprengel, Coleridge, and a host of eminent names, ever placed implicit faith in one-half of the marvellous stories recorded in the annals of Animal Magnetism, and cited by Baron Dupotet, is very questionable. To some of its facts, and those certainly not the most improbable, Cuvier and La Place had assented before M. Dupotet, in 1819, became a medical student in Paris, young, and a stranger to the prejudices of the profession, or of a former age. He says:—

I was yet ignorant that physical facts were to be rejected because they were inexplicable, or because they were contrary to received doctrines. On Animal Magnetism I had already thought and read much; and, never doubting but that truth would eventually be triumphant, I solicited permission to make experiments at the Hotel-Dieu. My request was granted, and the results published in a little brochure, entitled, "Exposé des Expériences de l'Hotel-Dieu," which was translated into German and Italian, and passed through three French editions. It may be sufficient to state here that my success was complete. Among other cases which I treated was that of a girl who had been thirteen months in the hospital, suffering from hœmatemesis, (vomiting of blood from the stomach,) which had resisted the ordinary methods of medical treatment. In the presence of forty physicians I magnetised this patient, who received such decided and manifest benefit from the operation, that in twenty-seven days she left the Hotel-Dieu, perfectly cured. In this case, the vomiting of blood, which had immediately subsided on the first magnetisation, returned on its being suspended; and, on the second operation, again ceased, and did not afterwards recur. It may be added, that the magnetic treatment induced in this patient all the extraordinary phenomena of somnambulism; and every trial which incredulity and ingenuity could suggest was had recourse to with the view of ascertaining whether there could be any possible collusion.

This physician either assisted at or conducted cases in other places, with such results that the public began to reject the report of the commissioners of 1784—Lavoisier, Franklin, and Bailly. A new commission was appointed (after a keen

debate) by the French Royal Academy of Medicine; eleven commissioners were named; and, after a delay of five years, their report, when given in, undeniably afforded a triumph for Mesmerism, rendered much more complete by the attempt of the great body of medical academicians to smother it. Having performed many extraordinary marvels in Paris—we call them so in no offensive sense—which are noticed in his volume, along with numerous other curious cases of magnetic influence, and having borne up against what he considers persecution and prejudice for twenty years, Baron Dupotet, zealous in propagating the faith, arrived in London in the summer of 1837, and vainly attempted to awaken the attention of the English savans to his favourite study. He made demonstrations at the North or London University Hospital, the results of which were detailed in the medical journals and newspapers. But, in familiar parlance, the thing "did not take." Our physicians, who no doubt have their carriages to keep up, are tacitly charged, in his book, with being more occupied about fees than discoveries; and John Bull is never the most liberal or charitable of men in his judgment of "foreign quacks." The Professor was on the the point of abandoning the field when he found a patron in Earl Stanhope, and encouragement from the liberality and candour of a few practitioners who have made trial of his curative system. No English magnetizee that we have heard of, has yet got beyond the third or fourth stage, though Dr Elliotson's patients are approaching to the exaltation of the fifth, in which the patient can see his own internal organization, the seat of his own diseases, and that of other persons, placed *en rapport*, or in magnetic connexion with him; and in which he becomes acquainted, by self-intuition, with the proper remedies, which he points out to his physician, who acts accordingly. A girl of twelve years of age, and epileptic, has been repeatedly thrown into three states—stupor, delirium, and somnambulism—by Dr Elliotson. She does not, however, appear half so knowing as many French patients, though she has said that she will have no more fits; and that, on the 14th June, she would be perfectly cured. This remains to be seen, and is besides not a little in the patient's power. This faculty creates a new era in medicine. An artificial somnambule must henceforth become the physician's familiar, a part of his apparatus more valuable than his library. A German lady mentioned in the work turned this power to sensible advantage. Having made her own report on her case while in a state of magnetic somnambulism, she afterwards magnetised her physician, and took his *clairvoyant* view of it; thus making assurance double sure.

Sceptics or infidels who doubt or despise Animal Magnetism, are sometimes caught in their own snare. They are like the ignorant utterers of a spell, who raise the devil unawares, or like the man, in one of Pitcairn's reports of a witch-trial, who, hearing members of a midnight witch convocation cry, "Horse and hattock!" repeated the words, and was straightway whisked through the air on a rag-weed charger, like the rest. A gentleman, an *interne* in the Hotel-Dieu, who was

Totally sceptical regarding the powers ascribed to this mysterious essence, this asserted magnetic fluid, formed, for amusement, the plan, with a brother *interne*, equally incredulous, of submitting this friend to the manœuvres of the magnetisers. The *passes* were continued for about twenty minutes without any remarkable effect; but, at the expiration of that time the young man began to yawn, his eyelids grew heavy, and closed involuntarily; he attempted to shake off the torpor in vain: his respiration next became accelerated, his head fell on his shoulders, and he uttered a sardonic laugh of indescribable expression. "We thought," continues M. Fillassier, "that he was amusing himself at our expense; but, in a little time, what was my horror when I saw his fingers turn blue, his head fall powerless forward—when I heard his respiration rattling like a dying man's, and felt his skin as cold as death itself! I cannot find words to describe my sufferings. I knew not what to do. Meanwhile, all these horrid phenomena increased in intensity. I tremble at the recollection of what I saw: there lay my friend, my victim, devoid of the aspect of life, in a state of complete and terrible collapse. With his hand clasped in mine, in a state of agony no tongue could tell of, I laid him on a bed, and waited the result in a state of mind I never can forget. In a quarter of an hour he recovered, and exclaiming that, in the ecstasy, he had experienced sensations of extreme delight, begged me to recommence the passes. I did so with less apprehension, and again the somnolency proceeded. The collapse, however, was less profound and terrific, and in some minutes he suddenly awoke with the exclamation, 'What happiness is this!'" . . .

M. de S. C., a retired officer, having heard a vague report of Animal Magnetism, attempted to make the experiment upon his own daughter, although she complained of no illness. He merely wished to ascertain whether he could make her feel the magnetic sensations. With this view, and without being aware of the extent of mischief he was provoking, he laid his hand on the stomach of his daughter, and obeyed the magnetic injunctions. After a few moments of magnetisation, she experienced spasmodic attacks, which, far from alarming her father, only encouraged him to proceed. In a very short time, however, Mademoiselle de C. was seized with the most violent convulsions; and her father, now, not knowing the proper way to calm them, only increased their intensity. In much distress, he was obliged to leave his daughter in this state, and she spent the following night in incessant convulsions, and remained a whole week in this dangerous state.

Another case of this kind was transmitted to M. de Fuységur by M. Segrettier, landowner at Nantes. The following are the particulars:—"A young lady of distinguished birth, who seemed to enjoy most excellent health, happening to be on a visit to the chateau of her relative, the Marquis de B., was indulging, with the rest of the company, in passing sundry jokes upon magnetism. Her uncle, M. de B., who outstepped, by his sarcastic remarks, everybody present, and was gesticulating with great freedom, began to direct his pretended influence upon his niece, when they both set about magnetising each other as fast as they could. At first the young lady laughed very heartily, but it was soon discovered that this laughter was anything but natural; and the first surprise excited by this phenomenon soon gave way to unspeakable terror, when it was manifest that she was gradually losing her reason and the use of her senses. Indeed, she could no longer see, nor hear, nor speak; her eyes were immovably fixed; her neck outstretched, resembled a weaker magnet violently attracted by a stronger one; she followed her magnetiser everywhere, and yielded to his sole influence. The spectators attempted to separate them, but this only provoked dreadful convulsions. Her magnetiser, on his part, felt extraordinary sensations, which, in addition to the shock he had experienced by the alarming state of his niece, had entirely

altered his features, which became extremely pale and dejected. In the course of a few hours, the crisis of the magnetised young lady gradually ceased, and she complained of acute pains in her stomach. The remainder of the day, and the following night, were passed alternately in convulsions and magnetic sleep; and this state lasted several days."

These awful cases should put tamperers and sceptics on their guard. The case of Paul Villagrand, and that of Pierre Cazot, both detailed in the paper in this Magazine for January 1834, and referred to in M. Dupotet's book, are certainly not so extraordinary as that of a girl named Arron, a natural somnambulist. Natural somnambulists "go the whole hog," as the Americans say, though magnetised patients follow hard on their heels; yet, natural somnambulists have not usually been imagined to possess the *clairvoyance* and prophetic powers of the girl Arron, who looks indeed to be a first-rate humbug. In September 1835, she was visited by a physician from Chartres, whose name is not given.

"On being introduced to her, in company with several other gentlemen, he questioned her, without being able to obtain an answer. Thinking that, if he were alone with her, she might perhaps be induced to speak, he requested the spectators to withdraw. When they were both in private, the following conversation took place:—

"Marie," said he, do you know me?" "Yes, sir."—"Who am I?" "You are a physician."—"Whence do I come?" "From Chartres."—"Where is my house at Chartres?" "In a small street running down a declivity."—"Can you see my house?" "Yes, sir."—"Is there any company in it?" "Yes, sir; four ladies, one old, two middle-aged, and one young lady."—"For what purpose have I come into this part of the country?" "To see a female patient."—"Where is her complaint?" (Here she pointed to the part affected, which we cannot just now recollect.)—"Where did I dine?" "At M.'s."—"Was there a good dinner?" "Yes, sir."—"Could you tell me what dishes we had?" "Certainly. (She names every dish and its particular place on the table.)—"What do I hold in my hand?" "A small wooden box."—"What does it contain?" "Sharp little iron tools."—"Now what have I in my hand?" "Some money."—"How much?" (She names the sum.)—"In what coins?" (She specifies the various coins.)—"Can you tell me my thought at this moment?" "Yes, sir."—"Say it." "I dare not; I must not tell you."—"Well, I will tell you: I think of giving you this money." "So you do, sir; but I could not say so." All these answers were perfectly correct. Other answers no less surprising than the preceding have been reported to us, but we shall confine ourselves to these.

We shall cull from Baron Dupotet a few more of the wonders resulting from the artificial or magnetic transference of the senses:—

A cataleptic patient of Petetin distinguished in succession several cards which had been slipped under the bed-clothes, and laid upon her stomach; she told the hour of a watch held in the closed hand of an inquirer; and recognised, in like manner, an ancient medal grasped in the hand of one of the spectators. Another day the same patient recognised a letter placed under the waistcoast of M. Petetin, then a purse which had been slipped there by a sceptic; she also indicated the number of gold and silver coins contained in each end of the purse. After this experiment, she announced that she was about to tell successively what each person present possessed about him most remarkable, which she actually did. She also perceived, through a screen, that Madame Petetin on going out took her husband's cloak, and made him discover the mistake.

The fact I adduce is taken from the *Gazette de Santé*, and recorded in the *Journal de Paris* of the 24th Brumaire, an. XIV.

"The public journals," says the editor, "are now re-echoing the prodigies of a female somnambule of Lyons, who, with her eyes shut, can read a sealed letter, tell the thoughts, and give an account of the sensations, &c., of another person. The most singular circumstance is, that this woman is of genteel extraction, and that, on account of her superior education and independent fortune, she is far above the suspicion of simulating those extraordinary scenes; in addition to which, the most eminent personages, the most learned physicians and scientific men of Lyons, appear perfectly convinced of the reality of these prodigies."

M. Deleuze, in his memoir on the Lucidity of Somnambules, gives the following relation:—

"A young patient had read to me, with great fluency, seven or eight lines, notwithstanding her eyes were so covered as to be of no use to her, after which she was obliged to stop, saying she felt much fatigued. Some days after, wishing to convince a few sceptics, whom he could not take with him to the somnambule's residence, he presented to her a box of pasteboard, perfectly shut, and in which were written these words—*amitié santé bonheur*. She held the box in her hand for a long time, experienced much fatigue, and said that the first word was *amitié*; but that she could not read the others. On being urged to make fresh attempts, she consented, and said, as she returned the box, 'I cannot see it plainly; however, I think that the next two words are *bonté, douceur*.' She made a mistake in these two words; but, as we see, these words had a very great resemblance with those that were written."

We hear of another patient who could read the address of a letter in somebody's pocket; but, unfortunately, not the inside. This was a defect in the man, for much more may be accomplished; as in this case cited by Mr Chardet:—

"The somnambule having recovered her senses, (for she had just been seized by syncope,) called for some water; I went to take a decanter from the mantelpiece, but it was empty. I took it, for the purpose of filling it, into the dining-room, where I had observed a filtering tank; I turned the cock, but no water came; and yet the tank was full. I thought that the cock should first be unstopped, and I did it with a piece of wood which I split off; but still the water did not come out. I then supposed that the air-hole of the reservoir was obstructed, and, as it was very narrow, it was necessary again to split the piece of wood in order to introduce it; but I was not more successful than before. At last I resolved upon filling my decanter with unfiltered water. My somnambule was still in the same attitude in which I left her. She had seen me all the time, had followed all my movements, and detailed them to me without omitting a single circumstance, notwithstanding there was between her and me two walls and a parlour—and my actions included a number of minute details which nobody could have imagined.

The Baron Dupotet proceeds heaping wonder on wonder; but not always upon his own authority:—

M. Francœur, a distinguished mathematician, read, in 1826, to the Société Philomatique, a memoir, wherein he stated that "He had been at Aix, in company with respectable physicians—namely, with Dr Despine, chief physician of the watering establishment, who informed him that he (Dr Despine) had witnessed, for months together, the singular phenomenon of the transference of the senses, and he thought he would serve the cause of truth by making it known to the Society."

In the first observation of this memoir, we read that the patient had the power of seeing, hearing, and smelling with her fingers. The second is much more curious; it was made on the daughter of a certain gentleman, who enjoys the esteem of the whole town of Grenoble, where he lives in retirement. He did all in his power to conceal the malady of his daughter, which gave him great

pain—and constantly refused to admit visitors inquiring after her.

Among the various states presented by this malady, and minutely described by Dr Despine, he insists, in particular, on somnambulism; and I shall here transcribe, *verbatim*, the most positive passage on the transposition of the function of sight.

"Not only did our patient hear with the palm of her hands, but we saw her read without the help of her eyes, and with the extremities of her fingers, which she rapidly agitated over the page which she intended to read, and without touching it, as if to multiply the feeling surfaces; she thus read a whole page of a novel by Montholieu.

"At other times we saw her single out of a parcel containing upwards of thirty letters, one which had been pointed out to her; and read on the dial, and through the glass of a watch, the hour indicated by the hands; she also wrote several letters, corrected them by a second reading, marking the mistakes as she went on, and recopied one of them, word for word. During all these operations, a thick pasteboard screen intercepted, in the most effectual manner, every visual ray that might have reached the eye.

"The same phenomenon took place at the sole of the feet, and at the epigastrium; and the patient seemed to experience a painful sensation when simply touched."

In the sixth degree of magnetising, the highest yet known, coming events, as we have seen, are clearly foreseen and predicted, and this faculty is limited neither by time nor space.

M. Dupotet has the power of magnetising, at a distance, those unconscious of his presence; and Dr Elliotson asserts his belief in the existence of this remote influence, which has moreover been tried in the North London Hospital.

Nothing in Animal Magnetism is so perfectly authenticated as the profound, unnatural sleep, the entire insensibility of the patient under it, and the impossibility of recovering him, save by magnetic influence, until a period of varied duration elapses. All sorts of noises, tortures, and petty painful annoyances, have been tried in vain. The magnetic sleep cannot be broken. The case of the lady in Paris who had her breast operated upon for cancer, while in a profound magnetic sleep, was mentioned in our article of 1834, and is cited here by the Baron Dupotet; and another case is given by him of a young farmer, in the department of the Gers, who consented to be thrown into a magnetic sleep, while a tumour of a very painful kind was removed from his thigh. He was magnetised by a Comte de Brivazac; remained motionless as a statue while the operation was going on; and, when brought out of the magnetic state, was asked whether he would submit to the operation, which he was astonished to learn was happily over. He had seen nothing, felt nothing, save in passing to stupor, M. de Brivazac laying the palm of his hand upon his forehead. Among M. Dupotet's patients in London was, or is, he says—

A young girl, or rather a child, for she is not twelve years of age, who is so susceptible of the magnetic influence that she almost instantly falls asleep; and the approximation of my fingers towards her causes a short and quick convulsive start, which seems to pervade her whole frame. In another case, a young lady, subjected to fits, experiences, under the magnetic action, convulsive motions of the shoulders and chest, which are, however, unattended with pain. A gentleman, also, who is to me a stranger, has recently attended at my rooms, to be magnetised for a paralysis of the left side of the face, which was caused by an abscess, which he suffered from five years ago. Under the magnetical action, the muscles of the face, especially those of the paralysed side, over which he has no command, are visibly contracted; the angles of his lips are drawn upwards, and his face assumes almost the character of a mask; and this effect is produced when the magnetic passes are made at a distance of ten or twelve feet from him, even though a screen, during the operation, be interposed between us.

A medical gentleman, who takes interest in Animal Magnetism, addressed a string of queries to the paralytic patient, who is stated to be a highly educated and intelligent gentleman named Wright. These replies strike us as among the most curious things in the book:—

Q. Are you, independent of the paralysis of the face, in sound health? Have you ever been affected with dyspepsia, palpitations of the heart, or any nervous affection? *A.* At present I am enjoying a very sound state of health. When my face was paralyzed, about five years ago, I had considerable mental anxiety, and great confinement, with a very high pulse, beating often 125 to 130 a minute.—*Q.* When the Baron Dupotet magnetised you for the first time, were you sensible of any immediate effect during the operation? *A.* Immediately upon the Baron Dupotet's commencing his manipulations, I felt physically affected by a stream of coldness.—*Q.* When the Baron Dupotet commences magnetising you, do you feel nervous, or possessed of any vague apprehension that some mysterious or unknown effect is likely to be produced? *A.* Having seen the effects produced on other patients, I was fully prepared to experience the same results, to which I attached notions of pleasure rather than of apprehension. The real effect was completely different from what I had expected.—*Q.* When the Baron Dupotet passes his hands to and fro before your face, does the monotonous movement before you induce any feeling of *ennui* or mental fatigue? *A.* No. The first marked physical sensation is an irritation of the diseased muscles of the face, and, almost at the same time, a convulsive closing of the eyes. Nearly the same results are experienced when I am magnetised upon the feet.—*Q.* During the operation, do you appear under an influence, which, independent of all such manipulations, sensibly affects you? *A.* Yes, entirely so.—*Q.* When the Baron Dupotet communicates this influence what effect has it on your physical sensations? Do you appear to acquire any new element or principle from without? *A.* I appear, as I have before said, to receive a coldness, which quickly operates to the expulsion of heat from the interior; being magnetised for some time, and all things being quiet, this heat is accompanied by great perspiration at all the extremities; for instance, the hands and the feet.—*Q.* During the operation, and while the paralyzed muscles of your face are contracting, are you perfectly conscious of everything which surrounds you? *A.* I am nearly as conscious as a man ordinarily is with his eyes closed. I cannot speak. Once or twice my consciousness has been much confined to myself and the magnetiser, having forgotten—I do not mean forgotten, but rather being abstracted from—all other objects.—*Q.* Do the objects and persons about you appear just the same as when you are under the magnetic influence, or do they appear as if seen through some different or new medium? *A.* I cannot answer this question *experimentally*. All I have to remark upon it is, that I can, for the most part, see, although dimly, the magnetiser's hand; this sight being rather that of *feeling*, than what we ordinarily term sight.—*Q.* During the operation, while under the magnetic influence, are you sensible of any exaltation of your mental faculties, either in respect to your perceptions or apprehensions of pleasure or pain? *A.* I know of no intellectual exaltation. I am quieted, and the longer the influence is continued, the more calm I become.—*Q.* When the Baron Dupotet magnetises you at a distance of six, eight, or twelve feet, or through a screen, is the effect which he produces equal in intensity to that which you experience when he is immediately before you? *A.* Yes. There

seems to be no difference in the effects resulting either from distance or from interposed objects.—*Q.* When the Baron Dupotet has established the magnetic influence, are you sensible of any loss of self-command? Do you feel in a manner subdued and passive under his control? *A.* Partially so. As I have said, I cannot speak, nor, when very powerfully influenced, have I been able to move. This is the physical influence. Intellectually I do not feel the magnetiser more powerful than myself. Morally, or feelingly, I am conscious of a sympathetic *peacefulness* being controlled, but not *forcefully*. . . . . *Q.* You have heard of *fascination*, in the ordinary sense of the word? Does he rivet your attention so that you cannot escape from the influence? or do you intentionally yield yourself to it? *A.* The word fascination aptly describes the influence which the magnetiser exerts. With me it is not an intellectual fascination, but only physical and moral.—*Q.* Have you ever tried by a determined effort of will to resist the operation? and if so, what has been the result? *A.* Yes; and the result has been very painful; great exhaustion being produced, and prostration of the energies. The breathing was painfully affected, and a cold clammy sweat ejected from the extremities, very different from the glowing perspiration that I am ordinarily sensible of. I felt considerable agitation and loss of self-control, without finding any peaceful influence in its stead.—*Q.* How many times have you submitted to the operation? Do you think the effect of the magnetic influence increases with every successive sitting? *A.* Sixteen times, I think. The influence perceptibly increases, affecting me now more *radically*, while in the first instance my face was really pained by external contortions. The muscles are now more moved, but less apparently on the surface.—*Q.* Has the magnetic treatment at all affected your general health? Does it invigorate the system, or induce lassitude? *A.* I am not sensible of any difference in my general health. I have not slept very well for a few nights, but that might perhaps be attributable to other causes. My friends have remarked a degree of nervous irritation which is not altogether natural to me.—*Q.* Do you think the paralytic affection of your face better for the magnetic treatment you have undergone? *A.* Apparently there is but little difference. I seem to think there is a little more vitality in it.—*Q.* Has the operation of Animal Magnetism ever given rise to any unpleasant or disagreeable sensations? How do you feel after it has terminated? *A.* I am generally affected with a most comfortable perspiration. I am pleased to be magnetised rather than otherwise.

Independently of the natural influence of imagination in persons of an imaginative cast, placed in novel and singular circumstances, there really does not appear much in this. Probably Mr Wright never in his whole life before reflected so closely upon his own sensations, and the operations of his mind. The agency of the universal fluid has not been remarkable in him.

Second only to the father of the science, Mesmer, and in some respects before him, was his pupil, the Marquis de Puységur, who was the discoverer of the state of magnetic somnambulism. This gentleman's reputation for curing diseases by Animal Magnetism became so great among the peasantry of his own and the neighbouring estates, that, to save himself the trouble of going through the tedious and complicated evolutions of his master, which modern enlightened magnetisers have discarded, he magnetised an elm tree on his property, which, we believe, still retains its celebrity, if not its virtue. Ropes were hung to the branches; to these the peasants clung, and the desired effect was produced! M. Dupotet gives the following account of the discovery of the phenomena of magnetic somnambulism by Puységur.

It appears that, while magnetising his gardener, he observed him fall into a deep and tranquil sleep; and it then occurred to him that he would address some questions to him, as he might have done to a natural somnambulist. He did so; and the man immediately answered him with much intelligence and clearness, upon which he persevered in the magnetic operation, and soon found that he possessed an extraordinary psychical influence over him; that all further manual movements were unnecessary; and that, without speaking, he could mentally communicate with and control his ideas. "It is from this simple man," says he, "this tall and stout rustic, twenty-three years of age, enfeebled by disease, or rather, by sorrow, and, therefore, the more pre-disposed to be affected by any great natural agent—it is from this man I repeat, that I derive instruction and knowledge. He is no longer, when in the magnetic state, a peasant, who can hardly utter a single sentence—he is a being to describe whom I cannot find a name. I need not speak, I have only to think before him, when he instantly hears and answers me. Should anybody come into the room, he sees him, if I desire it, and addresses him, and says what I wish him to say; not, indeed, exactly as I dictate to him, but as truth requires. When he wants to add more than I deem it prudent strangers should hear, I stop the flow of his ideas, and of his conversation, in the middle of a word, and give his thoughts quite a different turn." He then adds—"I know of no subject more profound, more lucid, than this peasant in his crisis. I have several patients approaching his state of lucidity, but none equal him." . . "If you do not come, my dear friend, you will not see my extraordinary man; for his health is almost quite restored. He has, however, told me, when in a crisis, that he should still need to be touched, and pointed out to me the days, Thursday, Saturday, and Monday, for the last time, &c. I continue to make use of the happy power which I owe to M. Mesmer; and every day I bless him, for I am very useful, and produce many salutary effects on all the sick in the neighbourhood. They flock round my tree; there were more than one hundred and thirty of them this morning. There is a continual procession in the country. I pass two hours at my tree every morning. It is the best *baquet* possible; not a leaf of it but communicates health; all feel more or less good effects from it. You will be delighted to see the picture of humanity which this presents. I have only one regret; it is, that I cannot touch all who come. But my man, or rather my intelligence, sets me at ease. He teaches me what conduct I should adopt. According to him, it is not necessary for me to touch every one: a look, a gesture, a wish, is sufficient; and it is one of the most limited peasants of the country that teaches me this. When he is in a crisis, I know nothing more profound, more prudent, and more clearsighted (*clairvoyant*) than he."

According to the historian of the science, M. Deleuze, the somnambule, as we are glad to learn, is not under the absolute will of the magnetiser, but only in

"Regard to everything that cannot hurt him, and that he does not feel contrary to his ideas of justice and truth.

"He feels the will of his magnetiser.

"He perceives the magnetic fluid.

"He sees, or rather he feels, the interior of his body, and that of others; but he commonly observes only those parts of it which are not in their natural state, and disturb the harmony of the whole.

"He recovers the recollection of things he had forgot when awake.

"He has prophetic visions and sensations, which may be erroneous in some circumstances, and which are limited in their extent.

"He expresses himself with astonishing facility.

"He is not free from vanity.

"He becomes more perfect of his own accord for a

certain time, if guided wisely. He wanders when he is ill directed.

"When he returns to the natural state, he entirely loses the recollection of all the sensations, and all the ideas which he has had in the state of somnambulism.

"The magnetic somnambule perceives innumerable relations in all objects; he perceives them with an extreme rapidity, and in one minute runs through a train of ideas which to us would require many hours. Time seems to vanish before him; he himself wonders at the variety and rapidity of his perceptions; he is inclined to ascribe them to the inspiration of another intelligence. He now sees this new being within himself; he considers himself, while in somnambulism, as a different being from himself when awake; he speaks of himself in the third person, as of somebody whom he knows, submits to his remarks—to whom he gives advice, and for whom he feels more or less sympathy. He now hears an intelligence, a soul speaking to him, and revealing what he wishes to know."

According to other hints, the charm will not work when anything impure or unholy is in presence; which may, perhaps, account for some of Dupotet's failures in London. It is to us not a little remarkable that *self-intuition* has never yet led to the discovery of any new medical remedy. though the uses of Jesuits' bark, calomel, tartar emetic, opium, and a hundred other medicaments, have been found out by men merely in their humble natural state; and it is shrewdly, though not, perhaps, justly remarked, that the lucid vision of the magnetic prophets never penetrates beyond their actual narrow experiences. The French peasant, "in prescribing, is lavish of snail-soup, and ptisanes made of herbs, which have virtue in the eyes of his associates and gossips; the German takes to the popular pharmacopæia of fatherland; and we may venture to predict that Lucy Clarke, or any other English hierophant, will invest calomel, salts, rosemary, and peppermint, with all the virtues necessary to gull visiters." It is fair to state, that, however gullible visiters may be, no one has breathed a syllable of suspicion of wilful delusion, or collusion, as possible in any of the experiments witnessed in London. Lucy Clarke is the patient of Baron Dupotet, to whom she was taken by Mr George Denton, surgeon. She was treated magnetically, for convulsion fits, by her medical attendant; who, finding her so susceptible of the magnetic influence, was induced to place her under the care of the Baron. Mr Denton states:—

For some time I was constantly present while the Baron magnetised Lucy Clarke, and heard her repeatedly state, long before the 29th of October, that that was the day her seton should be removed, but that the Baron should continue to magnetise her until the 30th of November, and that then her fits would be cured. Accordingly, the seton was removed on the day above stated. In the month of November she received a very severe blow on the head, which she said would protract her cure one month.

The girl has had no fits since the day she was first magnetised, and, until this last month, has taken no medicine. The Baron still magnetises her once a week.

This statement is dated 5th May. The feats of Dr Elliotson have become as remarkable in inducing the earlier stages of magnetising as those of M. Dupotet. On the 2d June, in presence of a crowded audience, among whom were several specimens of the hereditary wisdom, with a sprinkling of Members of the Lower House, and several literary and scientific characters, he put two epileptic girls through the whole magnetic exercise. One of the girls is the same damsel who prophesied her own complete cure on the 14th June. While the professor was speaking, —(we quote from the *Sun* newspaper)—

Mr Wood, who, we understood, first drew Dr Elliotson's attention to the practicability of exercising the Mesmeric influence, moved his hands behind the backs of the girls, and they fell each into a state of profound sleep. They were then pinched, violently shaken, and pulled by the arms, not only by the Professor, but by several of the noblemen and gentlemen around, without manifesting the slightest degree of sensibility. But, by breathing upon their hands, they were instantly awakened, when they exhibited a delirious vivacity and boldness, in remarkable contrast to their gentleness in the natural state. In the elder girl, the contrast was most striking —she sang, whistled, and jested with Dr Elliotson and with Lords Wilton and Stanhope, with the familiarity of a playful and petted child amongst her own family, and she displayed not only great archness, but wit and humour. In the midst of her liveliest sallies, however, Dr Elliotson, suddenly pointed the fore-finger of one hand at her forehead, and on the instant she stood immoveable as a statue, and evidently in a state of utter unconsciousness. He then pointed a finger at each upper eye-lid, and, as he raised the fingers (several inches from her face) the lids rose also, to the utmost extent, exposing the whole eye-ball—and so they remained fixed, the body standing motionless. In the same manner, pointing one finger opposite the upper lip, and another opposite the chin, he moved the one finger upwards and the other downwards, with a quick movement, and the mouth opened; and she stood still, in that posture, until he breathed upon her face; when she suddenly started into consciousness, and began to dance, sing, and jest as before. . . . .

She was afterwards repeatedly struck motionless, on the instant, in every variety of attitude which, in her delirious playfulness, she might happen to assume; and this was done not only by Dr E. himself, but frequently when he was not aware of it, and whilst she was talking to him—by a single movement of the hand, *behind her back*, by Lord Wilton, Lord Northland, and others, who seemed to enjoy the influence of their newly-discovered Mesmeric powers. When she was seated in the chair, and thrown into sleep, her hands lying in her lap, Dr E. extending his arms, placed a hand opposite each of hers, and then drawing his hands away, he raised them upwards and inwards towards his head. Her hands followed his until she had raised them to the level of her head, when, with a convulsive movement, she fell back in the chair, in a state of *coma*, or torpor, more profound than the previous sleep. We observed that this phenomenon followed every experiment in which she was caused to make any physical exertion. When she was seated and asleep, Mr Wood, being behind her, placed his hands near hers, and as he drew his away, hers followed them—as he raised his, she raised hers. In the same manner, as she sat asleep, her eyes being closed, Lord Wilton placed his left hand opposite to her right, and, as he drew his away, hers followed, as far as her arm would extend, apparently attracted, as a needle would follow a powerful magnet. Whilst she sat asleep, with her body leaning forward, Mr Wood, being still behind her, pointed his hand to the back of her head, but at a distance of three or four feet, and, as he retired further back, her head was raised slowly, and moved backwards, in the direction of his hand, as far as the top rail of the chair would allow, when she made a convulsive effort to rise, and sank into a state of lethargy. In the same manner, when feet were pointed opposite to hers, and withdrawn, hers followed them; and this species of attraction was exercised upon her with the same effects by the surrounding spectators, as well as by the medical practitioners. Numerous other experiments were made to elicit similar phenomena, both with this patient and her sister.

Professor Mayo has, in the *Medical Gazette*, given a very lucid and minute account of the magnetic prowess of Dr Elliotson, in producing and alternating, as above described, magnetic sleep and magnetic somnambulism; or, as he terms these two states, the Mesmeric trance, one condition of which is analogous to natural sleep, and the other to natural somnambulism. He was an unbeliever, and avows that with him authority went for nothing. He is now the convert of his own senses. He does not, as we have stated, believe in *clairvoyance*; for of that he has had no evidence, no experience. Having advanced so far in belief in one six months, M. Dupotet conceives that the Professor dogmatizes too hastily, when he repudiates *lucid vision, prevision*, or prophecy in fact, and very gravely and deliberately affirms that "There is no fact in the whole history of the experimental sciences better and more clearly authenticated than the occurrence of *clairvoyance*. I have myself," he says, "repeatedly witnessed it; and I have no doubt that, as M. Mayo's experience increases, he will do so likewise. . . . . The professors of Animal Magnetism do not pretend that *clairvoyance* is an ordinary phenomenon; on the contrary, they aver that it is only occasionally developed in the highest degree of the magnetic state." It is not surprising that the professors are unwilling to give up *clairvoyance*. It is, undoubtedly, the most attractive feature of the new doctrines, and that which will the most rapidly lead to their promulgation. It stimulates and supplies food to the imagination.

The practical advantages hitherto obtained in the curative art, from the Mesmeric influence, do not appear very remarkable. In difficult and painful surgical operations, there is a prospect of Mesmeric *coma* forming a useful ally of the operator, where the patient is nervous, or wants mental fortitude; but the occult power of *clairvoyance* opens up a new world to the psychologist, much more wonderful than that laid open to the physiologist by the experiments lately made at the North London Hospital, and sets wide the door to all manner of delusion and quackery.

To this curious subject, we must now bid a hasty and abrupt farewell, confessing great scepticism, and, on many points, total unbelief, but respectfully waiting for more well-authenticated facts.

LITERARY REGISTER.

*Conder's View of all Religions.**

We have given this work the true title. The view is emphatically Mr Josiah Conder's; and it is probable that the members of different religious denominations may complain that he has either mistaken or mistated their peculiar tenets. The Roman Catholics, the Unitarians, and the Quakers will be the most ready to complain. Mr Conder is himself eminently orthodox; and he conceives that, as the historian or expositor of the opinions of the many sects of Christendom, to conceal his own opinions would have been fruitless hypocrisy. He does not therefore pretend to be a merely neutral, nor, upon so momentous a subject as soundness of belief, even an impartial reporter. He has not, he avows, "attempted to speak of sects as sects, or heresies as heresies;" and whatever the great body of his readers may think of it, he vindicates the course he has chosen on grave and high grounds. Mr Conder makes out a strong case for the necessity of his work, from the many and great deficiencies of those previously written upon the subject. Of Evans' "Sketch of all Religions," he thinks meanly, and not much more favourably of its successors. Considerable pains and research have been bestowed on his work, which will be highly prized by the numerous body in whose religious opinions he participates, and which may be perused with advantage by those desirous of information, or who, accepting knowledge upon his authority, may yet, at their own judgment, either reject or accept the opinion of the writer. The obtrusion of these opinions will be considered either the cardinal virtue or the radical blemish of the book. To give a genuine and authentic history of all religions would require a cyclopedia, to which able and trustworthy impartial persons of all the denominations should contribute. In the closing sentence of Mr Conder's preface, we can heartily concur:—"No one need despair, with the Bible in his hands, of ascertaining for himself, under its various disguises, the genuine lineaments of true Christianity."

Southey's Collected Poems. Vols. VI. and VIII.

The Sixth Volume of Southey's collected Poems has appeared. It contains most of the smaller pieces—the humorous, the grotesque, and legendary. We have also that popular favourite, the tragic Tale of "Mary the Maid of the Inn;" and, without a word of annotation, the "Battle of Blenheim," which, with the "March to Moscow," gives, in a narrow compass, nearly the whole philosophy of War and Glory. The eighth volume of the series gives us "The Curse of Kehama," that mythological Indian poem, so singularly and splendidly versified, from which the student will acquire a knowledge of the Hindoo faith, in the same felicitous way that Chatham learned English history from the dramas of Shakspeare.

St John's Masterpieces of English Prose Literature.

A new volume is devoted to the works of Sir Thomas Browne, and contains at least that philosopher's masterpieces—*Religio Medici*, namely, and the discourse on Urn Burial. The admiration of Coleridge and Lamb for this quaint, imaginative, and pregnant writer, has made his name familiar to many who know little more about him. These may now easily, if such be their desire, become more intimately acquainted with the English Montaigne. Mr St John, if less enthusiastic than some of Sir Thomas Browne's admirers appears to us more truly to appreciate his merits. One could wish that the knight of Norwich were alive now, to discourse learnedly of Mesmerism and phrenology.

Becket's Miscellanies.

Among the late reprints, are "Dramatic and Prose Miscellanies," by Andrew Becket, a veteran litterateur of ninety, who was "a pretty fellow in his day." The work is printed in two handsome volumes, and is kindly edited by Dr Beattie, who has prefixed an interesting memoir of a man whose life has been devoted to letters, and who, deprived of sight, and on the verge of ninety years, "still quotes his favourite authors, and converses on literary subjects with great point and vivacity." To be brief, a respectable and very aged gentleman, an accomplished critical scholar, and possessed of literary talents of no mean order, comes before the public as a candidate for fame, and a suitor for some needful portion of that pecuniary reward to which he is doubly entitled, by the claims of genius and of pecuniary distress, occasioned by no errors of his own.

China, its State and Prospects. By W. H. Medhurst of the London Missionary Society.*

Everything respecting that curious and oldest civilized branch of the human family, the three hundred mil-

* London; Jackson and Walford. Royal 8vo, pp. 608.

* London: Snow. 8vo. Pp. 582; with plates.

lions of our Chinese fellow creatures, seems to us so interesting that we had proposed to have analyzed this missionary journal at some length. As we have not yet laid this design aside, we merely recommend the work in general terms, to those who take the same interest with ourselves in the most remarkable race on the eastern division of the face of the globe. It combines a general view of the social, moral, and religious condition of the Chinese people, with the traveller's personal narrative.

The Man about Town.

For the best of the *Ephemerals*, excepting "Shakspeare and his Friends," we are indebted to our old and pleasant literary acquaintance, Mr Cornelius Webbe, who mellows and brightens as he goes along, and, in artist phrase, shews more *breadth* than in his earlier productions. His "Man about Town," a series of papers hovering between the styles of Leigh Hunt and Charles Lamb, yet marked by striking individuality, is just such a work as England alone can produce—a true or lineal successor of the humours of the *Spectators* and *Tatlers*, adapted to a later age. We were wrong to class those sketches with the ephemerals. They ought to last through a long day—an extended copyright. We are delighted with many of the humours of *Mr Hippy*, and *Sampson Simpson*, and take exceedingly to the *Old Watchman*, and *Charley Stump*. But why will Englishmen, Londoners especially, persist in perpetrating Scotch, making our sweet Doric hideous? There is but one Englishman can do it—and that is Hood. Mr Webbe's Scotch is atrocious, beyond benefit of clergy.

The Greenwich Pensioners.

More salt-water books! Had we not almost resolved to protest against our entertaining literature undergoing further "sea-change," and often into things neither "rich nor rare," we might have relished these tight "yarns" of Lieutenant Hatchway, some of which have an air of strong reality about them, as if genuine bits of life. After all, those "who go down to the sea in ships," do require something to beguile the tedium of their lives, and the publishers are kind in providing for their mental wants. Where, formerly, with grog and tobacco, Dibdin's Songs and "Roderick Random" were the sole floating literary appointments, we may now see a respectable collection of amusing nautical fictions. And a selection of sea tales is certainly as necessary a preparation for a long voyage as any other means of harmless recreation. We are, therefore, pleased, on the whole, with the increase of salt-water books, when they keep to their proper element, though, like the great majority of landsmen, we beg to be excused the reading of one half of them. "Greenwich Pensioners" is none of the worst.

The Perth and Dundee Steamboat Companion,

Is an unpretending, but a useful and amusing guide through much beautiful scenery, and embodies many interesting local traditions and family legends. The ingenious author has been peculiarly civil to the new-sprung houses included within the range of the banks of the Tay and Earn, and has not neglected the literature connected with the districts which he celebrates.

Vivas' Introduction to the French Language.

Second Edition.

We pass over our general rule of not noticing elementary school-books in favour of this little work, which we consider a simple, well-arranged, and useful first-reading book, whether for schools or adult pupils. A dictionary containing the words used in the reading lessons is appended to them. All the lessons are selected from classic French authors, though some of them have been condensed by the compiler.

We notice a new edition of another standard school-book, BUTLER'S GEOGRAPHY OF THE GLOBE, revised and enlarged by J. Rowbotham. There is no book of the kind more accurate and comprehensive, or more deserving the attention of teachers.

A series of school-books, comprehending a Spelling-book, a Vocabulary, and an Instructive Reader, by Ingram Cobbin, A.M., is also worth the attention of teachers, who wish to combine for their pupils economy and utility.

Dr Brown on the Law of Christ respecting Civil Obedience, especially in the Payment of Tribute.

Parts I. and II.

These valuable tracts have a personal and private history. Actuated by religious principle, Dr Brown, one of the leading Dissenting ministers of Edinburgh, refused, along with many of his fellow-citizens, payment of the iniquitous impost called *Annuity Money*—viz., the fund levied for the maintenance of the clergy of the Established Church of the town, from Catholics and Dissenters of all denominations, as well as from Jews, Infidels, and Mahomedans. His furniture was distrained; and this passive resistance was severely assailed and vituperated by Mr Robert Haldane, who himself had for forty years figured as a dissenter from the Church, and the founder of some new sect of, we believe, Baptists. This unlooked-for auxiliary came like a godsend to the clergy. The founder of a new sect of separatists defended the anomalous tribute, while very many persons in the bosom of the Church condemned the principle, and resisted payment. The letters of Mr Haldane were diligently circulated by those whom he had so materially aided in volunteering as the forlorn hope of the defenceless *Annuity*. If left to themselves, Mr Haldane's effusions could have excited no feeling, save pity, and some astonishment that, in Edinburgh, in the middle of the 19th century, such puerile bigotry still lingered among a few of the survivors of a darker generation. The Church of Rome, in her most imperious mood, could not have required more blind and limitless submission to her secular demands than Mr Haldane declared incumbent upon Dr Brown and every professing Christian in the community, to the demands of the Established ministers of Edinburgh; for the obnoxious *Annuity* is a local impost, and forms no part of the general constitution of the Scottish Kirk. In defending himself from the extraordinary attack of Mr Haldane, Dr Brown was necessarily led into the discussion of the whole question of the Scriptural doctrine of civil obedience; and the world thus remains an ungrateful debtor to Mr Haldane's indiscreet zeal for an able and luminous exposition of the law of Christ, in opposition to the law of State Churches, whether Catholic or Protestant. Dr Brown has, indeed, done much to shew, "that neither the doctrine nor the law of Christ has any affinity to slavish principle; and that it is equally the dictate of revealed truth, sound reason, and enlightened policy, that, *of all things, religion* should be the most free." His triumphant argument will remain in pristine vigour long after the unjust impost has been abolished, and the calumnious misrepresentations in which it originated have been forgotten.

Hazlitt's and Haydon's Dissertations on Painting and the Fine Arts.

These masterly essays are reprinted from the last edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," in a neat, cheap volume, which will be precious to artists and the lovers of art. Hazlitt's comprehensive and exquisite Dissertation—whether it be considered as an analysis of the principles of the Fine Arts, or as an illustrative criticism on their masterpieces—is unrivalled in the language. It condenses the spirit of a hundred discourses, while it displays a depth and glow of feeling, and a delicacy of perception and taste, which, notwithstanding some paradoxes and prejudices, no other critic on art has reached. Mr Haydon's Essay is nearly a history of painting from the earliest periods. He is the fervid admirer of Grecian art. His history is continued down to our own day through all the eminent schools and styles. His criticism is more general than that of Hazlitt, who deals only with the principles of art and their results as they are seen in the great works still extant. With some discrepancies of opinion on particular matters, they entirely agree in considering societies and academies, and all sorts of spurious patronage, as most pernicious to the Arts, and insurmountable objects to their refinement and progress. Their joint labours in this volume ought to warn the young artist to avoid the trammels of academies, while they will enlighten his understanding and tend to form his taste.

Translation of Azara's History of the Quadrupeds of Paraguay, and the River La Plata. By W. Perceval Hunter, Esq.

Don Felix de Azara, a native of Spain, long resident in South America, is known to British naturalists only by name, or at most through a bad translation of his works published in France, many years ago, and now out of print. He is, however, considered an author of the highest authority and value; and Mr Hunter has done a good deed in rescuing from speedy oblivion a work likely to prove acceptable to naturalists, and entirely new to the rest of the world. The translation is from the original Spanish. One volume only is published, but another is promised. Azara was not a mere closet naturalist. He saw what he describes. He received the works of Buffon with the most favourable prepossession, and found them often vulgar, false, and erroneous. He did not, however, condemn Buffon, but those travellers and naturalists who had led him into error. The translated works, if valuable to the naturalist, are also not a little entertaining to the general reader. His translator has contributed many interesting notes; and, in what he terms additional notes, corrected mistakes, and brought up the work to the level of contemporary discovery. To accomplish this, he has freely and properly drawn upon tourists and travellers, and particularly on Audubon, to whom the translation is dedicated. These additional notes double the value of the work to modern students.

Prison Scenes and Narrative of Escape from France, &c. &c. By Seacome Ellison.

These are the reminiscences of a *detenu* at Verdun, and the other places of parole, or the prisons, to which the clemency of Napoleon consigned the English either caught in France or upon the high seas. The latter was the situation of Mr Ellison, who was captured in the voyage homeward from the Bay of Honduras to Liverpool, his native place, some thirty-five years ago. He has now reluctantly yielded to the importunities of his friends, in relating his adventures and hair-breadth 'scapes. He was then, he says, a thoughtless, reckless seaman, wholly regardless of everything but the present moment. Now, he has become both wiser and better, in proof of which he refers to his work entitled "Rantism *versus* Baptism," with which we have not the honour to be acquainted. He entertains, in particular, a most orthodox and English dislike of the French and all their ways; yet candour compels him to relate many traits of kindness and real generosity found among those of that most un-English people with whom he came in contact when a stranger and a prisoner. Nor do his prepossessions affect the narrative of his adventures—which we have found exceedingly interesting, as all such narratives must be, when related with equal directness and simplicity. It is framed on Sterne's principle, "Take a single captive;" and, as the real story of a living man, is a happy illustration of the power of that principle.

The adventures of Peter Simple and his companion in a similar escape, are not more exciting than those of Ellison and his friends: and then there are a few traits of good-heartedness, of genuine human sympathy, found especially among the honest Germans, which fiction cannot touch. As the author is, we presume, not in the habit of publishing a book every day, he has taken the opportunity of cramming a good many of his opinions and notions into an appendix, almost as large as the book itself. But, as these opinions are often sound and right, and refer to sea-life, of which he has had considerable experience, though not quite germain to the matter of *escape*, they are perfectly welcome. From this extrinsic source we take a picture of Liverpool while Mr Ellison was at his apprenticeship, and consequently not in the early ages. No town in the old world, and scarcely any one in America, has risen so rapidly. Mr Ellison's captain traded to Jamaica, calling at Madeira, the longest voyage then made out of the port, save to Africa. "Liverpool," he says, "was then comparatively in its infancy, and a foreign arrival was not an every-day occurrence. When the signal was made for one on Bidstone-hill, it was buzzed all over the town, and the pier-heads were crowded to see the stranger enter the Mersey: and, immediately her white sails were seen over the rock point, the old church bells struck up an exhilarating peal. As she touched the pier-head, the friends of the crew jumped on board to welcome them back again; and at night, at the hour the master was supposed to have gone to rest, a band of music regularly planted themselves at his door, to give him a serenade, in order to lull him to sleep, after the fatigues of his long voyage. Then the master of a foreigner was reckoned somebody in society, especially the master of a Guineaman, [as the slavers were then called,] who could vie with his employer in extravagance; to which dignity most of the sea-aspirants to riches looked." Mr Ellison does not disapprove of a little wholesome flogging for sailors; while for youthful offenders, and especially very young boys, whether afloat or on land, he considers moderate manual chastisement the best mode of corrective punishment. We can promise the reader an hour of genial interest in perusing this narrative, which is more than we could say for many works of far greater pretension.

Six Years in Biscay. By John Francis Bacon.

Those who take interest in the minute history of the interminable civil war in Spain, will peruse this work with profit, while the comprehensive introduction will probably be enough for the general reader. Some strange allegations are made against Louis Philippe, who is even accused of aiding the *Pretender*—*i. e.*, Don Carlos—both by connivance and intrigue. The French jealousy of English commerce is set forth, and we are opportunely reminded, that, in the projected "commercial treaty" in favour of Great Britain, "the English minister will be particularly soft" if he allows himself to be gulled out of a single penny for the sake of such treaty. "Let the infamous slave-compact of 1817 be always borne in mind." By that treaty, Spain covenanted to abolish the slave-trade on receiving £400 000, another item to be added to the twenty millions. "Spain took the money which we were fools enough to give, and the trade went on as merrily as ever, and for all that the Spaniards did to prevent it." Mr Bacon places great hopes in the death of Don Carlos, whose life he declares not worth two years' purchase.

Memoirs of Sir William Knighton.

This book, if not quite a humbug, for it is authentic, will prove a provoking disappointment. What possible claim had Sir William Knighton on public attention, more than the thousand and one persons who fill the bills of mortality, save for his connexion with George the Fourth, in the King's latter years?—and on this sole subject of interest, the lips of the author of the Memoir are hermetically sealed. Sir William himself might have been prudently silent to his lady, who, according to modern usage, is his biographer. Those about the privacies of courts should have neither eyes, ears, nor tongues. Dr Knighton was a prudent, discreet, safe, getting-on town physician, who, by laudable perseverance, rather than anything like talent, raised himself from obscurity and poverty to wealth and distinction. He appears to have been faithful and assiduous to his royal master, who came to depend on, and confide in him, much as a worn-out peevish lady of quality, deserted by her friends, does on her confidential waiting-maid. He seems to have been worthy of his master's regard; and he did not come into his service until the King had few disgraceful confidences to make. The work is of the most meagre kind in every respect—but shews that Sir William was a good husband and father, and a respectable member of society. Among the letters published to the glory of the memory of the confidential attendant, are some from Sir Walter Scott, which Mr Lockhart may rightly have considered as not in the least ornamental, since none of them appear in Sir Walter's Life. In one of them, Sir Walter volunteers the rather equivocal office of transmitting, under the seal of strict security, information concerning the political or party condition of Scotland; not to the King's ministers, Tory though they were, but to the individual having the royal ear. We hope the King's confident declined the offer in his master's name.

Union ; or, The Divided Church made one. By the Rev. John Harris, author of "Mammon," &c.

The popularity of this writer is creditable to the age. He does not flatter it, he does not seek its approbation by vulgar arts; he neither menaces nor cajoles that great section of the public whom he more directly addresses, and who are supposed to be peculiarly susceptible to certain influences. We have not studied the volume sufficiently to ascertain the basis and limits of the author's principle—who are to be welcomed and who excluded in knitting up in the bonds of love the fractional parts of the disjointed Christian body. But, in dipping into the treatise here and there, we see so much to admire, that we, without delay, recommend what seems like oil poured in season on those heaving waters which never rose more furiously than now. Our readers may gather some notion of the loving and catholic spirit of the work, even from a few scattered sentences—as this on the intolerance of the Protestant Reformers:—"It might have been hoped that the Reformers, who had themselves been scourged by intolerance from the Church of Rome, would have jealously guarded against its intrusion into the new churches. But, alas! the demon possessed them. Love was the first sacrifice immolated on the altar of Truth. Luther, Calvin, Cranmer, and Knox protected their creeds, so far as they had power, with temporal penalties; and even some of those who were driven by intolerance from England to America, commenced a persecution against the Quakers, not less furious than that from which they themselves had fled. . . . . Angels rejoice over one sinner that repenteth; but in every religious community, the spirit of intolerance exults more in a proselyte from another church, than a convert from the world. By 'the honour of Christ,' it [intolerance] still means the interest of its own party; by 'Christian charity,' the love of that party; and by 'Scriptural union,' the subjugation of Christendom to the cherished peculiarities of that party. . . . . We do not ask the objector to sacrifice his opinions, but only his unchristian bigotry. We do not ask the Independent to become an Episcopalian, nor the Episcopalian to become an Independent; we do not ask the Calvinist to change sides with the Arminian, nor the Baptist with the Pædo-Baptist; but only to exchange the visible expressions of that love, which they ought mutually to cherish as heirs together of the grace of life. . . . . 'I,' said Baxter, and the sentiment was worthy the inspired pen of the seraphic John, 'I can as willingly be a martyr for *love* as for any article of the creed.' But in his infatuated zeal for a punctilio or a party, the objector [to union] appears to forget that there is such an article as love in his creed, or such a doctrine as love in the Bible. He defends some little angle or ornament in the temple of Truth, at the expense of one of the pillars. He contends for the *letter*—or rather, perhaps, for *a* letter—of the truth in a way which tramples on the spirit which pervades the whole."

It is scarcely necessary to remark that there must still be Protestant sects excluded from this Christian union, while difference upon essential articles of faith takes place of other religious tests. While Dr Chalmers is sounding the trumpet ecclesiastic in the willing ears of Tory legislators, this passage comes so pat that we cannot resist it. "Even the political quiet of the country is disturbed by the broils of Christians; great civil interests are neglected; the organization of a system of National Education is delayed; the movements of the Legislature are thwarted and thrown into confusion; and important questions of humanity and good government are compelled to wait till the intended peace-makers of the world have adjusted their own quarrels, and agreed among themselves." The Legislature will, we fear, wait long enough if it wait for this millennial period; but not less is the merit of the author whose eloquent and Christian appeal would hasten it on.

Side by side with Mr Harris's excellent book, on our table, lies "*The Report of the Central Education Society*," in which we notice this description of an infant school at Stoke-Newington, which shews something like the germ of a genuine Christian union. "The children are all happy; loving and confiding in their kind, indulgent teachers; and affectionate, amiable, and sympathizing towards each other. But what afforded most pleasure in contemplating this school, was the fact, that in so small a number here assembled, some of the parents of the children are of the Church of England, some Quakers, some Independents, and some Unitarians. Yet the Christian religion is taught to all the children"—and now comes the miracle—"in a manner approved of by *all* the parents. There is then a common ground on which children of all denominations may meet, and learn Christianity and brotherly love at the same time." Is there no such common ground for *all* the parents?

The Christian Church considered in relation to Unity and Schism. By the Author of "Hours of Thought."

The subject of this treatise is precisely similar to that of Mr Harris, noticed above. So is its spirit and tendency; which, on the whole, are praiseworthy, pure, and elevated. Yet, as people of the world, and seeing more with the world's keen eyes than those living apart from secular affairs, we would earnestly warn well-intentioned writers on this subject against anything which may excite suspicion that their exhortations to the Unity of the Church of Christ, "the holy Catholic Church," may not mean the organization of a formidable sectarian confederacy.

The Age of the Earth Considered Geologically and Historically. By William Rhind, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh.

Perhaps it would be as well that men of science waited a little longer for more facts, more discoveries, and broader data, before they began to dogmatize, in any shape, on the subject of geology in its debatable phases. Mr Rhind decidedly takes the orthodox side of the controversy. There is, indeed, much of this treatise which may rather be considered a pleading or argument, than an exposition of discovery, or a history of the science. This pleading has the merit of earnestness and apparent strong conviction in the author's own mind. Mr Rhind happens to be in good company. Dr Cockburn, the very Reverend Dean of York, has almost [simultaneously published a short and pithy "Letter to the Learned and Reverend Professor Buckland," in which he takes the same side of the question, supporting it with even more zeal. We merely announce these publications, leaving their contents to the judgment of those who take interest in the controversy.

The Family Library. No. LXI. The Life of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden. By J. F. Hollings. Tegg & Son.

This memoir forms an interesting morsel of modern history. It is preceded by a brief but comprehensive view of the early annals of Sweden, which may serve all the purposes of ordinary readers. The author is candid and impartial; and, in tracing the career of a real hero, continually engaged in triumphant wars, he is not overdazzled by the brilliancy of his achievements, which he describes impartially, retaining his philosophic composure undisturbed. These wars, if not the most stupendous, were certainly the most chivalrous and picturesque of modern times; the principal actors in them have become the personages of romance and poetry, and the arts have contributed to exalt their heroism and aggrandize their memory; yet the chronicler of the deeds of Gustavus and Wallenstein, and of their subordinate captains and chiefs, can, at the close, dispassionately say—

It should never be forgotten, and it is a truth which it may neither be inappropriate nor unnecessary to repeat, after the display of much adapted to excite the imagination and enlist the heart in favour of what is in itself pernicious, false, and hollow—that, imposing as may be lanced the real excellencies of the triumphant warrior, pursuing his course in the light of victory, amidst the acclamations of an applauding world, and armed with the thunder of physical power in defence of the violated

rights and liberties of oppressed nations—there is a character which, when weighed in the balance whence everything calculated to dazzle and mislead the senses will be rigorously rejected, will be pronounced, by the evidence of heavenly truth itself, (if indeed the opposite character of each can admit of a momentary counterpoise,) of infinitely greater value—a character whose conquests are fearless—whose victories, if uncelebrated by the voice of time, will assuredly be hailed by the blessings of eternity; and which, if unknown and unappreciated in a state of nature, is among the first fruits of that influence by which nature is adorned, and fitted for a better state of existence—which opposes meekness to persecution, blessing to reviling, and, separating the commissioned agent of evil from the trial of patience in which he is necessarily employed, is circumscribed in the exercise of its charity and beneficence but by the boundaries of human existence.

This is an admirable spirit in which to conclude the history of fierce wars for religion, attended by brilliant victories, and the grandest achievements of heroes. The author hopes "that the world is fast approaching that period in its destinies, when the name of war shall exist but among the reminiscences of things that are past, and when the array of nation against nation, and the desolation occasioned by licensed hatred and violence, shall be regarded as the geologist contemplates the terrible indications of past convulsions, which, during the course of unrecorded cycles, may have shaken to its centre the ponderous mass of the globe he inhabits, but have no longer a place in the list of existing phenomena." All that he hopes for his hero, "The bulwark of the Protestant religion," is that, while the heartless ambition of other great warriors excites indignation, the name of Gustavus Adolphus may awaken the softer feelings of pity.

Moxon has just published a neat, cheap edition of Rogers' "Italy," studded with wood-engraved vignettes and tail-pieces, consisting of classic groups and scenes, and *grushie* cupids, roughly executed, but sketched with taste and spirit, by eminent artists. The volume makes a nice addition to, we shall not say the library, but what is more important, to the sitting-room collection.

PAMPHLETS AND TRACTS.

Mr Smith, of the Inner Temple, has, in a letter to a magistrate of Middlesex, pointed out what he considers means for removing the evils of the silent and separate system of prison discipline, and securing its advantages. He anticipates that, after the evidence given before the transportation committee last session, that mode of punishment must be abandoned. This gives the question much more importance. He is favourable to Bentham's plan of a Panopticon prison, which we believe was only abandoned without fair trial, from some pique conceived by George III. against the inventor. An engraving of this kind of inspecting prison is affixed to the letter—which we recommend to the perusal of those interested in the subject. It is one of vast interest to society at all times; and, if the transportation of criminals cease, one of urgent necessity; and, although Lord John Russell pleads poverty just now, the legislature may, perhaps, discover that a model prison is quite as important to the country as a new palace, or an extravagant Civil List.

An Historical Review of the Poor and Vagrant Laws, Displays considerable research, and brings forward much curious information. The writer is the determined enemy of the new Poor-Law.

Lecture on Education.

Mr T. W. Pigg, of Norwich, has published the substance of a sensible address to the Norwich Mechanics' Institution, on National Education and Lord Brougham's bill, which bill, "with a few minor exceptions," he considers worthy of acceptation. We notice this pamphlet, mainly to be enabled to repeat that the extracts from Mr Wyse's volume, cited in this Magazine, were correctly given; so that, if the author of the address believes Mr Wyse's plan objectionable on the authority of these extracts, he may rely on their authenticity. But let him refer to the original work, and see the good along with the evil of Mr Wyse's scheme. We hope that gentleman will himself, ere this, have seen reason to modify some of his opinions.

Reports of Lectures, delivered at the Chapel in South Place, Finsbury, by the Rev. W. J. Fox,

Are appearing from time to time in little pamphlets. The peculiar opinions and the abilities of the eloquent author are too well known to make remark necessary. The lectures—or such of them as we have seen—are on topics of vital interest; and they judiciously avoid sectarian tenets. One is on Right and Expediency, on which every enlightened Radical, whatsoever be his religious opinions, will find Mr Fox right orthodox. We are strongly tempted to quote the concluding pages of the lecture on *The Three Ideas of Christianity*: but what need borrowing from a sixpenny publication, only to exhibit an unfair, because mutilated view of the author's opinions?

Maternal Instructions on the Rite of Confirmation.

This little work is the production of a lady, who regrets that young persons are not sufficiently instructed in the important fact that the Church of England "acts in all her observances and functions, under the authority of a *divine commission*, derived from Christ himself; and evidenced by a strict adherence to the apostolical model of the Primitive Church." What more would people have?

Young Men: or, an Appeal to Society on their Behalf. By the Rev. Stephen Davis.

The graceless youths for whose benefit this work is meant, will, we fear, be apt to call some of it twaddle. Its aim is to make them more moral, more religious, better churchmen; and, perhaps, more submissive subjects. The appeal for juvenile improvement, is made to all classes: to the legislature, to magistrates, to ministers, to masters, to *women*. The author would have a *British and Foreign Young Man's Society*, organized like the Anti-Slavery or Bible Societies. He offers many useful hints; and one is compelled to respect his purpose, even while doubting of the full efficiency of some of the means he suggests. Others deserve unqualified approbation. The writer has assumed some appalling facts, and related some anecdotes, on what seems to us very questionable authority.

Hints for the Table,

Is an entertaining little commonplace book, in which, without any attempt at classification, the *keeper* has noted down all sorts of things, not exactly in *apple-pie*, but rather in *sea-pie* order; and then printed it in 167 pages.

The Young Lady's Book of Botany.

A nice and very pretty introduction to a fascinating science, illustrated by neatly-coloured engravings of favourite flowers, which, we doubt not, will be found a great recommendation to this little elementary treatise. The flowers are, indeed, as brilliantly coloured as in many high-priced works.

FINE ARTS.

Engraving of Harvey's Curlers.

The talents of the Scottish painters, and the decided genius of a few of the countrymen of Wilkie, who have devoted themselves to art, are now, we believe, very generally acknowledged. Thomson, Fraser, Simson, Macculloch, and a thick-coming host, whom we do not pretend to name, much less to class, already enjoy a European with a Transatlantic reputation. Among them is Harvey, the most *national* of the Scottish painters, while his genius is, we think, imbued with the highest moral feeling of any modern artist. It is not, however, his painting to which we draw attention, but to the engraving from it. *The Curlers* has been engraved in Edinburgh by one whose name is, we believe, quite unknown to fame; yet this single plate of William Howison's will go far to raise the character of Scottish engravers to a corresponding level with that of Scottish painters. To say that it is the finest production of the graver that

we have ever seen executed in Scotland may not be thought much; so we will at once put names and localities altogether out of the question, and claim notice to *The Curlers* as an admirable and even masterly engraving; and as marking, we fondly hope, a new era in the art in this quarter. There is no good reason why our engravers should not equal our poets and painters, or our engineers, brewers, and agriculturists, who are admitted to be the best in the world. One would require to be either purely Scottish, or a *derivative* of the land of "Honest men and bonny lasses"—one of the numerous off-sets and outshots of old Scotland—thoroughly to appreciate the painting of *The Curlers*; but every person of taste, and every competent judge, will at once feel the surpassing beauty of the engraving. It is executed in *line*, boldly and freely; and the rough frozen herbage, and many of the minor details, such as the provision-basket, have absolutely the effect of bas-relief. Our southern friends ought to be informed, that *Curling* is an animating Scottish out-door winter pastime; a magnificent kind of billiards, where the table is a wide sheet of frozen water—a pond, a lake, or a river; and the balls huge stones, in the form of a blunted sphere, fitted with iron handles, by which they are propelled. This national game is well described in "Guy Mannering." Neighbours of every rank engage in it together; the resident laird with the cottar, the minister with the *bedral*. The *rink*, the field of contest, is, for the time, in point of equality, a sort of free-and-easy—a mason lodge; and the best *Curler* is the greatest man. Neighbouring parishes frequently challenge each other to a friendly *bonspiel*, and great is the interest excited, and keen the struggle for victory. We need not tell, that, at the close of a bright winter day, spent in this animating sport, beef and greens, and whisky punch are, by prescription, *Curlers' fare*. The Ettrick Shepherd was an ardent Curler; and many worthy country clergymen love the sport, and excel in it. The curling season is a sort of decent Presbyterian saturnalia.

The Scotch have introduced curling into Canada, where it is keenly pursued on the lakes. Such is the subject of a painting, in which Mr Harvey has shewn more freedom of handling, more of a merely artistical merit, than in some of his higher designs; and which forms the groundwork of, perhaps, the finest engraving which Scotland has yet produced. Our engravers may now almost venture to challenge England and Germany to a *bonspiel*.

Yarrell's British Birds. Part VI.

We place this series under the head of the *fine arts*, so exquisite are the wood-cuts of the birds, and many of the illustrative vignettes and tail-pieces. Two of the latter, the nest of the *Black Redstart* and that of the *Reed Warbler*, simple things though they be, one could never tire of contemplating.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

PARLIAMENT.

The proceedings of Parliament have not been regarded with such entire indifference since the French Revolution of 1830. No one seems to expect any good measure to be passed, and few think it worth while to trouble themselves with what Parliament is doing. The Irish Poor-law Bill will receive many important modifications in its progress through the Lords, which will probably be acceded to by the Commons. Whether the Tithe Bill or Municipal Corporation Bill will pass, is doubtful. Mr Talfourd's Copyright Bill has, at last, been opposed by Lord John Russell, and, it is generally expected, will be rejected or withdrawn. Mr Hume's County-Rate Bill has been rejected by 105 to 37. It was generally admitted that a more efficient control over the county expenditure than now exists, was required; but it was maintained that the present evils would be more than counterbalanced by those which the bill would create. Owing to gross mismanagement on the part of the Ministry, Sir Eardley Wilmot carried a resolution, by ninety-six to ninety-three, "that apprenticeship in the British colonies should immediately cease and determine." During the discussion, ministers, thinking their majority safe, and wishing to escape the responsibility and unpopularity of an open resistance to the motion, remained silent; but, when they found they were defeated, Lord John Russell was forced to come forward, and to declare the determination of Government strenuously to oppose any attempt to make the resolution of the House effectual. The Abolitionists immediately dispatched a quick sailing vessel to the West Indies with the news of their victory; and, as an insurrection of the slaves is anticipated, Government have been obliged to send out additional troops. Thus, as usual, the people pay for their rulers' blunders.

The Corn Laws.—We return to this subject, because we consider it the most important of any which now engages public attention; for the prosperity of the country depends upon the speedy repeal of these laws. Since the termination of the war in 1815, a great change has taken place in the state of Europe. We are no longer the manufacturers of the world; for every civilized state now produces the greater part of the articles consumed by her population, and Europe is yearly becoming less dependent on Britain. This is evinced by the alteration of the kind of our exports. Formerly, we exported the finished article—now we export either the raw material, or the material in an early state of preparation, as cotton twist, or woollen yarn, to be wrought up by the cheaply-fed artisans of the Continent. The repeal of the Corn-Laws cannot be delayed for a long period without imminent risk. In this question, the loss of a single day is injurious; for the manufacturing establishments of our rivals on the Continent of Europe and in America, are rapidly gaining strength, as well as increasing in numbers.

Mr Sharman Crawford and others, who have written on the Corn-Laws, anticipate a much greater fall on the price of grain than we think is at all likely, and have thus done harm by alarming the landed interest unnecessarily. We advocate the repeal of these laws, not merely because we think the repeal would give our operatives food at a lower rate, but because it would put our manufacturers on a level with their rivals on the Continent. Were this once accomplished, we have no fear but that our superior capital, industry, and enterprise, our local situation, our abundance of coal and iron, and the other advantages we possess, notwithstanding a grinding taxation, would place our manufactures on a basis which could not be shaken. To compare the price of grain in the shipping ports of the Continent with the price in London, tends to nothing but delusion. In London there is a demand greater than can be supplied; at Dantzic the warehouses are filled with grain, for which there is no demand whatever. Every one must have seen the effect of a glut or over-supply in an ordinary corn market. The article being bulky, and difficult to conceal even were it desired, the buyers, as well as sellers, soon get aware what is the average supply of the market; and if, by any chance, a much larger quantity is brought forward, both parties know that there is more than is likely to be sold, and act accordingly. The seller is eager to sell; but the buyer hangs back, and a sale is at length effected, only by the former submitting to a reduction in price. The mercantile men generally, and particularly Mr Tooke, the author of an excellent treatise on "High and Low Prices," who were examined before one of the committees on agriculture, gave it as their decided opinion, that an over-supply affects prices in a much greater ratio than the excess; for example, that an over-supply of one-tenth would reduce prices much more than ten per cent.

and so on. The effect on the continental prices, produced by the opening of the ports, was strikingly shewn in September 1826, when the Ministry, under the apprehension that the oat crop was deficient, permitted some hundred thousand quarters of oats to be imported at a reduced rate of duty. Prices in less than ten days rose in the shipping ports of the Continent, fifty per cent.

But whatever might be the fall of the prices a repeal of the Corn Laws would occasion, it is easy to adjust the rent that should be paid under the new system by the tenantry. In East Lothian, and several of the other most important districts, the matter requires no adjustment. Instead of money, rents are now generally paid in so many quarters of wheat or other grain, convertible at the fiars prices. This mode of payment would operate equally well after a repeal of the Corn-Laws as at present. Where, on the other hand, the rent is payable in money, all that would be required would be to ascertain how many quarters of the grain the usual produce of the farm, the money-rent would have purchased at the average prices of the last five or seven years, and to declare the rent to be the ascertained number of quarters in time coming, convertible yearly at the fiar prices, like the existing corn rents. In England, the same method would equally apply, substituting the Corn-Law averages for the Scottish fiars. But, in truth, we do not think the farmers have much to fear, though no such provision as that we have mentioned form part of a bill for the utter repeal of the Corn-Laws. As to the landowners, we can hardly doubt that those laws are injurious to them. The value of land ultimately rests on nothing but population; for it will be found, that, where population has increased most rapidly, there the value of land has risen most. Now, it is only in the manufacturing districts that population is going on increasing at any considerable rate. If we compare a manufacturing and an agricultural county, we will find that the ratio of increase is from fifteen to twenty-fold in favour of the former. We therefore confidently assert, that, if by any mismanagement our manufactures retrograde, the rents and value of land will also sink.

ENGLAND.

THE REVENUE.—The great deficiency in the Revenue of last year appears to have alarmed Ministers, and the most active measures have been taken to make the taxes as productive as possible. Surveyors have been sent from London to Scotland, and already many persons have got notice of their presence, by having their window-duties increased; and in almost every newspaper of the kingdom the Government annuities are advertised. From this last source, however, little is likely to be obtained, as many of the insurance offices offer annuities on much more favourable terms. In such circumstances, were the Birmingham scheme, of abstaining from exciseable commodities, carried into effect, even to a small extent, the embarrassment of the Government would be extreme.

CANTERBURY RIOTS.—The deplorable state of ignorance of the English peasantry has been strikingly shewn by these riots. Yet the place where, of all England, the clergy are in greatest force, is precisely where one might expect a spirit of fanaticism to be evinced. It is not merely education that is required, but education of the proper kind. A great part of the education of the people, both of England and Scotland, as at present conducted, is calculated to inspire bigotry and fanaticism; and it is only people who have, at one period or other of their lives, gone through the training of self-education, and allowed their reason to operate, free from the trammels of authority and tradition, that are free from these vices. It is perfectly true, as Mr Wynn stated, that the highest education, as at present conducted, is no protection against fanaticism. Without looking into history for the hundreds of examples of the truth of this position which it affords, we may only appeal to the followers of Joanna Southcott in England, or to the Rowites among ourselves. In both cases we see persons the most respectable in society—ladies of the highest accomplishments, professional men, lawyers, and educated men of all classes—falling into the most absurd delusions, and without being considered insane, but conducting their ordinary business like other men, assuming attributes hardly inferior to those claimed by Sir William Courtenay himself.

THE COLONIES.

The recent revolt in Canada has had the good effect of directing public attention to our colonial system, and to the enormous expense it entails upon the people of Britain. Here, for example, is a table which professes to shew the expenditure for the military alone:—

Abstracts of the Commissaries' Accounts of the Payments from the several military chests in the following Colonies, from April 1, 1836, to March 31, 1837.

P. P. No. 361, of 1838.	Total Payments.
Canada,	£219,718
Nova Scotia and New Brunswick,	139,664
Newfoundland,	17,317
Bermuda,	48,734
Bahamas,	32,330
West Indies,	286,972
Jamaica,	423,231
Honduras,	16,910
Gibraltar,	116,958
Malta,	167,671
Ionian Islands,	132,104
Cape of Good Hope,	313,410
Mauritius,	97,410
Sierra Leone,	46,209
Gambia,	10,171
Ceylon,	94,184
New South Wales,	328,318
Van Diemen's Land,	167,607
Western Australia,	17,112
St Helena,	51,893
	£2,727,923
Estimated amount of payments at Western Australia, quarter ending March 31, 1837,	5,704
Total payments,	£2,733,627

But it is easy to shew that the expenditure is much greater than shewn in this return; for the following was the distribution of our army on 1st January last:—

Great Britain,	22,878
Ireland,	19,766
India,	18,894
Other Colonies,	34,450
	95,988

Deducting the army in India, which is paid by the East India Company, nearly one half of our army is stationed in our colonies. If we consider the great expense their conveyance to and fro occasions, and the great mortality, we may be sure that the 52,000 men in the United Kingdom are maintained at less expense than the 34,000 in the colonies. Now, the total cost of the army, including the ordnance, is eight millions; so that, instead of less than three, the military protection of the colonies must cost four millions. During the war our navy cost annually about twenty millions, the greater proportion of the ships being employed in defending the colonies; and, since the peace in 1815, the expenditure has varied from nine to about four and a half millions. We may, therefore, add two millions more for this head, and, at least, another million for the maintenance of the civil establishments; *so that the people of this country are annually taxed seven millions for the support of our colonies.* Were war to break out—and colonies have always been the most fertile source of wars—that expenditure would unquestionably be doubled. The average produce of the revenue of late years, after deducting the interest of the debt, has been about fifteen millions, *one half of which is expended on our colonies.* This is surely a state of matters which cannot long be submitted to.

Against all this expenditure what is to be set off? First, and almost solely, the patronage, which the governorships and other offices afford to the ministry of the day, and the means which the enormous salaries furnish for the replenishment of the purses of broken down members of the aristocracy. Then, we have a monopoly of the colonial trade; but we would have the trade at any rate, as the history of our commercial relations with our emancipated colonies—the United States of America—incontestibly proves. But, in fact, the trade is not of such value as to warrant the continuance of the expense we have pointed out. Mr Montgomery Martin, in a petition presented to Parliament last December, estimates "the value of the maritime commerce of all our colonies" at thirty-five millions per annum. This is surely much exaggerated; but, assuming it to be correct, and that the profit upon it is as high as ten per cent., we give seven millions in peace, and twice or thrice seven millions during war, to gain three millions and a half! Although the Whigs professed, in 1832, to govern without patronage, we do not find that they have found it less useful than their predecessors. And, if they will agree to emancipate the colonies, we would be willing to increase the secret service-money—the wages of corruption—from a few thousands to two or three millions a-year. This, we presume, would compensate the loss of the colonial patronage; and the nation would evidently be great gainers by the arrangement. But we know that, on the subject of colonies, the greatest delusions prevail. They are generally considered as estates whence a great revenue is derived. Private individuals may certainly derive considerable revenues from it; but they receive nothing equivalent to the national loss. We see nothing, however, to prevent a colony being emancipated, and the proprietor of lands in it, who chooses to reside in this country, to receive his rents, or the proceeds of his property, as at present. A Frenchman, resident in London, has no difficulty in receiving the rents of his estate in France. What, therefore, would prevent a Jamaica proprietor, resident in Liverpool, receiving the rents or proceeds of his estate in Jamaica, as easily after Jamaica was declared independent as he does now? If the Jamaica Legislature were to attempt to seize and confiscate the property of British subjects, we would have the same remedy as we have in the case of foreign nations—a war to compel justice to be done.

CANADA.—We have received the first number of *M'Kenzie's Gazette*, published at New York on the 12th May. It is filled with accounts of the late rebellion in Upper Canada, from which we collect that nothing but the grossest mismanagement on the part either of M'Kenzie himself, or of Dr Rolph, prevented the capture of Toronto, which would probably have been followed by the independence of both the Canadas. Governor Head was totally unaware of the danger, and the 4000 muskets he had received had not been unpacked from the boxes when the rebels were within three miles of the seat of Government. From the extracts given from the Lower Canada papers of April, we observe that considerable alarm of another rising of the French Canadians prevails, and reviews of volunteers, sham fights, and other military exercises, seem to take place daily. On the 28th April, a civil list was voted, being the first for nearly five years. Nothing seems to be known of Papineau. Of the thirty persons for whose apprehension rewards are offered by Government, there are three Scotchmen, two Englishmen, one Irishman, and four Americans, the remainder being Canadians, or other North Americans.

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.

A new application of water power has been discovered, by which, as we understand it, the impetus of a fall of water may be conveyed without loss for miles. Several machines on this principle are in operation in Lancashire, and have given much satisfaction; but the accounts of the principle we have seen are so obscure as to be unintelligible to us. It has often occurred to us that a very important addition might be made to our present means of propelling machinery, by forming artificial rivers descending from the hills to the sea, and so managed as to have the greatest number of falls for mill seats. In most districts of the kingdom, places could be found among the hills or moors which could be dammed up at little expense, so as to form large sheets of water during wet weather. The efflux of the water might be so regulated by sluices as to maintain an equal supply at all times, as at the Compensation Pond in the Pentland Hills. Something of this kind has, we believe, been done at Greenock. On the Water of Leith there are no fewer than seventy mills within ten miles of its embouchure; yet, as much water is wasted during speats as would drive three times that number, if carefully collected, and a new course cut for the discharge of the superfluous water. There is an admirable space for a reservoir, on a grand scale, near Colzium. Some years ago, a survey was made, and it was found that a new course could be made for this stream for less than £50,000, upon which an immense number of mills could be erected; and the project is well worthy of consideration in the present declining state of Edinburgh; for it is apparently only by the introduction of manufactures that its farther declension can be stopped. By this means also the city would be freed from the tyranny of the Water Company; for they have obtained the property of nearly the whole *springs* in the Pentlands. It has been found at Greenock, that the employing of the water to drive machinery does not render it unfit for drinking. At Catrine, in Ayrshire, the reservoir is at the head of Ayr Water, upwards of twenty miles from the works, the water flowing down the natural bed of the stream. Perhaps the most extensive application of water power in Scotland is at Deanston, near Doune, where are four wheels for propelling machinery for the manufacture of cotton-twist and weaving, having an aggregate power of 360 horses; and other four wheels are erecting, which will give an additional power of 400 horses. This work affords employment to 1100 persons, and the only power for propelling the machinery is water. The large water wheels are kept much more easily in order than steam engines, are less expensive at the outset, and save the large sums expended for coals.

AGRICULTURE.

The accounts of the appearance of the crops, both in England and Scotland, are contradictory; but, on the whole, we do not see that there is any reason to anticipate either a very late or a deficient harvest. We fairly confess, however, that though the crops turned out deficient, it should be no great source of lamentation; for nothing but a famine price of grain will effectually turn public attention to the Corn-Laws. Meanwhile, markets rise apace; for some weeks past the average price of wheat, calculated on six weeks' returns, has been rising from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 2d. per week, and it was in the week ending 1st June, 63s. 1d. per quarter. In the Scottish markets wheat has been sold as high as 72s. The price at Hamburgh for grain of equal quality is 37s. 6d.; little more than one half. From a return lately made to Parliament, it appears that the total quantity of grain, of all kinds, remaining in warehouse on 1st January last, was 925,391 quarters, and 181,448 cwts. of meal and flour. Last year 210,254 quarters of foreign wheat were entered for home consumption at a duty of £305,705; 47,475 quarters of foreign barley, duty £21,573, and 333,932 foreign oats, duty £168,080. There were also entered about 200,000 quarters of foreign peas and beans.

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